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To

Miss Helen Morsam
with the
Donor's Best Wishes

2nd August 1847.
A.C.S.

610



UNCLE JOSEPH AND HIS NEPHEWS

**JUVENILE
EXCITEMENT,**

OR A

**SERIES OF TALES FOR SABBATH AND
EVERY-DAY READING,**

WITH

**NOTICES AND DESCRIPTIONS OF SPORTS FOR EVERY
SEASON OF THE YEAR.**

BY T. S. MILLINGTON.

EDINBURGH:

**THOMAS PATON, 16 HOWE STREET;
THOMAS NELSON, LONDON: DAVID BRYCE, GLASGOW.**

MDCCCXLVII.

1747
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ADDRESS TO PARENTS,

BY THE EDITOR.

We believe there are few Parents who have not felt and deplored the difficulty there exists, in procuring suitable books of Amusement for Children, which, while affording to their minds desirable relaxation, may at the same time inspire them with Christian sentiments, and excite their sympathies in the cause of virtue and truth.

It is our aim, in the publication of the following pages, to remove, in some degree, this difficulty; and as it is an universal complaint, that children's books in general are, when once read, thrown aside and forgotten, it is hoped that by making this Magazine, a periodical publication, the pleasure and interest felt in its perusal will be continually renewed.

We shall endeavour to select such subjects, as may call into action every healthy moral feeling, awaken gentle and generous sympathies, and especially inculcate that Christian charity which our blessed Saviour so constantly enjoins, and those actions of self-denial which even a child may practice, and which cannot fail to produce results, the most ennobling to the character and conduct.

More than three-fourths of our pages will be supplied with *original* matter; consisting of Moral Tales, Historical and other Anecdotes, Fables, Allegories, or Stories for Sunday reading, Poetry, &c., &c., and a brief review of all desirable Works published for children will be appended. Each

ADDRESS TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

number will also form a species of schoolboy's almanac for the ensuing month ; containing notices of the sports, &c., of the playground at each particular season of the year. We shall also endeavour to convey such religious instruction as the mind of a child is capable of receiving, and shall occasionally offer observations on such parts of the Holy Scriptures as may seem to require explanation.

Filled with earnest desires for the happiness and well-being of all God's creatures, and sensible how much depends upon the mind being early trained aright, our work is, and has been to us, indeed a labour of love ; and happy shall we esteem ourselves, if it prove not wholly inadequate to the end for which it is designed.

We trust that our intentions may be viewed with approbation by all parents, and entreat their support to enable us to carry them more effectually into execution, and to extend their sphere of usefulness. It shall be our care that these pages contain nothing calculated to excite sympathy with an ungenerous thought, or an unholy character ; and may the blessing of God rest on our endeavours, and make our work an humble instrument in raising the standard of moral and religious character in this generation.

TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

There is a time for all things.—A time to sleep, and a time to wake,—a time to eat, and a time to fast,—a time for study, and a time for amusement. Now, of all these times, which is the pleasantest ? We know a boy who would say, *playtime* ; and another who would, without any hesitation, *puddingtime* ; but *playtime*, *puddingtime*, or *bedtime*, *dull times*, if they alone occupied *all time*.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."—This is an old proverb, and we are quite certain it is a true one. But, on the other hand, "All play and no work," would make him but a dull donkey, for a boy without education is far less useful than that patient animal, and fit for nothing, but like the wasp, to eat the fruit of another's industry.

Æsop, whose fables no doubt you have read, was one day discovered playing at marbles, and when the by-standers laughed at him, he took a bow from one of them, unbent it, and laid it before them. By this he designed to teach them, that the mind, like the bow, must be relaxed sometimes, or it will lose its power; and this is what we have already expressed, by the homely proverb relating to "Jack." But if the bow were never bent, it would be entirely valueless, and boys who never learn, will not be only as useless as the bow, but, since there is with them a time to eat, they will be far more troublesome to their neighbours than a piece of wood, which needs neither home nor dinner.

It is to be hoped then, that since there is a time for all things, our young friends will not neglect to bend the bow and make use of it when required to do so; and when they have done work, let them go to play. Having given its proper exercise to the mind, the body must next receive its share, and it is very pleasant to exchange a Latin Grammar for a Cricket-Bat; or the school-room with its desks, and forms, and slates, for the green meadows and the waving woods.

As however, the mind is sensible of fatigue, so the body will sometimes be weary too; and after a good game at Prisoner's Base, or a long ramble in the woods, it is a very pleasant thing to take up a book and amuse the mind, while the body sits down to rest. It is much better to read interesting stories or anecdotes, such as this Magazine is to contain, than to sit and do nothing, or to build castles in the air; for the mind is unlike the bow in this particular, it will not improve by being *entirely* unbent—indeed it *will*

ADDRESS TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

not be idle, and if too little cared for, will, like a plant neglected and unpruned by the gardener, shoot out in an unprofitable manner, lose its beauty, and waste its strength.

In rainy weather then, when "odd or even," "tit-tat-toe," "puss in the corner," and all other indoor amusements amuse no longer; when in short, the prisoner of the weather, looks out of the window, and feels inclined to say, "Rain! rain! go to Spain! What *shall* I do with myself?" Let him take up Millington's Magazine, and we will do our best to make him forget, that it is not the finest of all fine days.

We wish our young friends to remember, that this Journal is printed for *themselves*, and is to contain only what is interesting to them; they are therefore to be on easy terms with us,—to write to us as to a friend, which we are anxious to prove ourselves; to confide in us; to ask our advice when they need it; to tell us what they would like us to write about; to refer all disputes respecting the laws of their various games, &c., &c., to our decision, and to complain to us whenever they see any thing in the Magazine which does not meet their approbation. We, on our part, promise to attend to all their letters, and to devote ourselves to their entertainment. We love to see young people enjoy themselves, and shall be only too, happy, if we can contribute to their amusement. They must, therefore, deal candidly with us, and never hesitate to let us know in what manner they think we can do so most effectually.

That all our young readers, and all their friends may enjoy

"A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR,"

Is the sincere wish of

Their most obedient Servant,

THE EDITOR.

THE MONTH.

JANUARY.

THE name of this month is derived from *Janus*, a Pagan Deity. He was supposed not only to know all things that had past; but also every thing that was to come, and was represented as having two faces. One of these was old and venerable, as of one who had acquired great wisdom and experience of things past: the other, young, to express his anticipation of things future. Sometimes the Statue of Janus had four faces; one for each of the Four Seasons, over which he was supposed to have control: a key also was placed in his hand, to signify that the gates of heaven were committed to his charge.

The Temple dedicated to Janus, at Rome, was closed in time of peace, and open during war; and though it remained shut during the whole of the reign of Numa Pompilius, (who, it will be remem-

THE MONTH—JANUARY.

bered, first added the months of January and February to the Kalendar;) it was afterwards closed but five times during more than 700 years. "Janua," is the latin word for "a gate" or "door;" and some authors suppose, that the month "Januarius," was so called from its being the commencement of a new year, or the entrance to a new era. Janus, looked into the old year, and from his experience of what had passed, regulated the events of the year following. We cannot but smile at the absurdities of the heathen mythology, but we may learn something, even from the story of Janus. Like him let us look back upon the events of the past year; let us examine all our actions; condemn our faults; and firmly resolve to avoid similar errors in future: but let us remember to apply for aid, where our Christian religion teaches us we shall find it, or our good resolutions will surely perish in the birth.

The month of January is represented in old paintings, by the figure of a man dressed in white, to represent the snow, with which the ground is generally covered at this season of the year. He looks very cold and is blowing on his fingers to warm them, while a heap of wood burns briskly at his feet. In the back-ground, men are sometimes placed, ploughing, sowing, cutting wood, or otherwise engaged in the agricultural labours of the season.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE ancient custom of choosing a King and Queen by lot, on twelfth night, is supposed to have reference to the Magi, who were, (without any foundation,) believed to be three Kings. The choice was formerly made by placing a Bean and a Pea in a large cake, which was cut into a great many pieces, of which each of the company took one. Whoever happened to get the bean, was King, while the possessor of the pea was made Queen. In some cases there were two cakes, the Bean being placed in that which was intended for the gentlemen; the ladies alone, partaking of that which concealed the Pea. The King, of course, has supreme command over all the company during the evening, and every person maintains the character represented on the "lot" which falls to him.

Thus, if "Paul Pry," or Peter Simple," are drawn by a young gentleman, he must personate those characters, and bear the name of "Paul Pry, Esq.," or "Peter Simple, R. N." (as the case may be,) until 12 o'Clock, when the king's reign is at an end. It is customary for the king and queen, as soon as they are seated on the throne, to choose their ministers and attendants, and this

SKATING.

is done by proposing conundrums, or charades to the company, and conferring the most honourable offices on those who answer most readily.

It is the duty of the king, assisted by his ministers, to maintain order among his subjects. If any of them are boisterous, troublesome, or disrespectful to his majesty, sentence must be pronounced upon them, and punishment inflicted according to the nature of the offence. To lie upon one's face and sing a song; or to stand in a chair and continue bowing incessantly for ten minutes, without laughing, are very severe punishments, to which only the most incorrigible should be subjected. Both the monarch and his queen should be careful to maintain their dignity, so long as they are entitled to it, and while, with royal politeness and condescension, they join in the amusement of their subjects, they should remember the respect due to themselves, and wear their crowns as if they had all their lives been accustomed to rule a nation.

SKATING.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." When the cold north winds harden the surface of the earth, and Jack Frost binds even the

SKATING.

waters, under his cruel yoke ; when the gardener mourns over his desolated flower-beds, and the angler puts away his rod in despair ; the Skater gladly seizes the opportunity of enjoying his manly sport.

Skating is generally practised in Britain for amusement, but occasionally, also, as a speedy and convenient method of travelling. In America, Russia, Holland, Germany, and also in some of the more northern counties of England, Men, Women, and Children, may occasionally be seen skating away at a fine rate, to or from the market towns, bearing baskets of eggs upon their heads, or pushing before them small boat-shaped sledges, containing meat, bread, butter, and other articles of daily use. To such of our readers as have never practised skating, we give the following hints :—

Before going on the ice, learn to walk in your skates, on a smooth floor ; balancing on either foot until you can do so with perfect ease. Be fearless, when you venture for the first time upon the ice ; but let not confidence, take the place of caution. Keep your feet, and especially your *heels* close together, but do not *look at them*, for your body must be held upright, and your face elevated. The leg which is on the ice, must be kept perfectly straight, and the other straight also, but a little raised, with the toe pointed

SKATING.

downwards. The left arm must be raised with the right leg, and the right arm with the left leg to preserve the balance ; and everything must be done coolly and deliberately, and without any sudden jerks, or violent exertions. The movement on the *inside* of the skate, is easily acquired ; to accomplish that on the outside, (*i.e.* the outer edge of the iron,) you must merely lean towards the left, when on the left leg, and when on the right foot, towards the right, so as to make the balance of the body tend towards the outside of the skate, and in doing this, you will of course form a semicircle. In making the outside stroke, throw the body gently forward ; but when you form the curve, raise it very gradually, keeping the unemployed leg all the time in a straight line with it, so that on completing the curve, the body bends slightly backward, and you are ready to make a corresponding curve, with the other foot.

In forming the *outer* curve, keep the arms folded over the chest, and when you can *move* easily on the outside of the skate, you may learn to form figures upon the ice.

CURLING.

CURLING.

THIS excellent game, so little known in England, was introduced in Scotland nearly 400 years ago. It resembles the still more ancient game of bowls, but is played with large stones upon the ice. A smooth surface, varying in length from 30, to 50 yards, and in breadth from 5, to 7, is called *the rink*. At each end of the rink, a small hole called the *tee*, is made in the ice, round which two or more circles, the largest being about six feet in diameter, are described. These circles are called the *brougs*; and serve to show the relative distances of the stones, from the tee. A line called the *Hogscore*, is drawn across the rink at each end, distant from the tee about one sixth part of the whole length of the rink; and those stones which do not pass that line, count nothing, and are called *Hogs*. The first player endeavours to lay his stone near the tee; if he succeed, the second attempts to strike away the stone of his antagonist; the next in order attempts to guard the stone of his partner, or to place his own near the tee; and the ultimate object of each party, is to have as many stones as possible near it, at the end of the game. The stone nearest the tee, counts one, and if the second, third, &c., belong to the same side, or party, they count one

GARDENING.

each but if not they count nothing: 31, is the number usually played for,

The stones used in playing, vary from 30, to upwards of 70 pounds in weight, and are provided with handles. We would, however, recommend our young readers to be satisfied with stones, of from 15, to 25 lbs. weight; and to make their rinks about twenty yards long, and four broad. A sheet of iron, frosted, (that is, made rough by punching holes through it,) on both sides, is to be placed on the left side of the tee, to rest the foot upon, when the stone is played; and the player is generally provided with carpet, or felt shoes, to prevent his feet from slipping upon the ice. Brooms made of birch, or hair, are also used by all curlers to clear away snow, or other obstacles from before the stone, that its progress towards the tee may not be impeded, nor its direction altered.

GARDENING.

THE following seeds may be sown in the month of January:—

Sweet Peas, in good garden soil; Anemonies, in rich sandy loam, but without manure, covering the seeds with finely sifted earth, to the thick-

GARDENING.

ness of a shilling; Mignonette in pots, in a sheltered place, having a southern aspect; Caudituft, Caterpillar's Hawkweed, Dwarf-larkspur, Love-lies-bleeding, Lupins, Venus' Looking-glass, and many other *hardy* annuals, for early blowing.

If the weather be fine and mild in the beginning of the month, plant Anemonies and Ranunculi, in beds of deeply and lightly turned earth; (plenty of dung should be dug in about a foot below the roots of the plants, care being taken not to leave any near the surface of the earth, lest it should breed vermin, which are very destructive to all bulbous rooted plants;) also, Tulips, Crocuses, and other hardy bulbs, to blow late; and all kinds of hardy Shrubs, such as Roses, Snowberries, &c. Box Edgings may be planted in this month; though, perhaps, it is better to defer moving all kinds of Evergreens till March.

Anemonies and Ranunculi, which were planted in the autumn, should be protected from the frost, but should be uncovered every fine day, or the roots will get mouldy and rotten. If however, the beds should be already covered with snow, let them remain undisturbed till it begins to thaw, when it should be immediately removed, as snow water is highly injurious to all bulbs.

Lawns, grass walks, &c., should be continually rolled, poled, and cleared of all Docks, Dan-

FISHING.

delions, and other weeds. Pots of Auriculas should be filled up with a mixture of rotten wood, and sandy loam well sifted; and the dead and withered leaves removed from all plants and shrubs.

In January, the garden mice commit much mischief; they will destroy all bulbs they can get at, and particularly those of the saffron crocus.

FISHING.

THE angler must expect but little sport in January; the angling *season*, is generally considered to be from April to October; but in sunny weather, and when the season has not been severe, a Trout or Grayling may be occasionally taken with a black gnat, or a small cow-dung fly. Roach and Chub may also be caught with paste, made of new cheese and old bread kneaded together for the former, or of old cheese and new bread for the latter; though perhaps, sheep's brains, will be found a better winter bait for Chub. A Greedy Jack also, may sometimes be snared in the month of January; but most of the finny tribe now lie concealed under the banks or weeds, in a state of complete inactivity, and probably insensible to the calls of hunger.

Artificial flies and baits of nearly every description may be purchased at the fishing tackle shops,

THE LITTLE MERCHANT.

at a very low rate. Had Isaac Walton made use of them, he would never have been censured for his cruelty; and would no doubt have caught as many fish, as with the live baits he employed. In the language of the author of "an Angler's Rambles:—"

"We are no advocates for fishing with worms, and therefore say nothing about it, except that the evident pain which is inflicted on these reptiles, when they are impaled on a hook, would, we should think, counterbalance any pleasure to be derived from catching fish with them: they are all, the meanest things that are,—

"As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all."

THE LITTLE MERCHANT.

A TALE.

Antoine Dubois was the son of a labourer who lived in a little cottage by the road side, at a short distance from a small hamlet, in the department

THE LITTLE MERCHANT.

of *Seine et Marne*. His father was very poor and had three children, of whom Antoine was the second in age ; Marie was two years older than himself, and his little brother, Jacques, had not yet been trusted to walk alone. Pierre, though only ten years of age, and quite satisfied for his own part, with the black bread on which he generally dined, was very anxious to do something to assist his father, and add a little to the few comforts of his home ; and one day he thought of a plan by which he might be able to do so. He had been for a long time almost the only cultivator of a piece of ground that belonged to his father's cottage, and had been accustomed to regard its produce as his own ; and having borrowed a basket from his mother, he lined it with a clean white cloth, and then filled it with gooseberries and cherries from his own trees. Thus prepared, he sallied forth to the neighbouring village, and awaited the arrival of the Diligence from Paris, which he knew would stop there. When it came up all covered with dust, and the passengers, tired and thirsty, stepped out to walk up the hill, and stretch their legs after their long confinement ; Antoine opened his basket and displayed to them its contents. Our friend was not the only person waiting to sell fruit to the passengers, but his looked so fresh and cool, (and perhaps his honest countenance was an additional induce-

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ment to them to patronise him,) that he sold nearly all he had, and brought back more than a whole *frank* to his mother. After this, Antoine attended regularly at the village, and met all the Diligences; and when he had no fruit in his own garden, he walked early in the morning to Fontainebleau, a town about three miles distant from his home, and bought some there, with the money which he had saved from the profits of his trees.

But when the winter advanced, there was no more fruit to be had; and, besides, the passengers arrived cold and shivering, instead of hot and dusty, and would not have cared for gooseberries or cherries either; and few of them liked to walk up the hill in all the snow and wet, when they could remain wrapped up in their cloaks in the corners of the vehicle; so Antoine found his business not so flourishing as it had been. He now counted up his savings, and having tied them in the corner of his handkerchief, set off early one morning, basket in hand to Fromenteau. He went first to an earthenware shop, and bought some large cups and saucers, two coffee-pots, and a sugar basin; he then went to another shop, and purchased a tray to carry them on, and having laid out nearly all the remainder of his money on some coffee and sugar, he returned to his home. He knew that the first Diligence was to pass at three

THE LITTLE MERCHANT.

o'clock in the afternoon, and his mother boiled the coffee, and put it in one of the coffee-pots, and some hot milk in the other, and he set off just in time to meet the heavy carriage on its arrival*. It was the very thing the passengers would have wished for; and Antoine returned with neither coffee nor milk remaining, but with a cup quite full of *sous* and *decimes*. He would have jumped for joy, but was afraid of breaking his crockery, and when he got home and had placed all his treasures upon the table, he capered round them in the greatest delight, while his mother and Marie stood looking at him, not less pleased than he was. As for little Jacques, he appeared to think it was a kind of pantomime produced expressly for his entertainment, and jumped in his mother's arms, and held out his little fat dirty hands, till Antoine catching hold of him, made him his partner in the dance, and whirled round and round the table, holding the child before him.

But, alas! for the dance; alas! for the crock-

* The author, while travelling through France in the month of February, was surprised and delighted at having hot coffee brought by an old man to the door of the Diligence, when it stopped to change horses; but the dealer not being such an honest fellow as poor Antoine, delayed to return the change for a five frank piece, till the vehicle had started on its journey, and more than one of the passengers paid dearly for their coffee.



THE LITTLE MERCHANT.

ery, and all Antoine's joy ; his foot caught the leg of the table : crash went the coffee-service upon the red brick floor, and pieces of broken cups, lumps of sugar, and rolling *sous* were scattered in all directions.

Antoine and the baby had both fallen, but they were neither of them much hurt, and the latter only laughed as if he thought it all a very good joke ; but it was no joke for his poor brother, and if he cried, it was not for the pain of his bruised knee, but for grief to see how little remained of the crockery, for which he had paid away his six *franks*, all that he had saved, during as many months. Marie wept too, but she hid her tears as she stooped over the fragments and gathered them into her apron ; and her mother looked very grave and sad, as she busied herself in trying to fit the rough edges of the pieces together, in the hope of being able to mend them and make them serviceable again. There was only one cup that was not broken, and poor Antoine's castles, which he had been building in the air, and all his ideas of future prosperity, seemed to have fallen with his crockery. He could not bear his loss with any degree of fortitude ; it seemed so very hard to have all his savings taken from him, and that too, just at the time when he was turning them to the best account. The baby who had been crawling about,

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neglected on the floor, had gathered up two or three of the copper coins and scrambled with them to Antoine, who was sitting disconsolately on a little stool near the door. Antoine who had quite lost his temper, pushed the child from him and he fell backwards, but without hurting himself, and there he sat staring at his brother as if quite astonished at meeting with so rude a reception; Antoine, ashamed of himself, and unable to command his feelings, buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly. His mother who saw all this, said nothing at the time, but when she saw her son more composed, she called him to her, and said to him; "Antoine, you have had a severe trial to day; we all felt very sorry for you, but I should have been less vexed if I had seen you bear it better."

"It was all my own fault, mother," said Antoine, "and it was so very tiresome, so very hard, just when I was rejoicing over my success, to see all my plans upset."

"I do not doubt it, but you should make up your mind to submit patiently to many trials and disappointments; poor people have many troubles, but be assured, they will feel them least, who learn to bear them with the greatest fortitude. Your tears could not mend your cups and saucers, nor could your unkindness towards your little brother be of any service to you, unless, indeed, it

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were a satisfaction to you to see *him* unhappy, as well as yourself."

"Oh no! mother," cried Antoine.

"Then why push him from you, when he came to comfort you in his own childish way?"

"Because I was foolish and unhappy, mother, and I did not think what I was about."

"And was this a manly way of bearing your misfortune?"

"No, mother; but I could not help it, I was so very vexed."

"Yes, Antoine, you could if you had chosen to reflect for a moment: who gave you the cups and saucers?"

"I bought them, mother," said Antoine, "you know"—

"And who gave you the money? I know what you would answer; but who gave you the *fruit* to sell?"

"Ah! I understand you now," cried Antoine.

"I am glad of it," said his mother; "He who gives us food, and clothing, and all our comforts, has a right to take them from us when HE pleases; and it is sinful and rebellious in us, to murmur at His will, or to think ourselves hardly used, if he should require our lives; for all we have is the Lord's, and He will enable us, if we ask Him, to bear with fortitude, all the misfortunes and disappointments, with which it pleases Him to visit us."

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Antoine was silent, he felt the truth of what his mother had said ; he knew that the loss of his little business was distressing to her ; for his little earnings had added considerably to their few comforts ; but he saw that she did not suffer herself to be discomposed by it, and he endeavoured to imitate her. Seeing little Jacques playing on the door stone, he went when nobody was looking, and kissed the child, and asked his pardon for having ill treated him ; for though he knew very well that the little fellow could not understand him, still it was a satisfaction to him to do so.

As the evening of that day of hope and disappointment drew near, the clouds seemed to be gathering from all quarters, and the wind moaning in the distance, and the dull misty appearance of the sun, as it sank behind the rising clouds, gave warning that the night would be stormy. It was in the depth of winter, and the snow lay thick upon the ground. Old Dubois was at work at a farm, situated about two miles from his cottage, and was not expected to return home till after six o'clock. It became quite dark nearly an hour before that time, and just before the twilight dwindled entirely away, Antoine stepped out into the road, to look for the second diligence which generally passed at about five o'clock every evening. He had nothing to offer for sale, but

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he was determined to look on, and calculate how much money he might have taken, if no accident had befallen him : this he called punishing himself for having given way to his temper, and he wished his mother to see how well he could face his misfortunes. Antoine saw no one walking, and he concluded that the passengers all disliked the snow too much to alight, when they could ride instead. There was a cloak hanging out of the window of the Interieur, (that is the middle part the Diligence, which is very like the inside of a stage coach,) and before the vehicle had passed the spot, where Antoine was standing, the cloak fell out upon the snow : no one saw it fall but Antoine, and he immediately took it up, and jumping upon the step, would have put it in at the window again, but seeing no one inside, he hesitated a moment what to do ; just then, he heard a voice calling to him, and looking round, he saw three of the passengers, (who had been walking, and who had only just turned the corner,) running towards him. Antoine waited for them, and asked the foremost, when he came up, whether it was his cloak which had fallen. The gentleman, who had only caught sight of Antoine as he was standing on the step of the Diligence with the cloak in his hand, never doubting that the boy had taken it from the window, with the intention of stealing it, seized him and beat him severely

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with his cane, and might have done him some more serious injury, (for he was evidently very angry,) had not the Conducteur of the Diligence, which had by this time arrived at the top of the hill, called the passengers to enter quickly, that he might drive on.

Antoine smarted from the blows which he had received, but he cared not for the pain: there seemed something raging in his breast as if it would have choked him: to be punished as a thief, to be believed guilty by all who saw him, and who looked upon his chastisement as well merited; to have no means of proving himself innocent, and to be thought a liar into the bargain for denying the crime, it was almost more than he could bear. He ran after them in the bitterness of his heart, and told how it had all happened; but they none of them listened to him, or if they did, it was only with a sneer and a laugh, which told him he was not believed. He felt as if he would have crushed the man who struck him, if he had had the power; but he was helpless, and perhaps it was as well for him that he was so. Still he was so anxious to be heard, and so determined to make his innocence appear, that he followed close upon them, and the owner of the cloak who was the last to ascend, turned and struck him again before he stepped into the vehicle. As he did so, the horses started and

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moved suddenly on ; his foot was upon the step, and before he could recover himself, he fell backwards into the road, and the broad wheel of the heavily laden carriage passed over his leg.

Never before did Antoine hear so terrible a shriek as burst from his lips ; never had he seen so dreadful a sight as the leg presented, when the Diligence moved on. Every one left the vehicle to look, and turn away with pity and horror ; but none liked to touch the sufferer, though all were anxious to help him. What was to be done with him ?—proceed in the Diligence he could not, for they had a long stage before them, and they feared he would bleed to death before they reached the next town. Antoine forgot in a moment all his own wrongs ; he remembered not his own sufferings ; so deeply did he sympathize with the poor groaning creature before him. “ To the nearest house,” cried some ; “ To this,” exclaimed Antoine, pointing to his father’s ; “ This is the nearest : my mother will take care of him I know.” “ Take me any where,” groaned the sufferer,”—“ any where, but do not let me lie here.”

They bore him to Antoine’s home : his mother gave her own humble bed for the stranger to lie on, and every thing was done to alleviate as much as possible, the pain which he suffered. As the spectators were leaving the cottage, one of

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the passengers who had witnessed the affair of the cloak, mentioned to the Conducteur his fear, that the people, with whom the poor sufferer was left, were not honest, and then related to him all that he had seen ; but the Conducteur told him, that Antoine had been in the habit of selling fruit and other things to the people in the Diligence for nearly six months, and had given repeated proofs of his honesty ; and having called the poor boy, and listened to his plain unvarnished tale, every one was convinced of his innocence ; and one of the three who had first discovered him with the cloak in his hand, wrote a note, stating what had occurred, and left it with Antoine for him to give to the sufferer when he should be a little recovered ; and all the passengers told the poor child how sorry they were that he had been unfairly treated. Antoine had forgotten all about the affair of the cloak, but he was very glad when he heard that his innocence was proved, though he did not dance round the table this time, for he had something else to occupy his thoughts.

It was quite dark when the Diligence departed, leaving the injured man at Dubois' cottage, and Antoine's father had not returned. He was expected very soon ; but, notwithstanding the snow was falling fast, Antoine solicited, and obtained his mother's permission to hasten to Fontainebleau

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in search of a doctor, to relieve poor Monsieur Leclerc, as the sufferer was named. Away he went then, as fast as he could run, and caring little for the snow which lay so thick upon the ground, as to make the road dangerous to any one, who was not so well acquainted with it as was Antoine, or for the cold piercing wind which had now risen, and moaned through the wide forest of Fontainebleau, through a part of which the road passed. Antoine knew that there was much danger in travelling alone, and on foot, through a wide forest like that before him; but he thought if he could once reach Fontainebleau, he should be able to return in safety with the doctor in his gig; and his little heart was too tender, and too kind, not to feel miserable and unhappy, while he knew that a fellow-creature was suffering such agony as poor Monsieur Leclerc.

He was not long able to keep up the run with which he began his journey. He had to pick his steps, for it was so dark under the shade of the trees, that he could hardly distinguish his way, and he heartily wished that he had had a lantern to bring with him. Presently he came to a part of the road that had been cut through a steep hill, and which had in consequence, a high bank on each side. The snow which had drifted from these banks, lay in great quantities in some parts of the road; and once Antoine found himself nearly up to his

neck in it, before he had time to recover himself. He had a good staff in his hand, and with this he felt his way before him, after his first misadventure ; and though he got on slowly he fell into no more danger in that way. Still he sank nearly up to his knees at every step, and began to find it very difficult indeed to get on at all, so that by the time he emerged upon the level road again, he found himself dreadfully exhausted ; he felt as if he must lie down and rest upon the snow which was not so deep there, and he would perhaps have given way to his inclination, (which would certainly have caused his death,) had he not thought of the poor sufferer at his father's house. This thought seemed to revive him, and he pushed manfully forward. He had nearly two miles further to go by the road, but he knew a short path by which the distance might be reduced to little more than a mile, and though he feared he should be more likely to lose his way here, than on the more beaten path, he hesitated whether to try it or not :—just then, the moon, which had been hidden by some black threatening clouds, peeped forth, and gaining confidence, he struck off from the main road, and made by the short pathway, towards Fontainebleau.

After walking about a quarter of a mile, he emerged from the forest, and now he found still greater difficulty in walking, for the snow lay

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very thick upon the open country, and he had to step carefully and slowly. The moon, too, had only peeped forth from between two clouds, and had again withdrawn her light. He crossed two fields, and though he knew that there was a ditch at the end of the second, and leapt as far as he could, that he might cross it safely; he had overrated his strength, wearied and stiff as he was with his exertions, and he found himself in the middle of it. It was nearly five minutes before he succeeded in extricating himself, and then he was wet to the skin, and so tired that he had scarcely strength to put one foot before the other. He managed, however, to cross the next field and the river which lay beyond it, and over which a little foot-bridge was thrown; but when there, his strength completely failed him, and he leaned against the handrail for support.

He thought he should die there; a kind of numbness seized all his limbs; he still kept possession of his staff, though he made no effort to hold it, for he had not strength even to open his hand had he tried to do so. The longer he stayed there, the less able was he to move, and he would probably have been found the next morning frozen where he stood, had he not been aroused just at this time by a loud halloo. It was not far off, and Antoine felt a strange tingling sensation all over him, as he tried to move himself and to recollect where

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he was, and how he came there. The sound was repeated, and Antoine became aware that it was some person calling for assistance. Poor fellow! he was, he thought, in no state to render it to any one, but he was mistaken. He tried to raise his voice, and answer to the call, but he could scarcely move his lips, and the sound that did come from them, was so shrill, and so unlike his own voice, that he started. It had, however, the desired effect: in a few moments, a dark object approached him; it was a horse with his rider, who had lost his way, and was almost as much benumbed with the cold as Antoine himself.

The horseman asked him if he could direct him to Nemours, but seeing the strange position in which the poor boy stood, and wondering that he should stay there, leaning against the rail of the bridge on such a night, and at such an hour; he leant forward, and heard Antoine say in a voice scarcely audible:

"Save me! I am scarcely able to move. You are many miles from Nemours, but yonder is the way to Fontainebleau. Oh! take me there: for the love of God, who loves us all, do not leave me to die here."

"I will not, my poor boy," cried the stranger. "As I hope for God's mercy myself, I would not leave you to perish in the cold, though I should carry you every step of the way on my own back."

He speedily dismounted and placed Antoine on

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his horse, and then mounting behind him, held him firmly in the saddle, (for the child was far too weak, and too much benumbed by the cold to sit there without support,) and spurring on his horse in the direction pointed out, in a very few minutes they reached the town of Fontainebleau.

The gentleman who had providentially arrived in time to save our friend Antoine, was a stranger in Fontainebleau, but he went directly to one of the best Inns in the town, and placing Antoine before a large fire which was burning in the kitchen, made him swallow some hot brandy and water. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he wanted to go to Monsieur Delille, the surgeon, that he might send him off immediately to attend upon poor Monsieur Leclerc, whom he pictured to himself as still suffering extreme agony. His kind friend would not at first suffer this, but finding that he was really restored, and considering the extreme urgency of the case, he at length allowed him to go. Monsieur Delille's house was only a few doors up the street, and Antoine found the good doctor just ready to sit down to supper. When he heard that a little boy was very anxious to see him, he came down immediately, and having heard his story, ordered his horse to be put in harness, and sent to his assistant to beg him to accompany him: and having asked many questions of Antoine, he sent to another surgeon, who

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lived at a short distance from him, stating what had occurred, and as he considered in such a case, two heads to be better than one, he begged him to attend also, if he had no objection.

In about a quarter of an hour every thing was prepared : Antoine having eaten some supper with the servants, was wrapped up in a large warm cloak, and placed on the seat between Dr Delille and his assistant. A groom led the way on horse-back, carrying a lantern on the end of a pitchfork, and another gig followed Dr Delille's, containing the other surgeon and his groom. The procession moving in this order, carefully and cautiously through the snow, arrived after some time at old Dubois' cottage. Monsieur Leclerc had been rolling to and fro upon the bed in great agony, ever since Antoine had been gone, (nearly four hours,) and his face, contorted as it was with suffering, seemed to look with kindness and gratitude upon poor Antoine, who, weak and weary, no sooner crossed his mother's threshold, than he burst into tears, and sank into a chair, unable either to speak or to move.

The surgeons examined the limb, and after some deliberation, determined on removing it. The operation was performed very speedily and with great dexterity ; and Dr Delille's assistant remained to watch by the bedside of his patient during that night. The following morning, a good supply of

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provisions arrived at old Dubois' cottage, from Dr Delille ; and Monsieur Leclerc, who had slept well, seemed to be in much less pain than he had suffered the evening before. He was observed to be in conversation for a considerable time with Dr Delille when he arrived, and the same afternoon, Antoine was surprised to see his friend of the preceding evening enter the cottage, and walk straight up to the sick man's bedside. It was his brother.

It was a sad, sad meeting ! He had come nearly thirty miles on horseback the day before, expecting to meet him at Nemours ; had lost his way in the dark, and wandered to where he found our friend Antoine, and now he saw him, maimed and in great suffering, in a humble cottage by the way-side. Monsieur Leclerc wept, his brother fell upon his knees by his bedside, and poured forth a fervent prayer to God, to look down upon the sufferer with an eye of pity, to spare his life, to forgive all his iniquities, and to raise him from the bed of sickness, not a sufferer, but a gainer by his affliction. He prayed his merciful Father to put it into his brother's heart, to consider how often and how deeply he had sinned, and to make him sensible of *His* mercy in thus chastising him. He said but little to his brother then, but he gave him these words of comfort :—" Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

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Monsieur Leclerc shed many tears, but answered nothing. Antoine thought, that though his brother evidently loved him fondly, he had not spoken quite kindly to him : he thought his words severe, though his manner was most affectionate. He did not know that Monsieur Leclerc had been an unbeliever, and one who feared not God, or he would have better understood the meaning of his brother's prayer. But Monsieur Leclerc was now an altered man. So truly does the Poet say :—

“ A bruised reed, he will not break,
Afflictions, all his creatures feel,
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.”

Antoine watched his opportunity, and having related to his kind friend the story of the cloak, he put into his hands the letter which had been given him by the stranger on the preceding evening, and which contained the acknowledgment of his innocence of the theft. The contents of it were soon made known by him to his brother, and Monsieur Leclerc begged Antoine's pardon again and again for his hastiness ; but Antoine had granted that long ago, and only wished, by producing the letter, to establish his innocence thoroughly. Monsieur Leclerc heard also from his brother, how greatly poor Antoine had suffered on his journey to Fontainebleau, and how nearly he had lost his life on that

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occasion ; and full of gratitude towards the little boy whom he had before so much wronged, he determined to make every reparation in his power ; and very soon he and his brother had formed a plan for effectually assisting him, and raising him above the humble condition in which he was born.

But how true is the motto : “ *L’homme propose, mais Dieu dispose,*” man proposes, but God disposes. Antoine had been unwell all the morning, and though he tried to exert himself as usual, and in waiting upon his sick friend, he was unequal to the task : his head ached terribly, and he was unable to stand, or even to sit in his chair, and before night fell, he was stretched upon his hard mattress, in all the agonies of a burning fever. Many days and nights passed slowly and wearily, and still Antoine was on his sick-bed. Monsieur Leclerc had been removed to Fontainebleau, but Dr Delille, or his assistant, was in constant attendance on the poor boy ; and more than once or twice in the week, the elder Monsieur Leclerc, visited the miserable cottage in which he lay ; he would have moved him to a better and more comfortable home, but he was far too ill to leave his bed for one moment ; it was terrible to witness his pain. He seemed to fancy himself again struggling with the snow,—frozen and immoveable with the cold, though the burning heat of fever raged

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through all his limbs: then he fancied that he was lost in the woods, and heard the wolves howling round him, and he would stretch out his hands, roll his head upon the pillow, and scream as if wild with terror: then again, he thought his leg was crushed, and mutilated as Monsieur Leclerc's had been, and seemed to suffer as much pain, as if such had really been the case. His kind mother watched by him all day, nor did she close her eyes even at night, though Marie was ever willing and anxious to take her place.

It was sad—very sad, to see how long he continued to suffer thus, but at length a change took place. A deep sleep fell upon him, the first that had visited his eyelids for many days. Nature was exhausted, and well they knew, who watched over him in fearful anxiety, that the struggle was ended. Well they knew that he would wake to live, or wake only to sleep again, and they prayed by his bedside in accents inaudible to all, but to the Almighty and gracious God, to whom their supplications were addressed, that it would please Him to spare to them the child. “Nevertheless,” they always added to their fervent prayer: “Not my will, but thine be done.”

Many hours passed away thus silently and slowly; oh how slowly! At midnight, that still and solemn hour, when so many sorrowing, toiling millions seek repose, and rest in happy forgetfulness of

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all the cares and troubles that embitter their waking hours ; at midnight, the reign of peace to so many, but of weariness and anxiety to those who watched by the sick child's bed, the poor Antoine opened his eyes : the struggle was indeed over ; no longer did he glare upon them with the wild look of delirium,—no longer did he utter in frenzied tones, the ravings of madness. He looked kindly and gently now upon them all. He spoke in a low voice, kind words : He felt no pain now : to his father, his mother, and his sister,—to every one he had something pleasant to say ; and though he told them he was dying, there was a smile upon his lips as he spoke of meeting them all in Heaven, and of never leaving them again, so that they could not weep. Sad was the mother's heart indeed, but it was a holy sorrow,—a sweet sadness, that only a Christian and one who has worshipped God in spirit and in truth can feel ; few tears were shed, and when they closed the dead child's eyes, and looked upon him for the last time, there was a low voice from one of the mourners, which said,—“ The Lord giveth, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Near the burial-ground at Fontainebleau, there is a small cottage : it is neatly built, and wears every appearance of comfort. There old Dubois, his wife and family are dwelling. The genero-

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sity of Monsieur Leclerc and his brother, has left them in want of none of the necessaries of life.

The mother goes often to look upon the tomb of her lost child, but she never repines. "It is well," she says to herself, "it is well: had he lived and experienced all the good fortune which his kind friends had destined for him, he might perhaps have forgotten his God, and thinking too much of things temporal, have forgotten the things eternal, and so died without the hope of salvation."

Monsieur Leclerc the younger, recovered as far as could be expected, from the effects of his accident, though he was of course, a cripple during the remainder of his days. He listened to the exhortations of his brother, who was his constant companion,—searched the Scriptures, and was convinced, not only that a great and good God governs the world, and regards all the actions, and even the most secret thoughts of men; but that he had been a sinful and unprofitable servant, whose only hope of pardon was in the blood of the Saviour. His affliction was to him indeed a blessing, for he died in the knowledge and love of Christ; and his brother, fondly as he loved him, mourned less for his body when committed to the grave, than he had done for his soul but a few years before, when it was dead indeed in sin.

THE
KING AND THE SCHOOLBOYS.

AN ANECDOTE.

SEVERAL boys received their education at a great School in Paris, by particular warrant from Charlemagne. This Prince, returning into France after a long absence, ordered those children to be brought to him, and to produce prose and verse compositions. It appeared that the performances of those of a middling and obscure class, greatly excelled those of higher birth; on which that wise Prince, in imitation of the Supreme Judge, separating the diligent from the idle, and causing the former to be placed at his right-hand, thus addressed them: — “Beloved Children, as you have sedulously applied yourselves, to answer the end for which you were placed at school, and have made proficiency in such studies as will be useful to you in the course of your life, you may be assured of my favour and good-will; go on, exert your genius, carry your improvements to the highest pitch, and I will ever have a value for you, and reward you with Bishoprics and Abbeys.”

Then turning to the left, with a stern countenance and contemptuous accent, he spoke:—

A VISIT TO NAPLES.

“As for you, idlers of noble blood, unworthy children of the most eminent families in my kingdom, delicate puppets, taken up with beautifying yourselves, because titles and lands will fall to your share ; you, forsooth, have made no account of my orders ; and instead of walking in the path to true honour, and minding your studies, you have given yourselves up to play and idleness. I tell you of a truth, that all your nobility, and girlish pretty faces, and fine clothes, are of no weight with me ; and, depend on it, unless you turn over a new leaf, and by unwearied diligence, recover your lost time, you are never to expect any thing from Charlemagne.”

(From an Old Magazine.)

A

VISIT TO NAPLES.

BY UNCLE JOSEPH.

“And now, Uncle Joseph,” said my little nephew, George Watson, on the day after my arrival in England, from the Continent, “I am sure you must be rested, for you didn’t get up till past 10 o’clock this morning, and Willy and I can wait no longer ; so you must begin directly and tell us

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all that you saw and all that you didn't see, while you were away."

"Indeed," said I, "that would be a difficult matter: to comply with the former part of your request, would require a good memory, and with the latter, a long life; so you must rest satisfied with what I can give you."

"Well, well, only begin and tell us as much as you can;" cried Willy and George together, clinging hold of my coat, and dragging me to a chair, which they seemed to think was large enough to hold themselves as well as me.

"What will you have first," said I, "an adventure in a Diligence, a visit to Naples, or what?"

"Naples, oh! Naples, the land of Maccaroni to be sure, tell us about Naples."

"Attention then," cried I. "Early one morning in September, the French Steamer in which I had embarked at Marseilles, came in sight of Mount Vesuvius, and immediately afterwards entered the Bay of Naples. I was in my berth, for it was but just daylight, when hearing an unusual bustle upon deck, I called to the steward, and asked what was going on. He did not understand many words of English, but very civilly replied to my question, and informed me that *the Steamer* was going on.

Finding it impossible to learn any thing from him, I prepared to step out of my berth, but was saved the trouble by the rolling of the ship,

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which, immediately that I rose, sent me with a sudden jerk through the curtains, and on to the table, which stood in the centre of the Cabin, to the no small astonishment of the steward who was spreading the cloth for the breakfast. I was thankful that I had not alighted in one of the washing basons, which were filled with water in readiness for those passengers who slept on the sofas ; and after a few other unpleasant accidents, such as falling into my portmanteau while searching for a handkerchief, putting my shaving brush into my eye, &c., I succeeded in dressing myself, and hastened on deck.

There was a heavy ground swell, but the wind which had been very high during the night, had now fallen, and the air was clear and warm. As I stepped on to the poop, (as the raised part of the deck is called,) I perceived Vesuvius in the distance, which I immediately recognized, and knew that we were entering the Bay of Naples. The view was very splendid : we passed the promontory of Misenum, and the Island of Ischia, which is a beautiful and fertile tract of country, about seven miles long, and which is supposed to have been thrown up by some Volcanic explosion under the water. The Hill, St Nicolo, in the centre was formerly a burning mountain like Vesuvius, and the eruptions which took place were, (at least so the ancient poets tell us,) caused by the struggles

of Typhon, who was buried beneath it, and who from time to time made vain attempts to escape from his prison. I suppose, however, he has found that there is no hope for him in this quarter; though his burning breath and the red hot stones which are continually issuing from Vesuvius and Stromboli, prove that he is still alive.

The appearance of the city of Naples, as we approached it, was very beautiful. It is situated partly on a slope, and extends along the shore of the Bay, almost as far as the villages of Portici and Resina, which stand at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and *over* the ancient city of Herculaneum. We past the Castle Dell'Uovo, which is built upon a rock projecting into the sea, and I was glad when we were safely moored in smooth water, behind the Mole.

Having had my passport examined, I called a boat, and bade farewell to the Steamer, in which I had had a most unpleasant voyage. It so happened that one of the boatmen could speak English, and he seemed resolved to turn his knowledge of my language to the best advantage.

"Signor," said he, "me very good man."

I told him I was very happy to hear it.

"You give one dollar," he continued, "I take you straight ashore."

I answered that I should pay him whatever was right, but certainly not so much as a dollar,

which you know is worth about four shillings and fourpence.

"Then," he replied, "me go fish; *this fishing boat*; you get into fishing boat, and not pay for go shore; you go fish too; come back to-morrow morning."

Horrible idea! after having been for three successive days, and nights at sea in a French Steam Vessel, and in stormy weather, to be carried out to sea, tired and hungry, and buffeted by the waves for twenty-four hours longer, in a little fishing smack.

GEORGE AND WILLY together.—"Poor Uncle Joe!"

UNCLE JOSEPH. "There seems to be some mistake;" said I, "why did you take me into the boat, if you were not going ashore? well, well, I will give you the dollar."

"*One* dollar? me tell you two;" said the man, increasing his demand as soon as he perceived the horror with which I regarded, the trip to sea.

I knew not what to do; I could not bear to be cheated by the rascal, far less could I submit to be carried out to sea in his abominable smack, and just as I was considering what course to pursue, an empty boat crossed our bows.

"Barco," cried I, as loud as I could bawl, "Barco! Batello!"

I had learned these words from a phrase book,

and now experienced their utility. The empty boat was alongside in an instant, and I stepped into it before my two dollar friend could interfere ; and as I was unencumbered with luggage, which had been sent ashore in another boat to the custom-house, I had the satisfaction of disappointing this *very good man* of his two dollars, and seeing him pull alongside in search of some other victim, whom he might cheat more successfully.

Arrived at the custom-house, I was beset by a couple of men, who, by means of an interpreter, offered to *say nothing about my portmanteau*, if I would give them each a couple of Carlines. I told them they might say what they pleased about it, provided they did not touch it, and they then explained, that they wished me to bribe them to pass it through the custom-house without having it examined. As however, I had no wish to become a smuggler, I declined their services, and had no reason to repent doing so.

At length I was comfortably settled in my Hotel, and began to lay out a plan of proceedings for the next day ; that afternoon, I walked to the grotto of Posilippo, a subterraneous passage of some antiquity, situated about four miles from the town of Naples. It is more than half a mile long, and very lofty, being, in some places, as high as eighty feet. As I walked along, keeping close to the side, I was sometimes surprised to

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hear voices close to my ear, and the noise of the wheels of cars and waggons as they passed me in the dark, sounded loud and hollow through the deep vaults of the grotto. A short time ago, this was the only approach from Cumæ, Baia, and other places, and many accidents occurred in consequence of the total darkness which reigned in some parts of the Cavern. At night, it is lighted by a great number of lamps, which hang from the arched roof, and give it an extraordinary and picturesque, appearance. There are now other and better roads in the same direction, and this is in consequence but little used.

I met with a misfortune in this grotto, which though laughable, was nevertheless annoying. A tall Neapolitan, who was walking along at a brisk pace, ran up against me, before we were either of us aware of the other's presence, and his foot slipping, he fell backwards, while I was thrown with some violence against the rock. A loud bang, which echoed through all the recesses of the Cavern, and which sounded like the report of a pistol, was followed by a yell from the unfortunate man. The first idea that entered my head was, that he had broken a blood-vessel, but that was absurd; then I thought he must have been carrying a gun, which had gone off with the shock, and perhaps wounded him, but he roared so very loud, that I did not think he could be much hurt. And what

do you think was the cause of all this noise and outcry?"

GEORGE. What was it Uncle Joe? do tell us; what could it be?

UNCLE JOSEPH. After searching about for the man, and placing him upon his feet, I accompanied him to the mouth of the grotto, and then discovered the mischief I had done.—He had been carrying a kind of musical instrument, much in use among the lower classes of the Italians, and very much resembling in form the Highland bagpipes, but having the air vessel formed of a dog's skin. He had fallen upon this, and by his weight, had caused it to burst, and thus produced the explosion which had alarmed me. His lamentation was loud and continued, but I provided him with the means of repairing his instrument, and was happy that no more mischief had been done.

After this, I climbed up to visit the tomb of Virgil, which is still in a tolerable state of preservation. I could not however, discover any traces of the inscription, which he is himself said to have written shortly before his death;—

'Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc,
Parthenope: Cecini pascua, ura, duces.*'

The tomb was more than half hidden, by grass and shrubs, and I gathered a piece of myrtle,

* I sang flocks, tillage, heroes; Mantua gave
Me life, Brundisium death, Naples a grave.

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which grows wild in great abundance in the neighbourhood. I don't think Virgil would ever have desired to be buried over the grotto of Posilippo, if he had known what would be the consequence. Most of the inhabitants of Naples believe, that it was by the poet's enchantments, that this vast cavern was formed, and that his tomb is still guarded by the very spirits who assisted in the work.

WILLIAM. How very ridiculous !

UNCLE JOSEPH. Ridiculous, indeed ; and there is another instance recorded of the superstition of the Neapolitans, relating to Virgil. The arms of Naples are ' a Horse,' and, long ago, the Statue of one in bronze, stood near the cathedral. The people thought that it was cast by Virgil, and entertained such extraordinary notions of its power, that when any of their horses were ill, or suffering from any injury, they were conveyed to this statue and led round it. Animals were sometimes brought from great distances, and often died from exposure on the road, when a warm stable would have restored them. This statue was destroyed by Cardinal Caraffa, who, to put an end to so foolish a custom, melted down every part of it except the head.

GEORGE. What funny people the Neapolitans must be ; but go on.

UNCLE JOSEPH. As I was returning on foot

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to Naples, I was struck by the appearance of a beggar, who, with his eyes closed, kept on repeating the word, "Cieco,"—*blind*. A little boy stood by his side, and held his hand to receive whatever the pity of the passengers prompted them to bestow. After regarding the old man for a short time, I put my hand in my pocket, and taking out a half carline, or twopence; I offered it to him: the little boy happened to be looking away at the time, and to my astonishment, the blind man said to him in a low voice, and in Italian, "Take it Paulo, don't you see?" "Oh ho!" thought I, "if Paulo does not see, *you* do." I longed to be able to give him a lecture in a language that he could understand, for I would rather have bestowed a sovereign upon a deserving person, than have given the paltry sum of twopence to an imposter. I looked upon him as a thief, for he had stolen my compassion, when he deserved contempt; but I held my tongue, as I knew my broken Italian would not be very impressive, even if it happened to be understood.

After I had returned to my hotel and made a good dinner, of which a dish of maccaroni formed by no means the worst part, I ordered the Landlord to call a carriage, and drove to the opera. The theatre of St. Carlos, is the largest and the most splendid in the world. It contains no less than seven tiers of boxes, and all the scenery is beautifully painted and arranged. The orchestra is

very fine, and when I saw it. the whole of the interior of the building was illuminated with long wax tapers, in honour of the birth-day of one of the Royal Family. It was one blaze of light and gilding, but the audience made so much noise, and behaved in such a disorderly manner, that the beauty of the music and singing was quite lost ; and I retired at an early hour, disappointed in everything, except in the mere appearance of the house.

I arose the following morning after a good night's rest, and set off at an early hour to visit the Catacombs, which I had heard were well worth seeing. I admired the interior of the church of San Gennaro, which is supported by about eighty columns ; formed, some of Egyptian granite, and some of African marble, taken from the ancient temples of Neptune and Apollo ; and had the good fortune to witness a ceremony there which induced me to delay my visit to the catacombs.

GEORGE. What ! was there service going on at the time ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. Yes ; and a very peculiar kind of service too. You must know that San Gennaro, to whom this church is dedicated, is the patron saint of Naples. You can hardly understand what this means, but you know that in Italy, France, and some other countries, the Roman Catholic religion prevails, and every town, and indeed almost every family, has its patron saint, whose interces-

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sion with the great God they are accustomed to entreat in time of danger or distress, instead of addressing their prayers directly to the throne of mercy.

WILLIAM. And who were the saints, Uncle Joseph ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. Martyrs, and holy men, whose lives were spent in the service of God, and who suffered death in support of their religion. There are many names of saints, however, on the Romish Calendar, of which the histories are very doubtful ; and even you, children, must be aware, that for the sake of Jesus Christ alone, will God grant any of our prayers ; and that even the spirits of just men made perfect, can have neither power nor occasion to intercede with Him, who has promised, that for His Son's sake alone, He will in no wise cast off those who seek Him.

San Gennaro was one of those who suffered martyrdom, and his body is supposed to be buried in a subterraneous chapel, under the beautiful altar of the church dedicated to him. His head, and two small vases containing, as it is said, his blood, are carefully preserved in the chapel called "*Il Tesoro*," or "the treasure ;" which forms a part of the church of San Gennaro. Three times a year, this blood, which is supposed to have been collected by a Neapolitan Lady at the time of his martyrdom, is liquified, or reduced to

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a fluid state by the priests; and I was fortunate enough to enter the church at the very moment when this ceremony was commencing.

The chapel was adorned on this occasion, with thirty-six busts of saints, beautifully executed in silver, and about a dozen and a half in bronze; I noticed also near the door, a splendid vase of basalt, ornamented with vines and other attributes of *Bacchus*; and I afterwards learned, that it was valuable as an antiquity, though its decorations struck me as being by no means appropriate to a Christian church. I know not from what cause, but the process of liquifying the blood, occupied on the day of my visit, a longer time than usual, and the Neapolitans were in great distress: groans, and prayers addressed to their patron saint, burst from every one present, and it was evident they anticipated some dreadful calamity. They regarded me as an inhuman monster, and I, while I pitied them, could scarcely refrain from smiling at the looks of disgust which from time to time were cast upon me, for my indifference. At length the blood liquified, and they became more calm, though they still seemed to think that some misfortune was hanging over them; and I turned sadly from the scene and bent my steps towards the Catacombs.

I entered through an arch in a rock, and traversed the first passage, which is twenty feet wide

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and for a considerable distance, nearly fifteen feet high. The excavations are very extensive, but have never been thoroughly explored. They consisted originally of three stories, but the lower of these has become choked with rubbish ; probably, in consequence of the numerous shocks of earthquakes, which have from time to time visited the town of Naples. On each side of the passage, I saw holes cut in the rock, in which were found skeletons of men, women, and children, whose bodies appeared to have been placed there, without any coffin or other covering.

GEORGE. Without any coffin, Uncle ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. The holes were not large enough to admit coffins, but as soon as a body was placed in one of them, it was closed up with stones, well fastened together by cement. Many victims of the plague, which killed great numbers of the Neapolitans in the year 1526, were buried in these catacombs, and their bones still remain, though those of the former occupants have either been removed, or have crumbled into dust.

Many of the cells were painted, evidently by the early Christians, while others were adorned with animals and birds, after the manner of the ancient Pagan buildings."

GEORGE. And were you all alone in the vault ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. No : I was accompanied by one of the priests of the chapel, who, it seems, was in

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the habit of showing the catacombs to strangers. I suppose you would have been afraid of ghosts ; would you not ?

WILLIAM. I don't know. I certainly should not have liked to enter those gloomy passages alone.

UNCLE JOSEPH. Nor I ; for it is probable, that had I done so, I should never have found my way out again ; but my guide brought me safely back to the entrance, and I gave him five carlines for his trouble.

GEORGE. Where did you go to next, Unele ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I was walking towards my Hotel, when my attention was attracted by a group of men who were engaged in selling, buying, and eating maccaroni, at the corner of a street. One of them had got a piece upwards of two yards long in his fingers, and with his head thrown back, he was letting it glide in one unbroken string down his throat. He smacked his lips after the delicious morsel, and prepared to wash it down with a draught of cold water. This he bought for a grain, from a woman, who was near with a kind of barrel, to which were fastened little bells, slung before her ; and as she never stood still for a single instant, her bells kept continually jingling. The thirsty man received it, well iced, in a large tumbler, and throwing back his head as before, sent it after the maccaroni without ever placing the glass to his lips ; he held it several inches above

his face, and poured every drop of its contents into his mouth, without once drawing breath.

GEORGE. How I should have laughed.

UNCLE JOSEPH. Indeed you would ; and so did I, but the man seemed proud of his feat, and thought I was admiring his dexterity ; (which I really could not help doing) and, advancing towards me, he took me by the arm, and led me to the maccaroni stall.

The proprietor took out a long string, and held it over me, clasping it like a huge ball, between both hands, and letting the end hang down. My mouth was wide open, for I was still laughing heartily, and looking up to see what he was doing, he lowered his hand, and two or three yards at least, slipped down my throat, without ever touching my lips. Fancy Uncle Joe swallowing maccaroni like a native ; fancy the shouts of laughter which rang around me. I really began to think myself a clever fellow, and had some idea of turning juggler, and swallowing snakes in public, on my return to England, and making a fortune by it.

WILLIAM. Bravo, Uncle Joe ; I wish you would.

UNCLE JOSEPH. Presently my friend brought a second edition of the iced water, and poured it all down my throat with such skill, that not a drop was spilled ; and though every one that saw the Englishman eating maccaroni, seemed very much amused, none of them laughed more heartily than Uncle Joe.

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I purchased all the contents of the macaroni pot, and distributed them among the bystanders; and, one of them understanding French, I asked him where their favourite food was prepared? I heard of a lady once, who asked a traveller, what sort of a *tree* it grew on; but I did not make such a fool of myself, and no doubt you both know, that it is made of wheat.

I accompanied the Italian to a macaroni manufactory, and before entering it, passed through a large court-yard, across which a great many ropes, like clothes' lines were stretched, and from these hung down to the ground, innumerable strings of macaroni drying in the sun. I was quite unprepared for the ridiculous scene that met my view, when I entered the building. You must understand that macaroni is made of flour, which is mixed with water, till it forms a kind of dough. It is then placed in troughs, where it is kneaded by a heavy block of wood; this block is attached to a swinging beam, suspended from the roof; and three or four great half naked men, sat upon the end of these beams, playing at see-saw with the blocks of wood,—as soon as they descended, they sprang up again into the air; and the alternate moving up and down of the piston in the trough, kneaded the dough most effectually. Ha—ha—ha! how I laugh still to think of it; numbers of tall men with red nightcaps on, bobbing up and down in-

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cessantly;—whichever way I turned I beheld one of these machines, and all the men looked as serious, as if they had been engaged in the most important business.

GEORGE. How very ridiculous!

WILLIAM. But I want to know how they make the macaroni hollow.

GEORGE. Make it hollow? ha! ha! If anything could make it hollow, I think being punched and pounded in that way would.

UNCLE JOSEPH. Ah, George, you silly fellow; Willy means hollow like a pipe, and many wiser heads than your's have wondered how it is done; but I'll tell you. By violent pressure, the dough, when it has been sufficiently kneaded, is forced through holes of various sizes, and a wire, which passes through these holes, causes the hollow in the centre. It is thus drawn out, and carried away to dry upon the lines of which I spoke before. Vermicelli, a word which signifies, '*Little Worms*!' is made in the same manner, but the holes through which it passes, are very much smaller. Another form into which the dough is made, and in which it is reckoned particularly good, is called *Strangola Prevete*, an odd name, signifying *choke Priest*!

GEORGE. Well, go on, Uncle.

UNCLE JOSEPH. I think I have gone on quite long enough for one sitting; but I will tell you some more of my adventures bye and bye.

THE
MOUSE KING.

A TALE

ABRIDGED FROM THE PERSIAN.

MANY hundreds of years ago, a wild country in the neighbourhood of Ghilaun was governed by a young, but sensible Mouse, who, assisted by his prime minister—a cunning Fox, exercised dominion over all the beasts and reptiles in his vicinity. Intelligence was one day brought to the king, that a Camel, belonging to a caravan which had lately passed through the wilderness, had sunk under his burden, and had consequently been left behind by his owners. The Fox proceeded to inform his monarch, that the Camel, having recovered from his fatigue, had been for many days roaming through that part of the wood, which formed the pleasure grounds belonging to the palace, and eating whatever pleased his taste, without asking permission of any one; “and,” added he, “if some means be not immediately taken to make him aware of his error, others will follow his example, and the King’s authority will be at an end.

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The Royal Mouse, praised the Vizier's zeal and prudence, and commanded that the Camel should be brought before him; and the Fox having undertaken to effect this, set out immediately in search of the intruder, and having found him sleeping, he cunningly passed the *mahar*, or bridle, through his nostrils, and led him to the imperial court. The Camel, however, was not so deeply impressed with the Mouse King's dignity and greatness, as he should have been; and after browsing a little among the royal evergreens, he very coolly walked away again, without saying "good bye" to any one

‡ The Mouse, deeply offended at this indignity, turned to the Fox, and upbraided him for having been the cause of it; "for," said he, "had you not advised me to meddle with the stupid animal, (who is not worthy our notice,) he would never have appeared at our court, nor thus degraded us in the eyes of our subjects. Be not angry with your slave, replied the Vizier Fox, for though the beast has behaved thus rudely, I will undertake to reduce him to submission, and will bring him upon his knees before your Majesty, to ask pardon for his crime. Grant me but a little time, and I will compel him to submit to be ranked among the humblest of your majesty's dependants.

A few days after the camel's first visit to court,

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as he was roaming at ease through the woods, he began to browse upon the overhanging branches of a tree, and the string of his mahar becoming entangled in them, he remained with his head suspended in the air. In this position he was discovered by the Mouse and his Vizier, who laughed at him, and taunted him on his helpless situation. "Wretched creature," said the Fox, "hadst thou not raised thy head so high, and moved so proudly through the king's domains, thou wouldst never have been caught in this snare ; promise instant submission, or you shall remain where you are till death terminate your sufferings."

"Have pity upon me," said the Camel, in a supplicating voice, "I have committed great crimes, but I entreat pardon ; release me, and I will prove myself a faithful servant in future."

The Mouse, on hearing these words, cut the cord which detained the unfortunate animal, and swelling with exultation, bade him follow to the palace, where he was desired to guard the royal apartment while the king slept.

It so happened, that some of the servants of the Prince of Ghilaun, seeing the Camel without any visible owner in the forest, led him to their master's stables ; and the Mouse being informed of this, addressed the King's servants when they came to cut wood on the following morning, and insisted that the animal should be restored.

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The Woodcutters, surprised at the terrible speech of the Mouse, who threatened to declare war immediately, if his demand was not complied with ; and who spoke with so much anger, that they really thought he would jump out of his skin, repeated what they had heard and seen to their Prince, who treated the matter with contempt, and desired his Courtiers not to talk of it.

The King of the mice, receiving no answer to his demands, prepared for war ; and collected an army so immense, that the whole face of the country was covered by it. The Fox directed all its movements ; and by his orders, the enemy's treasury was in a very short time undermined, and all the gold, silver, and precious stones which it contained, conveyed secretly to the Mouse's camp. As soon as this was accomplished, the Fox determined, if possible, to raise an army of men, who might assist the King in carrying on the war ; and meeting by chance with an old soldier, who, with his dependants, was travelling in search of employment, he thus addressed him :—

“ Brave soldier ! if you desire to engage in honourable warfare, and to receive the recompense due to valour, enter into our service, and you shall be most liberally rewarded. See, here is gold, and we are possessed of immense treasures hidden in the earth, which shall be distributed freely to all who render us assistance.”

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The soldier, induced by the sight of the money, hastened to collect a great number of his countrymen, whom he concealed in the wood, and having provided them with all necessary arms, he communicated to the Mouse King and his Vizier, his plan of attack.

In the mean time, the Prince of Ghilaun, being secretly informed of the preparations which had been made against him, prepared for resistance. It was very ridiculous, he said, and very provoking, to be compelled to wage war against *a mouse* ; but some steps must be taken. Therefore, ordering out his troops, he commanded his storehouses to be opened ; but, alas ! when the treasury was unlocked, nothing but empty sacks, and mice-eaten chests were to be found. When the state of the royal purse became known, many of the soldiers deserted ; but the Prince, having contrived to satisfy a large number with promises, marched them to the field of battle, where they pitched their tents, and awaited the charge of their enemies.

Soon after dusk, however, an immense swarm of mice entered the camp, and while the soldiers slept, they gnawed their bridles, stirrup-leathers, drum-heads, and bowstrings, and every thing else that consisted either of cloth or leather. Having accomplished this in silence, they returned to their own camp ; and the Mouse King, drawing out his human allies, commanded them to ad-

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vance, and attack their enemies. Great was the confusion in the Prince of Ghilaun's camp, when the troops, hastening to form in battle array, discovered the mischief that had been done to their saddles, and even to their clothes, from which all the fastenings had been gnawed. Panic-stricken, they threw down their arms and fled before the sabres of the enemy. The Prince escaped with much difficulty to his citadel, leaving the plain covered with his tents and royal equipage, and with the dead bodies of his followers; and, finding himself deserted by most of his attendants, he sent an ambassador to the Mouse King, imploring that he might continue to govern his kingdom under his most gracious protection, and offering to do homage, and to kiss the toe of his conqueror. The Mouse, however, greatly to his credit, restored to the vanquished monarch, all that remained of his treasures; and desired the ambassador to inform him, that he had not waged war for the sake of conquering his dominions, but merely to enforce the restitution of the Camel, which had been unjustly taken from him.

The Prince of Ghilaun immediately ordered a golden cloth, beautifully adorned with jewels, and embroidered in the most elegant manner, to be placed upon the Camel; and a silken mahar, ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones, being passed through his nose, he was led back

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to the conquering Mouse, who received with great dignity, the humble apologies of the vanquished Prince, and condescended to grant him a free pardon. He then dismissed his human allies, and retired peaceably to his palace in the wood.

Had the Prince of Ghilaun been a wise man, he would never have despised his enemy, however contemptible he might have appeared. By restoring the Camel, (which was of but little value,) he might easily have avoided all the evil that happened to him; or had he considered the King of the mice worth repelling, in the first instance, a few Cats would have been sufficient to prevent the approach of his soldiers to the treasury; and without the gold, which they there obtained, they could never have engaged human assistance, nor have brought upon their enemy, any of those disasters, which caused his humiliation and disgrace.

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as great things, that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

Locke.

LINES ON THE
PRESENTATION OF CHRIST
IN THE TEMPLE.

Within the temple gates
The virgin mother trod,
Bearing her best, her first-born Son,
An off'ring to her God.

In meekness and in prayer,
Before the shrine she bent,
And to that God whose goodness gave,
Her precious one she lent.

Thus Hannah, with her child,
The infant Samuel, came ;
Offspring of many prayers ; and vowed
To bear a prophet's name.

Thus many a one beside,
Though to the world unknown,
Hath knelt in trusting faith and love,
Before the Almighty's throne.

Yet ne'er did woman's heart,
Pleading its anxious love,
Throb as that mother's o'er her child—
The Lord, all lords above.

The Lord, who from his throne
In highest heaven, came down ;
To win for man, by death and shame,
A pardon and a crown.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

To keep the law for man,
Who oft' its precepts spurned ;
To bear for man his Father's wrath,
When most His anger burned.

Oh ! may we learn to prize
The gifts our Saviour won ;
Seeking in purity and truth,
The Father, through the Son.

May ev'ry mother's prayers,
Thus for her child be giv'n ;
And from its mother's lips, the child
Thus learn the path to Heaven.

E. J. M

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

AN ALLEGORY.

I dreamed that I was standing by the side of a river ; a beautiful piece of water it was, and the sun shone upon it with great splendour : bright birds flew backwards and forwards, sometimes skimming the surface of the water, and sometimes soaring far overhead. The stream seemed to flow towards the west, and there was a gentle breeze, a pleasant air that came from the east, and followed the course of the river. Now and then, gold and silver fishes were seen glancing in the rays of the sun, and darting swiftly about in all

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directions. There were several boats upon the river, and they were of various forms and sizes, some very elegant, others not so finely made ; some were large and some small, and there was only one person in each ; here and there, however, two or more boats might be seen keeping company, and sometimes a group of all colours and shapes would pass slowly by.

It was curious to observe the different occupations of those to whom the boats belonged ; some of them were pulling very hard with their oars, and trying to resist the current, and of these, many were successful, while others seemed to labour in vain. I could not understand the reason of this, and looked earnestly at two of the rowers ; one was labouring very hard, but evidently without being able to get his boat forward ; the other was a grey-headed, venerable looking old man, and was pulling, with more apparent ease, and with much more effect, for he was evidently overtaking the other. And now, when Erastus, (which I afterwards learned was the name of the old man,) approached him who was in advance, he called to him, and said,—

“ Friend, you labour in a good cause.”

“ I believe it,” was the answer, “ yet I do not succeed.”

“ The reason is evident,” replied Erastus, “ you have no guide to point out the proper

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channel, and this river abounds in tides and currents, which cannot be seen with the naked eye."

"Oh! that I had a guide." Cried the other.

"I will give you one; take this compass, follow always the course which it points out to you, watch it constantly, and never cease pulling for a single instant; you will find the wind and the tide oppose you less strongly, as you take more care to follow the course pointed out to you."

The other thanked him, and took the compass into his boat; he seemed very much pleased when he had got it, and he took great care to watch it constantly, and evidently got on much faster, and with far less difficulty than he had before experienced.

And now, he and the old man who had given him the compass, kept together as they ascended the stream, and seemed very happy in each other's company. I thought I followed them along the bank of the river, and heard them exhorting each other to labour in the good cause; and that many who were passing swiftly down the stream, stopped and listened to them, and finally followed in their track; and the most surprising thing was, that many of these had compasses already in their boats, but they seemed to be ignorant how to use them, until Erastus showed them the way: while others had thrown their's aside, and though they knew quite well

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how they were to be employed, had omitted to attend to them, and so were going down the stream towards the shoals and quick-sands, instead of pulling up against it to the city of the great king, to whom it was their duty to hasten.

Many of those whom the old man passed, were enjoying themselves carelessly in their boats; some sleeping in the sun, and others gazing idly at the fish which were darting through the water, or at the beautiful birds which flew about overhead. These were of course carried downwards by the force of the current very swiftly, but so smoothly and gently, that they appeared to be unconscious that they were moving. Some there were, who, quite losing sight of the object of their journey, had even hoisted a sail, and were gliding along as swiftly as the wind and tide could carry them, without once thinking of the dangerous quick-sands to which they were fast approaching.

As I gazed still upon the river, I perceived smaller boats rising occasionally from the water as if by magic, and no sooner had one made its appearance, than it was occupied by a young boatman, equally small in proportion. I could not imagine where these boats came from, nor how the children came into them; the latter seemed to descend from the sky, while the boats appeared to rise from the flood. I observed that few of these little boats were quite alone: they were nearly all

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attached to some larger boats, and followed them for a long time wherever they went ; though they afterwards parted from them, and some went up the stream, and some down.

The river appeared, notwithstanding its beauty, to be full of dangers ; for very often boats sank, some filling gradually, others striking suddenly upon rocks, and instantly disappearing ; and I remarked, that all who were in those which were going down the river with the current, sank with their boats, while those who were following the direction pointed out to them by the compass, seemed to rise when their boats sank, and to vanish into air.

I longed to learn the reason of this, and looked again to the spot where I had last seen Erastus and his companion ; I saw them, but at a great distance, yet I thought I could distinctly perceive all that was going on. His boat seemed to be very low in the water, and I saw with sorrow, that it was sinking gradually,—very gradually, but certainly sinking. All his friends were near him, but they could not help him, nor did they seem as if they wished to ; they all looked very happy, and so did the old man himself. He still grasped the oars with his hands, and still kept his eye fixed upon the compass, but he seemed to have no difficulty now in stemming the current of the tide ; it required little

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exertion on his part, he merely moved the oars, and the boat sprang forward. At length the water rushed over the side of the frail vessel, and it sank; he sank not with the boat, but rose and vanished like a vapour from my sight. I could have wept that he was gone, but his companions looked so very happy, that I felt sure he was alive still, and that the change that had taken place was for the better, instead of for the worse.

After this, I watched the group which was still contending with the current, and it was very evident that the farther they went, the less difficulty they had in pulling against it. Presently, however, I saw one of them stopping to gaze at some beautiful golden winged birds who had perched upon his boat, and in a little time he dropped astern, and was left behind by his companions. When he found this, he began immediately to pull with all his might, but in vain; the current was too strong for him, and he was swept along with it. I saw that he kept his eyes fixed still upon the golden birds, and had forgotten to look at the compass, and the farther he was carried away from his companions, the less he seemed to care about it; so that at last he let go his oars, and thought only of admiring the beautiful plumage of the birds, without regarding where the stream took him.

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I watched him as far as I could, and I saw the boat strike upon a rock, and then he seemed to start up and remember where he was going : his boat was beginning to sink, but he seized the oars in terrible alarm ; he laboured hard ; he put his whole strength to the work, and what was of more consequence, he looked at the compass, and tried to follow the course which it pointed out : but he did not find it so easy now as it had been before. Still he persevered, he did not stop for one moment, and it was terrible to see how anxiously and how earnestly he laboured ; at last he did succeed in turning it round, and began very slowly to ascend the stream ; but before he had gone many yards, the boat sank. He had just roused himself in time, for he did not sink with it ; but though he rose and vanished as Erastus had done, there was none of the glorious light visible which had shone in his countenance, but there was a look of joy and gratitude in his face, that I think I shall never forget.

I now looked at the smaller boats with their occupants ; some of them were following those under whose care they seemed to be, and already beginning to pull themselves along a little with their oars, and to guide the boats with the compasses, which had been given them by their guardians. I was sorry, however, to see some of

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these carried along with the other boats down the stream, and no compass given them, nor oars to resist the current, nor did they ever seem to know that they ought to strive against it. Some of the small boats, when the large ones sank, continued their course steadily and alone, while others suffered themselves to be carried away with the tide, and perished among the rocks and whirlpools.

My attention was afterwards attracted by some gaily ornamented boats, which were floating merrily down the stream, seemingly quite unconscious of danger, they had thrown their compasses aside, and had placed in their stead, feathers, which blew about in various directions as the wind caught them, but which always pointed more or less directly towards the west. These feathers I saw, had been plucked from some of the beautiful birds which I had before noticed, and while they followed them, they were carried without any exertion down the stream, and what became of them I did not see, for I shuddered to think what dangers awaited them, and turned away sadly enough, when I perceived several of the small boats, which had been before following their guardians in the right course, cast off the rope which connected them, and pursue the gilded boats and the beautiful feathers.

Turning again towards the east,—I beheld a gloomy boat approaching me with great rapidity.

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The stern of this boat came first, and the man who sat in it, was pulling gently in a direction, contrary to that in which he was moving. At first I thought that his want of success, was owing to his not having a compass in his boat, but when he drew near, I perceived one in the bows of it, placed upon a pedestal, but enclosed in a case of thick brass, and as he passed me, I saw that he put not strength to the oars, and merely moved them, sufficiently to keep the boat's head pointed towards the east. On regarding his face attentively, I perceived a look of satisfaction there, which showed me that he was unconscious of his error ; and though I heard one or two of those who passed him, calling to him, and endeavouring to convince him of it, he would not listen to them ; and before he had gone far, his boat struck upon a rock, and with a piercing scream, he sank with it, and perished in the waters. I learnt from those who spoke to him, that this man's name was Authades.

And now, when I was much puzzled to discover the reason of this, I awoke from my dream, and the river with all its sad and pleasant spectacles, vanished from before me. Then I began to reflect, and to consider the meaning of all I had seemed to see ; and I asked the following questions of myself, and answered them as best I could :—

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Question. What is the river that always flowed in one direction ?

Answer. The world ; and the current that carried so many along with it to destruction, is the sinful nature of man ; which makes us all more inclined to do evil than to do good, and to follow the paths of folly, rather than those of truth.

Q. What do the boats represent ?

A. Our bodies ; which are formed from the earth, and return to it when we die.

Q. And the people in the boats, what are they ?

A. Our souls which we receive from God ; and which, when our bodies perish, return to him in Heaven, or sink to everlasting punishment in hell.

Q. Who is he who could not resist the force of the current, though he tried ?

A. One, who knowing the danger of idleness and sin, is anxious to fly from it, but knows not how.

Q. What does the compass represent ?

A. The Bible ; which points out to us the way of salvation, by teaching us the commandments and law of God, and tells us how we may obtain forgiveness of our sins, and strength to resist temptation, by asking for it in the name of Jesus Christ who died for us.

Q. Who do those represent, who were sleeping in their boats, and yet had the compass with them ?

A. Those who are careless about their souls ;

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who think they have plenty of time to repent and be accepted ; who forget the parable of the ten virgins, and who mind not the commandment, " watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Q. Who are those who had hoisted the sail, and were going faster down the stream, than any of the others ?

A. Unbelievers and infidels ; who harden their hearts against the truth, and set God at defiance.

Q. What is meant by the boats sinking ?

A. It represents the body perishing, when the soul either takes its flight to heaven, or is condemned to eternal punishment.

Q. What are the little boats intended to represent ?

A. The children born in sin ; who are brought up by their parents, some in the knowledge and love of God, others in ignorance of his commandments.

Q. What was the golden winged bird, which one of the rowers stopped to admire ?

A. The wealth of this world ; which, being given to him, took up too much of his attention, and made him quite forget the great object of his journey.

Q. Why did he find it more difficult to return, after his boat began to sink ?

A. Because one fault leads to another, and the longer we continue in wicked and sinful ways,

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the more difficult we always find it to turn from them: and because the yoke of Christ, though easy to the righteous, is often irksome to penitent sinners.

Q. How was it that some even of the smaller boats and rowers were able to stem the current, when the larger had sunk, and left them alone?

A. Because they had been previously taught, how to do so.

Q. What were the gay boats that followed the course pointed out by the feather?

A. The followers of pleasure; who take no care of their souls, but waste their time in all kinds of foolish amusements; who follow wherever their inclination leads them, and who, never asking God's help, have no power to resist the temptations into which the follies and vanities of this wicked world continually lead them.

Q. And who are those who cast aside the care of the guardian boats, and followed them?

A. Children who neither honour nor obey their parents; and who follow the bad examples of wicked companions.

Q. What does the man in the gloomy looking boat which went stern first down the stream represent?

A. Those who are wise in their own conceit, and are quite unconscious of their real unworthiness; who thank God that they are not as other

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men, nor even as the penitent sinner ; and who love to pray, standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men.

Q. What means the pedestal, on which the compass was placed, and the case of brass which was over it ?

A. They signify, that though these men make a boast of religion, and trumpet forth their own holiness ; they regard not the law of God. Of them did Esaias prophesy, saying, " This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." Woe unto them, " for they outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within, they are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

Q. What are the respective meanings of the names, Erastus, and Authades ?

A. Erastus means *amiable* ; and Authades, *conceited*.

Books for review, in our February Number, should be sent before the 15th day of the Month to the Publishers.

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A TALE.

NEAR the border of Epping forest stands, or once stood, a large and handsome mansion, surrounded by pleasure grounds and beautiful shrubberies, and sheltered from the north winds by three or four fine wide spreading walnut trees, and by a grove of lofty elms. The drawing and dining-room windows opened on to a beautiful smooth lawn, upon which, in summer time, ladies and gentlemen might sometimes have been seen dancing by moonlight; while little children played at hide and seek, among the trees and shrubs.

This pleasant house with the surrounding park, belonged to a gentleman named Abbott, who with his family, spent all the summer months there, and in the winter was in the habit of visiting either the south of France, or removing to his town house, till the rigour of the season was past.

Mr and Mrs Abbott had only one son. He was their youngest child, and their affection for him was unbounded. Though he is to be the Hero of this tale, we shall not introduce him to

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our readers; from his actions they may form their own opinions of his character. We shall only say that he was twelve years old at the time of which we are about to speak, and that his name was Gerald. He had two sisters, but they were his seniors. The elder was sixteen, and the younger fourteen years of age; and they both loved Gerald fondly; indeed he was a favourite with all who knew him, for he was a good natured fellow and a pleasant companion.

One fine morning in the month of June, Gerald rose early; and when his parents came down stairs, they found him pacing backwards and forwards in the breakfast-room, and looking out of the window every three or four minutes, as if anxiously watching for some person whom he expected. He had the day before, with his mother's permission, invited two of his neighbours—boys of about his own age, to spend the day with him; and he was not quite sure that they would not come to breakfast. Much to his disappointment, however, they did not arrive till nearly eleven o'clock, and he was just seizing his hat to go in quest of them, when a ring at the bell, and a loud happy laugh from the other side of the door, announced that his long expected friends were come at last. He hastened to welcome them; and as his sisters were employed with their governess, took them at once into the garden.

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After showing his visitors nearly every thing that he considered worthy of notice and admiration, Gerald led them to a large piece of water, which he said was a capital place for angling. He gave them very glowing accounts of his fishing exploits, and amused them with descriptions of the many desperate struggles he had had with large fish, the length of his arm and the weight of his body, and of his conquering and landing them at last.

"And pray," said James Walton, the elder of his friends; "how do you manage to catch such large fish here? the water is so shallow, I should think none but sticklebacks and eels would venture near enough to the shore for you to reach them."

"Oh!" replied Gerald; "we have a boat, only it's rather old and rotten; but it answers the purpose tolerably well. We are to have a new one soon. Come with me to the boat-house, and I will show it you."

A short walk along the margin of the lake, brought them to a little low building, standing partly in the water, and thatched with fern and rushes. It was in rather a delapidated condition; and the boat which was hauled up on the shore, appeared also, to have seen its best days.

"Why!" said Alfred Milman, the younger of Gerald's two guests; "you don't mean to say that you ever go in *that* boat?"

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"Yes, I do," said Gerald; "why should not I?"

"Because," replied Alfred; "I should think it would sink with you."

"Oh!" answered Gerald; "there's no fear of that. I got into it three or four days ago with the Talbots who are both of them bigger than you, and we pulled about for several hours, and only had to bale the water out now and then; and I caught a beautiful large perch, twelve or fourteen pounds in weight."

"Indeed," cried James; "then let's have a pull now: if it held you and two boys bigger than we are, it will hold us; let us try if we can't launch it."

"Not now," said Gerald; "bye and bye; but let us go and get my cross-bow. I'm a capital shot, and very often bring down rooks enough before breakfast to make a pie of; but you and Alfred shall have it to yourselves to day, and you can shoot by turns. You can shoot flying, of course?"

James answered that he had never tried, but he would like it very much; and they walked back to the house together. The cross-bow was soon procured, and the boys again sallied forth to try their skill.

"I shall shoot at a mark first," said James; "for practice."

"And I, also," said Alfred.

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"What!" exclaimed Gerald; "shoot at a mark? who can't hit a mark? you should shoot at birds, as I do. I suppose you can, can't you?"

"Oh yes," replied Alfred; "of course we can; but then the chances are, that we might shoot at them for a long time, without hitting them; so we'll shoot at a mark first."

"Well," said Gerald; "as you please:" and having fixed a small piece of paper against the trunk of one of the walnut trees, the two boys began their practising. Gerald stood by and made his observations very freely on their want of skill; crying out, when a shot went farther than usual from the mark, "What can you be aiming at? Take care you don't break the windows behind you; &c."

James and Alfred bore his ridicule very good naturedly; and at length, when they found they could not hit the mark, begged Gerald to take a shot, and to show them how to hold the cross-bow.

"This is the way," said he; "raise the stock so that you may look along the barrel; and when you cannot see the mark—*bird*, I mean, for I never shoot at any thing else,—but I don't see one now."

"Oh never mind," cried James; "aim at the mark."

"No;" said Gerald; "there will be a bird passing presently, I have no doubt."

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"But why should you wait for a bird?" asked Alfred; "we want to see how to aim at a mark; and then we can learn to shoot rooks afterwards. Try a shot at the paper."

Gerald made many excuses, and looked about for a long time, for a bird; but as none was to be seen, he found himself compelled to aim at the mark. He did this with much reluctance, and Alfred and James winked at each other; and when he pulled the trigger, and the bolt flew two or three yards away from the tree, they both laughed aloud. Gerald was very much mortified; but he said that the bow was out of order; that the tree was crooked; and that he had not tried to shoot well; and assigned a variety of reasons for his failure, which only caused James and Alfred to laugh the more. However, he was too good natured to be angry with them; and they sauntered away to the summer-house, where he proposed that they should tell each other stories, till dinner time.

Gerald told his story first; and then Alfred related an anecdote which he had heard from one of his school-fellows, and which amused his hearers very much. James was afterwards called upon for a story; and after begging two or three minutes to think of one, he began as follows:—

"Once upon a time, there was a man"—

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"Indeed," said Gerald, finding that James had stopped short; "is that all?"

"No;" replied James; "but I'm afraid you must have heard my story before. It is an old fable; shall I tell it or not?"

"Yes, to be sure, and if it's one we both know," said Gerald; "you can spin it out, and alter it; and perhaps we shan't remember it."

"Once upon a time, then, there was a man who had travelled to a great many distant countries; and who was very fond of telling every body all that he had seen, and all that he had done, while there. One day, he was boasting of his exploits to a party of friends, who had assembled to witness the performances of some wonderful leaping men.

"Ah!" said he; "these fellows jump well enough to be sure; but they are not to be compared to the people of Rhodes. I have seen an old man there with two wooden legs, leap a distance of four yards, with the greatest ease; and an old lady, who had no legs at all, jump over a wall six feet high, without any exertion. They are wonderful leapers, gentlemen; yet, strange to say, I out-leapt them *all*."

"You!" cried the bystanders, in astonishment. "Yes, indeed," cried the boasting fellow; "I took but a hop, step, and jump, and left the most active of them all behind me." "Wonderful!"

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said a little man who stood near; "perhaps then sir," he continued, "you would be kind enough, just to repeat that extraordinary leap; it would be a great gratification to every one of us."

"Why, I can't exactly, just now;" said the boaster; "the fact is,—the fact is,—I—I *havn't dined yet*;" and he sneaked away, hooted and pelted by every one.

The boys were much amused with this story; but Gerald did not laugh so loudly, nor so heartily as his friends; and rising suddenly, said he thought it must be near dinner time.

"I don't know what you'll get to eat," he observed; "but"—

"Oh, a rook pie, I dare say," cried James; "a very good thing indeed."

"Very;" said Alfred; "though there's nothing I like so well as a slice off a good large perch,—the larger the better,—twelve or fourteen pounds weight, is a good size; so no doubt we shall fare well.

Gerald bit his lip, and inwardly resolved to try and conquer his inclination to exaggerate. He was very fond of being thought a clever fellow, and liked to be able to do every thing; indeed, he had a very good opinion of himself, and tried to make others think well of him, by telling wonderful stories of what he had done, and could do. He had thus acquired such a habit of exaggerat-

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ing, that *he seldom spoke the truth*; he never caught a fish without declaring, afterwards, that it was two or three inches longer than it really was; nor did he ever learn a lesson in ten minutes, without asserting that he had done it in five.

Yet Gerald would have been terribly shocked at being thought capable of a falsehood. He never denied a fault, to avoid its punishment; nor would he, on any account, have told a deliberate lie; but scarcely an hour passed without some false statement, or thoughtless exaggeration.

After Gerald and his young companions had dined, Mr Abbott told his son, that he was sorry to take him away from his friends; but that they must amuse themselves for a couple of hours, while he rode over to meet his uncle, who was about to leave England immediately, and who was to stop on his way to London, to dine at an Inn, in the town of Epping. James and Alfred said, they would play with the cross-bow till Gerald returned, and he and his father set out immediately. Their road lay through the park, and past the lake of which we have already spoken. They then rode along two or three shady lanes, and presently emerged upon the high road.

On arriving at the Inn, Gerald found his Uncle already there, and was very glad to see him, though they had not much time to talk to each other. Mr Abbott wished to have some private

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conversation with his brother-in-law, and desired Gerald to wait in the traveller's room, until he should be sent for. After he had been there about ten minutes, a gentleman entered and called for a bottle of ale. He was a wealthy farmer, and one of Mr Abbott's tenants, and Gerald knew him immediately.

After Mr Sturdy had expressed his hope, that he saw our friend well, and that he got on nicely with his books at school; and offended him very much, by asking how many poles there were to a furlong, and one or two other arithmetical questions, he offered him a glass of ale. Gerald thanked him, but said that he had just dined.

"And how long have you been from school, young gentleman?" asked Mr Sturdy.

"A fortnight," said Gerald.

"And you're longing to go back, I'll be bound," continued the farmer.

"Oh no," said Gerald; "not at all; I have a month longer to be at home yet."

Mr Sturdy rose and walked to the window; "By the by," said he; "what pony is that you are riding to day?"

"A new pony," replied Gerald; "Papa sold Hotspur, and I am to have the money for him."

"Sold Hotspur?" cried the farmer in astonishment; "what a pity? he was a beautiful pony,

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but too spirited for you perhaps;—was not that the case?"

"No," answered Gerald; but he blushed as he spoke, for he felt that he was saying what was not true.

"What did he get for it?" asked Mr Sturdy; "thirty pounds?"

"More than that a great deal," replied Gerald; and he blushed again, for he was not sure about the price, and had reason to believe that it *was less* rather than more than the sum mentioned.

"I *will* keep a bridle upon my tongue," said he to himself, and he clenched his teeth: at that moment Mr Abbott entered the room.

"Come Gerald," said he; "say good bye to your Uncle; I fear it will be many years before you see him again."

* * * *

As Mr Abbott and his son were riding home, they overtook Mr Sturdy, who was jogging along at a slow pace, upon his rough little hack. Some remarks upon the weather and the state of the crops, led to a conversation between the two gentlemen. Gerald was much afraid that the farmer would ask his father the price he had received for "Hotspur," and was very glad when they separated. As they approached the lake, Mr Abbott uttered a cry of astonishment and terror, and instantly spurred his horse forward.

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“Look there,” he cried; “ride after Mr Sturdy, and call any one else you see to help; those boys will sink in that boat, and be drowned.” Gerald turned pale as death, for he saw his two friends in the middle of the lake, in the rotten old boat, which was evidently sinking with them. He had scarcely presence of mind to do as his father had desired him.

In one instant, Mr Abbott was at the water-side. He threw off his coat, and launching the branch of a felled tree, that lay on the bank, plunged into the water and swam towards the two boys, driving the log of wood before him.

The boat sank before he reached them. James grasped an oar, and was able to support his head above the water: Alfred rose once, and sank again; again he rose and uttered a cry of agony, that for many days and nights afterwards, rang in the ears of Gerald, who had just then returned with the farmer to the water-side; for the third time he rose, his eyes were closed,—his mouth wide open, and the water rattled in his throat, as he gasped for breath. He did not struggle now, but his head fell upon his shoulder, and when Mr Abbott caught his hair in his hand, he was perfectly insensible, and sinking for the last time.

Mr Abbott could not swim well, and he had much difficulty in recovering the log of wood, which he had quitted in his anxiety to reach

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the drowning boy. It was a providential thing that Alfred was insensible at this time, or his struggles might have prevented his deliverer from swimming at all, and they might both have been drowned together. Farmer Sturdy did not venture into the water, for he had never tried to swim; but he had much difficulty in preventing Gerald from doing so. He was, indeed, obliged to tie his hands and his feet together, or he would certainly have been drowned in the attempt to save his father.

Though Mr Abbott and the two boys were supported by the oar, and by the log of wood, they were dreadfully exhausted, and must have perished, had not the Farmer's large newfoundland dog, who had providentially accompanied his master, swam into the water, and towed them all three safely to the shore.

Gerald thought that Alfred was dead, and so did his father; his pulse did not beat perceptibly, and he appeared not to breathe. Farmer Sturdy carried the poor boy to the house, pressing him to his bare bosom as he walked, to yield some little warmth to the cold wet body; and every means was employed to restore animation.

Bitterly now did Gerald mourn his error: well he knew, that had he not falsely represented the boat to be safe, his companions would never have ventured in it upon the lake. It was true, he

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and two other boys had gone out to fish in it only a few days before, but they had not trusted themselves in deep water, and had been obliged to pull ashore again, before they had been afloat ten minutes. Never did any boy feel more miserable than he did, as he looked upon the pale fixed features of his poor friend. He felt that he would gladly lay down his life, to see him open his eyes again, and to hear him speak.

Gerald scarcely remembered that his father and James Walton were both very ill also ; but he hung over the bed of this poor child, and wept, and called upon his name, and chafed his hands with terrible anxiety and suffering.

Oh ! what a throb of joy he felt, when he saw those heavy eyelids raised ; how his whole frame thrilled with delight, as the bosom heaved, and a long drawn sigh told that life was not fled for ever. He would have watched all night by his bed-side, and gazed upon the pale face, gradually recovering its colour, and listened for the first words that fell from the poor boy's lips, had he been allowed to do so ; but at his mother's desire he now left the room ; his heart overflowing with unutterable gratitude to God, and at the same time with humble penitence and sorrow, for the deep sin which had caused so much anxiety and pain both to himself and others.

Gerald did not sleep that night. Now and

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then he crept to the door of the room, and sat down at the foot of the stairs to listen ; and he heard from the nurse that all was going on well, and was happy.

Mr Abbott and James Walton recovered very soon, and the latter returned to his home on the following day ; but Alfred was not able to leave his room for nearly a week. During all that time, Gerald read to him, and used every means he could think of, to make his illness and confinement less irksome to him ; and the two boys became very fond of each other.

A few days after Alfred Milman had also returned to his home, Farmer Sturdy called upon Mr Abbott, and after a great deal of hemming and hawing, he begged pardon for his rudeness ; “ But,” said he ; “ I have a little bet depending upon a matter which you can settle. The fact is just this :—a neighbour of mine insisted upon it, that Mr Gerald’s pony, Hotspur, fetched no more than three and twenty pounds, and I ventured to bet him a matter of five pounds, that you received upwards of thirty for the animal.”

“ I’m afraid you have lost your money, then :” said Mr Abbott.

“ Lost, Sir !” exclaimed the farmer in astonishment ; “ how can that be ? Master Gerald, himself, told me so, at the Inn at Epping, the other day.”

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"Impossible," cried Mr Abbott, rising and ringing the bell ; " you must have misunderstood him."

" No sir," replied the farmer ; " I did not,—he said, as plainly as I now say it to you, ' a great deal more than thirty pounds.' "

" Tell Master Gerald to step here," said Mr Abbott to the servant, who now obeyed his summons.

" I have sent for you," he said, mildly, when his son appeared ; " to ask you a question, which, I trust to your honesty, to answer faithfully. I have never known you yet, to tell an untruth wilfully and deliberately ; and had it not been for the circumstances which occurred very lately, I should not now have considered it necessary to question you in this manner. If you have been guilty of an error, similar to that to which I refer,"—

" Oh ! my father," interrupted Gerald ; " I have, indeed ; and it has been heavy upon my conscience ever since that terrible day. I should have told you of it long ago, but I thought it never could do any harm, it was such a trifle."

" You *did* tell Mr Sturdy, then, that Hotspur sold for thirty pounds !"

" I did."

" Go, Gerald, you have had a severe lesson since the day on which this occurred, and I hope

it may have a blessed effect upon you. The sin of falsehood is equally great before God, whether it concern a kingdom or a grain of sand. You have caused this good gentleman a loss of five pounds, by this *trifling* untruth. I shall say no more to you, for I see you feel it deeply; you must ask Mr Sturdy's pardon. I hope (since you have long been conscious of it,) that you have already prayed to God to forgive your sin."

"No, no," said the good old farmer, "no begging pardons of *me*; but if there is any one thing I despise more than another, it is *a falsehood*. However, young gentleman," he continued, kindly patting Gerald's back; "you're sorry for it, and that's the first step to improvement. Don't fret about the five pounds. I can afford to lose that and more. The Lord be praised for all his mercies to me. It's all right now. I'm only vexed I said anything about it."

Gerald retired deeply humbled; but the good farmer's lecture sank deep into his heart. "I will never exaggerate again," said he, "as long as I live,—no, not even about the smallest trifle; for a lie is as wicked and as hateful to God in one shape, as in another. No! I will pray that I may have strength to keep my resolution, and never open my lips till I have considered well what I am going to say."

Many years passed away. Gerald became a

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man, and entered the army. He was always honoured for bravery and for his moral character. He became as remarkable for his love of truth and *exactness* as he had been, when a child, for carelessness and exaggeration ; and was respected for it even by those who were themselves less veracious. After having passed many years on foreign service, his heart was gladdened one evening, just before sun-set, by the sight of the dear, white cliffs of his own native land. Early the following morning, he hoped to tread British soil again ; and none but those who have themselves been absent from home for many years, can conceive the happiness which he experienced.

That evening, as he sat in his cabin, one of his brother officers entered.

“ I have come,” said he ; “ to request that you will do me a kindness. It will be an unpleasant one, I fear, but I trust you will not refuse me on that account. I have been grossly insulted by one of the officers of the ship, and am to meet him at daylight to-morrow, as we shall then, no doubt, be in harbour.”

Captain Abbott, (as our friend Gerald was now called,) started.

“ It is indeed an unpleasant business,” said he ; “ but I must know the particulars.”

“ I confess,” answered the before-mentioned officer ; “ that I was to blame. I happened

EXAGGERATION.

thoughtlessly to make some slight mis-statement, respecting the age of a lady, who, it appears, is about to be married to this naval officer ; and he, without any hesitation, told me that I lied in my throat."

" And will you not retract your assertion ?" said Captain Abbott.

" Can you ask me ?" was the reply ; " no, there is no alternative. If you will be my friend, say so, if not, I must look elsewhere."

" Under such circumstances," answered our hero ; " I cannot."

The following morning, soon after Captain Abbott had gone ashore, he heard of the death of this young officer. He shuddered.

" Blessed be God," said he ; " for his mercies. This might have been *my* fate. To return to my native land, only to lay my dishonoured bones beneath its soil ; instead of hastening to the arms of my parents, and all the dear friends of my earliest years."

THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY.

WE remember to have been long ago, much puzzled to understand how one year could be a whole day longer than another. Doubtless, however, many of our young readers are aware, that each year contains alike, 365 days and six hours; and that once in four years, these six hours amounting to twenty-four, equal a perfect day, which is then added to the month of February. Leap year, therefore, is in reality no longer than any other year, though, for convenience, an additional day is attributed to it.

The name February, is derived from the Latin word *Februa*, signifying *purifications*; because at a festival commencing on the second of this month, and continuing for twelve days, the Romans were accustomed to be sprinkled with bunches of hyssop dipped in water; and also offered sacrifices to Pluto, the infernal deity, for the souls of their departed friends.

This month was named by our Saxon ancestors, *Sprout-kale*, and *Sol Monath*, or Sun Month; be-

PRISONER'S BASE.

cause at this season of the year young cabbages begin to sprout; and the warm rays of the sun give notice of the approach of spring.

Painters have generally represented this month by the figure of a man in a gloomy dress, bearing in his hand the zodiacal sign of *Pisces*—the fishes. In some old pictures, a vinedresser is shown pruning his trees: and in others, a man clothed in white, and holding a lighted taper in his hand.

PRISONER'S BASE.

THIS is a splendid game for cold weather. Two of the best players first toss up for choice of partners, and there should be about six or eight on each side.

A line, about twelve yards in length, is next drawn parallel with a wall, (or with any other boundary,) and about thirty feet distant from it, and the ends of this line connected by others with the wall. A third line divides the ground thus enclosed into two equal parts, of which each of the parties, or *sides*, occupies one as their *home*.

At about 100, or 150 yards from the bases thus formed, and immediately opposite to them, two smaller spaces are marked out, which are called prisons; and the prison belonging to the

PRISONER'S BASE.

one party, must be opposite to the bounds of the other.

When all the preliminaries are settled, the game is commenced by one of the players running out from his base. One of the opposing party follows him, and attempts to intercept his return. A player, from that side which began the game, follows *him*, and in his turn, is pursued by another of his adversaries.

Both sides may send out as many players as they think fit ; and the object of each is to overtake and touch any of the opposite side, who may have left his base before him ; and the person so touched, is conducted to the prison of his adversary, who is exempt from being intercepted, while returning to his bounds.

No player is allowed to touch one who left his base subsequently to himself ; but is, on the contrary, liable to be made prisoner by him.

A prisoner can only be released by one of his own side, who must start *purposely* from his base, and who is himself liable to be overtaken and captured by one of his opponents. If he succeed, however, in reaching the prisoner, he is at liberty to return *home* with him unmolested.

Of course, the more prisoners there are taken, the less chance they have of being rescued ; and the game is won by that party, which holds all its adversaries in prison at the same time.

HURLING, &C.

HURLING,

IS much practised in England during the winter months, and also in Scotland, under the name of "shinty."

The players are equally divided into two parties, and every person is provided with a stick, which is curved and massive towards the lower end, to give it strength and scope. Schoolboys often content themselves with hooked walking sticks, but these do not answer the purpose at all well.

A very hard ball, formed of leather, and stuffed with feathers, is thrown down; and it is the object of each party to strike it beyond the bounds of the other. It is difficult to do this, as there are generally a great many players on each side; and the ball is very often struck by opposite parties, and in different directions, at the same moment. In some counties of England, this game is known by the name of "hockey."

SHADOW BUFF.

THIS is a very good in-door amusement, and more suitable for young ladies, than the well known game of Blind Man's Buff.

GARDENING.

A sheet must be suspended at one end of a room, and one of the players seated on a low stool, with his face opposite to it. A table, with a candle or lamp upon it, must be placed at the distance of three or four feet behind him, and all the other lights in the room extinguished. The players then pass, one by one, between Buffy and the lamp, and their shadows are thus thrown upon the sheet. They are at liberty to limp, hop, or perform any other antics they please, in order to distort their shadows; and when Buffy can tell at a single guess, to whom any shadow belongs, the person so discovered, takes his place.

• We have seen a large dog, who had been taught to walk upon his hind legs, puzzle Mr Buffy considerably, by passing with a hat and coat on, and with a pipe in his mouth. Toby was not, however, a proper person to play, for had he been discovered, it would have been difficult to persuade him to take his place upon the stool.

GARDENING.

ANY work which was neglected in January, may be performed in the earlier part of the present month.

GARDENING.

Sow:—Mignonette thinly, in light soil, two or three plants only being allowed to grow in one bunch; Sweet Peas to succeed those sown in January; Campanula, in clumps, in good soil, but without manure, to which this plant has a peculiar aversion; Candituft, Clarkia, Hawkweed, and Virginian Stock, in thick bunches, and in common garden soil; (Clarkia should not be sown till towards the end of the month.) Gillia, also in bunches, and in any shady spot, where the soil is rich; Vicia, singly in clayey loam; Dwarf Larkspur, Love-lies-bleeding, and Prince's Feather, thinly, in beds for transplanting; Curled Mallow, two or three together, in a loamy soil, and various kinds of Lupins in almost any soil or situation.

Transplant:—Pinks, Carnations, and all other hardy plants; also, seedling Heartsease of last autumn's sowing. Divide the roots of Alisum and Primroses if the plants be not in flower; also of Southernwood, Sweet-williams, Candytuft, Campanulas, and many others of the same nature, if they were not separated in the preceding autumn. Plant and repair Box, Thrift, and Turf edgings, and get your gravel walks, lawns, and strawberry beds into order.

In the month of February, your garden will be enlivened by the blossoms of the following plants:—Primrose, Polyanthus, Daisy, Violets, Alysum, Heartsease, China or Monthly Rose,

ANGLING.

Hepatica, Veronica, Vinca, Hyoscyamus, Gladiolus, Hyacinth, Crocus, Snowdrop, and many others.

E. F. M.

ANGLING.

CHUB, Carp, Perch, Roach, and Jack, may be taken in the month of February, and occasionally Eels. Flounders may also be caught in rivers communicating directly with the sea, in friths, or estuaries, and in some of the lochs of North Britain. For this last named fish, and also for Eels, the best baits are pieces of dead eels, fowl's guts, and shell-fish, or shrimps. For Carp, use artificial gentles, (which may be bought at any fishing tackle shop, or made either of wool, or of the fat of raw beef,) grain, or paste. One of the best pastes for Carp, and also for Tench, Roach, and Chub, is made of the crumbs of new bread dipped in honey, and worked in the hands till it be of a proper consistency: a little wool should be worked up with it, to make it adhere more firmly to the hook. For Perch, and also for Trout, Dace, or Chub, an excellent paste is made of salmon roe, or of shrimps, which may be kneaded up with a little new bread.

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In February, the spring snap bait should be used for Jack. It is so contrived, that when once the fish takes it in its mouth, it cannot reject it, as it is very apt to do in this month. It may be used either with a dead or artificial minnow, roach, or perch for bait.

The Flyfisher may make use of the flies mentioned in our January number ; and towards the end of the month, the small black fly, the alder fly, and the dark dun, will also be found useful.

Salmon fishing begins in February.

A VISIT TO NALES.

BY UNCLE JOSEPH.

PART II.

A VISIT to London, where I was detained for some days by business, caused no little annoyance to my young nephews ; and on the very evening of my return, I was called upon to continue my description of Naples and its environs.

“ We have been trying to make a maccaroni machine, Uncle Joseph,” said George, “ and have really succeeded very well. We bored some holes

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in the side of an old barrel, and filled it with clay, and then hung a clothes prop from a tree, and played at see-saw upon it, and the block of wood which we fastened to the prop, drove the clay through the holes like real macaroni ; only we couldn't manage to fix the wire, and so it was not hollow."

UNCLE JOSEPH. Well done.—You must show me your machine, and I'll try and fasten the wire properly for you.

WILLIAM. Oh yes ! but tell us some more about Naples, now.

UNCLE JOSEPH. Well, where did I leave off !

WILLIAM. You were speaking of the "choke priest," and the "little worms."

UNCLE JOSEPH. Strangola Prevete and Vermicelli ; true, but I have nothing more to say about them.

After having seen the whole process of making macaroni, I took my departure, and bent my steps towards my hotel. As I walked along the Strada Santa Lucia, I observed a great number of fruit stalls, and my mouth watered at the sight of the fine melons and oranges which were exposed for sale. I felt inclined to purchase some and eat them, as I saw the Neapolitans doing in the open street ; and when I arrived at a stall, over which the Italian word for ices was painted in large characters, the temptation was too great

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to be resisted. I soon obtained an ice, and being very hot and tired, began to eat it rather eagerly. The first spoonful passed down my throat, and the second was in my mouth when, Oh horror! I found that it was made of *peppermint*, and you know there are few things I dislike more. I put it down instantly, and made I believe a great many wry faces, for the owner of the ice stall laughed, and placed in my hands a small crusty roll, which looked very nice but which was so covered with *aniseed*, that to the taste, it was scarcely better than the peppermint.

“Here is another kind of ice,” said my friend, seeing that the roll was not much relished, and anxious to get rid of the combination of unpleasant flavours in my mouth, I seized and swallowed half of it at a gulp.

GEORGE. What was it? something nasty, I see by your face.

UNCLE JOSEPH. It was indeed,—it was *garlick* ice. I dropped the glass, which broke in pieces upon the stones: threw down half a dollar and without waiting for change, ran as fast as I could to my hotel, and called loudly for a glass of brandy. It was not till after dinner that I got quite rid of the horrid flavour of the peppermint, anise, and garlick; and you may be sure I was in no hurry to purchase ice again in the streets of Naples.

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After dinner, I again sallied forth, and having taken a carriage, proceeded to the market-place, rendered famous by the rebellion which broke out there in the year 1647. You have all heard of Masaniello, no doubt. He was a fisherman, and went about bare-legged and bare-footed; yet in the short space of five days, he rose to the highest state of despotic power.

WILLIAM. How did that happen?

UNCLE JOSEPH. Naples was at that time subject to the crown of Spain, and heavy taxes were imposed by the king of that county, (who was then carrying on an extensive war with France,) upon nearly every article that was brought to the market. The wife of Masaniello being detected by the tax-collectors, in concealing a bag of flour in order to evade payment of the duty upon it, was rather roughly handled by them; and Masaniello vowed to be revenged. It was he who headed the people, and by his direction, that the houses of the tax-gatherers were destroyed, and all who opposed the rebels, murdered.

The Duke of Arcos, who governed in the name of the king of Spain, was taken by surprise, and compelled to grant all the demands of the populace; but a conspiracy against the life of their leader having been discovered, the negotiations were interrupted. A band of robbers, who had been hired to destroy Masaniello, were slaugh-

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tered by the enraged populace, before they could accomplish their object; and those who fled for safety to a neighbouring church, were murdered there, even at the foot of the altar. Don Joseph Caraffa, who was pointed out as the instigator of this plot, was dragged before Masaniello, and, by his command, a butcher severed his head from his body with a common cleaver.

WILLIAM. How horrible!

UNCLE JOSEPH. On the fifth day after the commencement of the revolt, Masaniello, mounted on a beautiful horse, and dressed in a splendid suit of cloth of silver, visited the Viceroy, who received him with the greatest respect; and truly the power of the fisherman at this time was most extraordinary. It was, however, of short duration. The extreme height which he had attained, destroyed his reason, and his fall was even more rapid than his advancement. He was killed by some of the adherents of the king of Spain, dragged publicly through the streets by a number of boys, and thrown into a ditch without the city.

WILLIAM. And did none of his followers take his part?

UNCLE JOSEPH. Not till the day after his death, when his corpse was arrayed in royal robes, decorated with a crown and sceptre, and after being carried through the streets of Naples, fol-

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lowed by thousands of its inhabitants, it wast interred with the greatest solemnity and respect.

After looking upon the now peaceful scene of these events, I proceeded to visit the English burial-ground. I was much interested by some of the epitaphs, and was pleased to see in what good order every thing was preserved, and how prettily the flowers grew over the graves of the departed. I lingered some time in this pleasant and sacred spot which I could not help contrasting in my mind with the gloomy pits and unwholesome vaults, in which the people of Naples are accustomed to bury their dead.

GEORGE. Where did you go next ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I returned home, and early the following morning, started on a visit to Baice. I traversed the grotto of Posilippo, which I have already described to you, and on arriving at Pozzuoli, alighted from the carriage, and proceeded on foot to the temple of Jupiter Serapis. It must have been a magnificent building; but, alas! three of its columns alone remain standing. It is paved with beautiful white marble, and I saw the brazen rings to which the victims were fastened, when about to be sacrificed to the heathen gods. The bathing-rooms for the priests remain almost entire; but nearly every thing of value has been carried away by the kings of Spain and Naples; and the marble columns cut up to form materials

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for modern buildings. This temple was discovered in the year 1780; and from the appearance of its columns, which are pierced and corroded at the height of about four yards from their bases, by a species of shell-fish; it is generally believed, that it must have sunk down after its erection, from the effects of an earthquake; and, as its pavement is at present raised more than a foot above the level of the sea, (though it is still covered with water from a mineral spring near it,) another convulsion must subsequently have elevated it again.

After a walk of about half a mile, I arrived at an immense amphitheatre in a very tolerable state of preservation. I saw the dens in which the wild beasts had been confined; and the passages through which they entered the arena, and pictured to myself the unfortunate creatures, condemned to fight with hungry lions for their lives; and waiting with palpitating hearts, the moment when their dens should be opened, and the fierce animals let loose upon them. I thought of the gladiators who fought hand to hand till one, or perhaps both fell, and shuddered to think how many savage murders had been committed, perhaps on the very spot where I then stood.

WILLIAM. Was it there that Androcles was condemned to be killed by the lion, who, you know, lay down at his feet at the moment when he expected to be torn in pieces?

A VISIT TO NAPLES.

UNCLE JOSEPH. No, but in one of the corridors of the theatre, I was shown a small chapel, dedicated to St. Gennaro, who my guide informed me had been there exposed to wild, hungry bears which, instead of devouring him, licked his hands and feet, and refused to harm him.

Having returned to the shore, I hired a boat, and crossed over to the Lucrine Lake; passing on the right, Monte Nuovo, or *New Mountain*, so called from its having been thrown up in the year 1538, by volcanic action. It is considerably more than four hundred feet in height, and the greater part of it was raised in less than twenty-four hours. The Lucrine Lake was partially filled up by the earthquake which produced this mountain; and the famous oyster beds are no longer in existence.

Pliny tells us a curious story about the Lucrine Lake. He says, that during the reign of Augustus, it was visited by a dolphin, which was so tame, that a boy frequently crossed the water sitting upon its back. I have heard of Indians, and even of one of our own countrymen,* riding upon the backs of *crocodiles*; but find it difficult to believe this story of the dolphin.

After landing, I proceeded, mounted on a

* Mr Waterton; Author of "Wanderings in South America."

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donkey, along a shady lane, in the dust of which I several times saw the tracks of serpents and adders, and where beautiful little green lizards started as I approached them, and vanished under the roots of the trees, or among the huge stones by the road-side. In about half an hour, I reached the lake Avernus, which is supposed to have been formerly the crater of a volcano: it certainly has the appearance of one, and it is said that the vapours rising from it were so noxious, that if birds attempted to fly over it, they fell dead into the water. This, however, is not now the case, as birds are seen to cross it frequently; and it contains abundance of fish. This Avernus is mentioned by Virgil, and very near to it, is the celebrated grotto of the Sibyl, whom Æneas consulted when he wished to visit Tartarus and Elysium, in search of his father Anchises, who was dead.

GEORGE. I remember reading about it in Virgil, last year.

WILLIAM. And I, too,—we had both of us very good cause to remember it, for we had one hundred lines each, just at that part, to learn as a task for playing in school hours.

UNCLE JOSEPH. Ha—ha; don't you think it served you right?

WILLIAM. I don't think Dr. Tasker knew how difficult it was. But go on.—

UNCLE JOSEPH. According to ancient historians, the Sibyl, who inhabited this cave, was much admired by Apollo, who offered to grant her whatever request she should make. The Sibyl demanded to live as many years as she had grains of sand in her hand ; but omitted to ask for the continued enjoyment of the health, and youthful vigour which she then possessed. Her request was granted ; but after a short time, she became old and decrepit, and lost all her former beauty, and cheerfulness. It is supposed that, when Cæneas visited her, she had already existed seven hundred years ; and some say that she had eight hundred more to live ; others suppose that it was the *Cumæan* Sibyl, who brought the nine prophetic books to Tarquin, the seventh and last king of Rome, more than six hundred years after the arrival of Cæneas in Italy.

You have read Roman History, and no doubt remember the account of her visit. Tarquin, (surnamed Superbus, or *the proud*,) was about to build the capital, of which the foundation had been laid in a former reign ; when an aged woman came to him, offering to sell him nine books, which she told him had been composed by herself. The king, not knowing who she was, refused to become a purchaser, and she immediately retired ; and having *burnt* three of her books, returned and demanded the same sum for the six remaining.

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Being despised as an impostor, she again departed ; and burning three more, demanded the original price for those which remained. Tarquin, surprised at her conduct, consulted the augurs, and by their advice, purchased the books ; and the Sibyl having desired him to pay especial regard to the contents of the mystic volumes, vanished from his presence, and never after appeared to the world.

WILLIAM. And what became of the books ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. They were placed in a stone chest and buried in a vault in the capitol ; and proper persons were appointed to take care of them. They don't seem to have done Tarquin much good, however, for he was soon afterwards punished for his numerous crimes, and for his cruelty and oppression, by being banished from Rome ; to which city, neither he nor any of his family ever returned.

GEORGE. Did you go into the grotto ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I did. I found a gentleman just about to enter ; and having lighted a torch, which my guide had provided, I followed him. It was a very long cavern and very lofty, though not so large in any respect as the grotto of Posilippo ; and the entrance was very narrow. After walking for some distance, it became lower and more contracted, and presently, our progress was obstructed by huge masses of fallen rock. Be-

fore we arrived at this part, however, our guides stopped, and pointed out to us a very much smaller passage branching off at the right-hand side, which they said would conduct us to the Sibyl's baths; and at their request we mounted upon their backs, and entered the passage, which was filled with water, to the depth of about two feet. We soon reached the baths, and entered three chambers in succession; and as I was examining some remains of mosaics in the most remote of these, I heard behind me a loud cry, which was succeeded by a phizzing sound, and almost at the same instant by a tremendous splash in the water and loud exclamations for help, both in Italian and English. I turned my head instantly, and as fast as my guide could carry me, returned to the chambers which we had quitted. There I found my fellow-countryman, kicking about in the water, and abusing the Italian in no very choice language. As for the latter, he had effected his retreat to the larger grotto, but the unfortunate Mr Smith, whose torch had fallen with himself, and become extinguished, had been unable to discover the entrance of the bath-room. I assisted him to rise, and could scarcely help laughing at his wretched appearance, when we arrived at the mouth of the grotto. I soon learned the cause of the disaster that had occurred. Mr Smith, who was the son of a corn-dealer, had been sent to Naples in charge of one of his father's

ships; and thought it very fine to wear a gold band round his cap, and spurs on his heels, and to carry a smart cane in his hand. He had very cruelly dug his spurs into the naked legs of his guide; "just for a lark," as he said; and the man, not being accustomed to larks of that kind, had thrown him off his back, and left him to scramble out of the water as he could.

WILLIAM. Well done Maccaroni, well done!

GEORGE. It served the dandy right to get a ducking for being so cruel. I should like to have been upon *his* back with a pair of spurs.

UNCLE JOSEPH. When I looked upon the bleeding legs of the guide, I felt no kind of pity for the dripping corn-dealer. He continually bewailed his smart blue coat and gilt buttons, and the loss of his gold headed cane, which he wanted courage to return and grope for at the bottom of the cave; and which, no doubt, the ill-used Neapolitan took possession of after his departure. He had lost his smart cap too, and was compelled to purchase a common straw hat at a little cottage by the way-side; and though, in such warm weather, he suffered but little inconvenience from his wet clothes, he was a very ridiculous object to look at.

We proceeded in company, to Nero's baths; to which we ascended by a steep path cut in the rock by the sea-side. After entering two large black-

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looking chambers, a guide presented himself, bearing a torch in one hand, and a raw egg in the other. He was stripped to the waist, and his whole body was black and covered with steam. Having taken off every thing except my drawers, and my shoes, and my countryman having done the same, we prepared to follow the man and entered a very narrow low passage, from which issued volumes of steam. Our guide desired us to keep our heads as low as possible ; and indeed, we could not have walked upright had we tried ; the passage being less than five feet in height, and so narrow, that it would have been almost impossible for two men to pass each other in it.

Mr Smith grasped me very tight by the waist-band of my drawers much to my annoyance, and kept on entreating to be allowed to return. The silly fellow could have done so had he chosen, but was afraid to go alone. I never endured such heat before. It was exactly like walking down the spout of a tea-kettle, or entering the safety valve of a steam-engine. Though I bowed my head, and crept along on all fours, so that the steam might pass above me, I could scarcely breathe ; and felt as if I were being scalded all over.

After crawling about three hundred yards, a sudden turn and descent of the cavern, brought us to the bath ; which I do not think either Nero, or any body else would ever step into more than

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once ; as it is neither more nor less than a boiling spring, in which an egg was rendered perfectly hard in less than three minutes. In returning from the well, I fell upon my face, for the ground was very slippery ; and the abominable Mr Smith tumbled over me, and set up a roar so loud, that I feared he had broken a limb at least. I however left him to the care of the guide, and scrambled to the mouth of the cavern ; and when dreadfully exhausted, I reached the open air, I found that I was as black as if I had been painted. The smoke of the torches, fastened by the steam to the rocky walls, had rendered them as black as a chimney ; and my companion's hands, transferred very often from the sides of the cave to my back ; and my own fall upon the ground, had covered me all over with the soot.

WILLIAM. Poor Uncle Joe ! How did you manage ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I ran down, and plunged into the cool sea, where I found a remedy for the heat ; but, alas ! not for the *colour* of my body. The salt water served only to fix the black more firmly to my skin ; and for several days I could not entirely get rid of it. Fortunately, I had but little on my face,—though quite enough to make my landlord think, on my return to Naples, that I had been fighting, and received one or two severe blows.

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GEORGE. And what became of Dandy Smith?

UNCLE JOSEPH. He was not hurt at all by his fall; and strange to say, did not seem to care at all about the dirt, but washed his face and hands in some fresh water that was provided by the guides, and put on his clothes over his black body. He seemed to think a smart coat much more desirable than a clean skin. I hope neither of you boys are of his way of thinking.

BOTH. Indeed no, Uncle.

WILLIAM. Where did you go when you left Nero's baths?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I got into my boat again; and Mr Smith, without the least ceremony, stepped in also, and we pulled towards Pozzuoli.

We now had a good view of the Cape of Misenum. I don't think you have either of you been at school long enough to have read *Pliny*; but you will find some day, that he makes mention very frequently of this promontory. Misenum was the principal port of the Romans, on the western coast of Italy; and it was here that the Roman fleet was stationed under the command of Pliny the elder, in the year of our Lord seventy-nine; when a terrible eruption of Vesuvius overwhelmed the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae.

Pliny, being surprised at the sudden appearance of a cloud of dust and ashes, and not knowing what produced it, set sail in a small ship for

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Mount Vesuvius; and though warned by the numerous boats which he met hastening from the coast, his curiosity prompted him to advance to, and land near the foot of the burning mountain. He remained there all night, though all the inhabitants had fled; and on the following morning, a contrary wind prevented his return to Misenum. In the mean time, a dreadful earthquake occurred, and the fire from the mountain suddenly approached the spot where the philosopher was making his observations. It was in vain that he attempted then to fly. The sulphureous vapour overtook him, and he fell down and was suffocated, while endeavouring to escape to Stabice. The younger Pliny has, in his "letters," left us a very lively description of these awful events.

After landing on the other side of the bay, we proceeded to visit the Solfatara.—This is in reality a half-extinguished crater; and appears to have been for many centuries in its present state. Suffocating sulphureous and muriatic gases issue continually from various parts of it; and alum, vitriol, &c., are made on the spot, from the volcanic substances found in the crater. At no great distance from this, is to be seen the far-famed grotto del Cane; and to this I next bent my steps.

WILLIAM. And did Dandy Smith go with you?

A VISIT TO NAPLES.

UNCLE JOSEPH. He was no dandy by this time, I can assure you. He had been trying to smoke a cigar, because he thought it was genteel to do so, I suppose, and had been taken dreadfully sick and giddy. I knew his illness would be of but short duration, so I left him at Pozzuoli; and was not a little pleased to get rid of him so easily. The man who had the keys of the grotto del Cane, appeared on being sent for, bearing a torch in one hand and a pistol in the other, and leading a dog by a chain attached to a collar round its neck. The poor creature came along trembling, with its tail between its legs, and with every symptom of fear and distress.

The grotto appeared to be but a small hole in the side of a rock; and when I placed my head near to the base of it, I found much difficulty in drawing my breath. The guide next entered with the pistol, which he placed close to the ground, and then drew the trigger; but the carbonic acid gas, which is continually escaping, and which, being heavier than the air we breathe, lies at the bottom of the cave, prevented it from going off. The man then lighted his torch, which was immediately extinguished by the gas; and afterwards took up the dog with the intention of placing the poor animal in the cave. This, however, I would not allow; and giving the man his five carlines,

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I returned to my carriage which had been in waiting for me, and drove back to Naples.

WILLIAM. Why did the man want to send the dog in ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. The words "Grotto del Cane," signify "grotto of the dog ;" and the cave has obtained this name from a very cruel practice of placing one of those animals in it, to show the effect of the carbonic acid gas. This gas is fatal to life ; and the unfortunate dog which is forced into it, is very soon rendered insensible, and would die if suffered to remain there long enough. No person has a right, for the gratification of idle curiosity alone, to inflict pain upon any living creature.

GEORGE. Well, Uncle Joseph, go on.

UNCLE JOSEPH. No, I have done ; but some other time I will tell you about my visit to Mount Vesuvius, and to the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

JOHN Day, a Kentucky hunter, was hunting in company with a lively youngster, who was a great favourite with the veteran ; but whose vivacity

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he had continually to keep in check. They were in search of deer, when suddenly a huge grizzly bear emerged from a thicket, about thirty yards distant, rearing himself upon his hind legs with a terrific growl, and displaying a hideous array of teeth and claws. The rifle of the young man was levelled in an instant; but John Day's iron hand was quickly upon his arm.

"Be quiet—boy! be quiet!" exclaimed the hunter, between his clenched teeth, and without turning his eyes from the bear. They remained motionless. The monster regarded them for a time; then lowering himself on his fore paws slowly withdrew.

He had not gone many paces before he again turned, reared himself on his hind legs, and repeated the menace. Day's hand was still on the arm of his young companion; he again pressed it hard and kept repeating between his teeth, "Quiet boy: keep quiet! keep quiet!" though the latter had not made a move, since his first prohibition. The bear again lowered himself on all fours, retreated some twenty yards further, and again turned round, showed his teeth and growled.

This third menace was too much for the game spirit of John Day. "By jove!" he exclaimed; "I can stand this no longer;" and in an instant, a ball from his rifle whizzed into the foe. The wound was not mortal; but luckily it dismayed

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instead of enraging the animal ; and he retreated into the thicket.

Day's young companion reproached him for not practising the caution which he enjoined upon others. " Why boy," replied the Veteran : " caution is caution ; but one must not put up with too much, even from a bear. Would you have me suffer myself to be bullied all day by a Varmint."

WASHINGTON IRVING'S " ASTORIA."

THE CONQUEROR AND HIS QUEEN.

AN ANECDOTE.

AN army of brave men lay encamped before a large and strong town. They had left their own country to fight against it, and now saw only the sea they had crossed behind them, and before them, the town they were besieging ; but they felt no fear ; for though the city was strongly fortified, (that is, defended by walls and ditches and ramparts,) and though the brave and undaunted hearts of her citizens formed a defence yet stronger, the besiegers knew they were led on by a king who had never yet been defeated, and whose fame as a warrior was universally acknowledged.

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It must be confessed, however, that the citizens had right on their side; for though great kings and conquerors may be much talked of for their mighty deeds, the humblest citizen who fights only to retain quiet possession of the land of his forefathers, is in truth as great as any of them. In those days, however; for the time of which I speak, was many hundred years ago, (about the year 1347,) nothing was thought so excellent and glorious as to gain many victories, whether justly or unjustly; and I grieve to say the splendour of a triumph was too often tarnished by cruelty to the vanquished.

The King of whom I now speak, was a brave soldier, and skilful general; and filled with the ruling passion of the age, had crossed the sea, hoping by foreign conquests to increase his possessions, and render his name illustrious. Do you not wish to know who this king was; and what town he beseiged so closely? perhaps the date I have given will assist you. No? well then hear a little more of the story.

The town of which this King wished to gain possession, was one of the strongest seaports of a fair and sunny land, only separated from our island by the English channel. You know that at Dover, a narrow strait alone divides England from France; and directly opposite to Dover, lies Calais. This was the town before which, king

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Edward, the third of England, lay encamped. The citizens of Calais were brave patriots; their walls were strong, and though the garrison consisted of but few soldiers, they had a skilful and experienced commander named John de Vienne, and repelled all Edward's attacks so fiercely, that he found he must relinquish the idea of taking the fortress by assault. He determined then to reduce it if possible by famine, and surrounded it so closely on every side, that no food could be conveyed to the besieged: and they were compelled to thrust out of the city, nearly one thousand seven hundred old men, women, and children, in order to make what provision they had, last the longer. Edward, when he saw these miserable creatures driven from their homes, and wandering houseless through the country, took compassion on them, and supplied their most pressing necessities; so you see he was not entirely devoid of humanity.

It was a terrible thing to be shut up in a city in that manner; and the brave soldiers who struggled long against the combined evils of war and famine, were at length obliged to think of surrendering. Had the fortress contained men only, they would have died rather than have yielded to a conqueror; but the soldiers of the garrison were also husbands; and to see their dear ones dying day by day of misery and star-

vation, unmanned many a gallant heart. They offered, then, to make terms with Edward for the surrender of the city, begging only that the lives of their women and little ones might be spared ; but Edward, I am sorry to say, was so much enraged by the obstinacy of their defence, that he forgot to admire the patriotism that had animated them, and declared that he would show them no pity. On one condition only could he be induced to retract this determination. Six of the best, and bravest of the citizens were to repair to his camp barefoot, and with halters round their necks, and to deliver up the keys of their city ; after which they were to suffer an ignominious death at the hand of the executioner.

You may think what weeping and lamentation filled the city when this cruel decree was made known. Every family was uncertain on whom the blow might fall ; for where all were so brave, it was not easy to select the bravest. At length, however, Eustace de St Pierre willingly offered to purchase with his life the safety of his fellow-townsmen, and five of the best and most devoted of the citizens soon followed his example, and having taken a sorrowful farewell of all who were dearest to them on earth, they set forward in mournful array, accompanied by the bitter lamentations, not of their kindred only, but of every inhabitant of Calais.

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When they approached the English camp, however, every head was proudly raised, and every eye fixed sternly on the Conqueror; who already half regretted the severe conditions he had imposed upon them. There was one, too, by his side, who could not look without emotion on these brave and devoted men. Philippa, Edward's Queen, one of the brightest ornaments of her sex and age, had recently joined her husband, and having been appointed regent of the kingdom during his absence, had gained a glorious victory over the scotch invaders, at Neville's cross, and made their king David a prisoner. To a firmness of spirit truly royal, she united the gentlest and most endearing virtues of the woman; and the spectacle of so many brave men doomed to suffer death, for no other crime than their fearless defence of their homes and hearths, deeply affected her; she blushed for her husband's want of generosity, and casting herself at his feet, implored his mercy on their behalf. The King was deeply incensed against them; his career of conquest had been checked, and his bravest soldiers slain before the walls of Calais, and he thirsted for revenge.

But the prayers of Philippa were not destined to be uttered, nor her tears to flow in vain. The stern nature of her royal husband at last relented, and gentler feelings stirred within him as he listened to the touching voice, and earnest

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pleadings of his noble hearted wife. The citizens of Calais were not only suffered to live, but to return honourably to their homes.

How must Philippa's heart have throbbed with joy, as she pictured to herself the happy re-union of those despairing families. Oh ! not the proudest hour of a conquerors life, not the loudest acclamations that ever greeted his car of victory, could compare with the deep, though silent emotions of happiness and joy, that fill the heart of one who is conscious of having conferred happiness, on a fellow creature. This was Philippa's reward ; and the men of Calais, though they owned Edward as their conqueror, rendered to his Queen alone, the more precious homage of their hearts.

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THE REVOLT IN THE KITCHEN.

A FABLE.

" HEIGHO !" sighed a Fryingpan one evening, fatigued with the labours of the past day, (Shrove Tuesday.) " Heigho ! what a life of toil is ours : scarcely a day passes, but I am employed whether I will or no, for the service of every one in the house, and it matters not how I spit and sputter about it, no one minds me."

" Indeed !" replied a Toasting-fork, from the fireside, " ours is a life of labour, and I wonder

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sometimes that we do not melt away under it altogether."

"I confess it surprises me," replied the Frying-pan, "that such hardships as ours can be endured without total dissolution; and still more, that any one can sing as cheerfully as our friend, the Kettle, does yonder, as if he were sitting upon the fire for his own amusement only; for my part, I propose that we unanimously refuse to work any longer. Our length of services I think, fully entitle us to a life of peace for the future: what say you? brother Trivet."

"I perfectly agree with you," replied the individual addressed, "and am willing to do my best to maintain our rights; I only wonder, after all I have gone through, that I have a leg left to stand upon." The Gong, whose business it was to announce to the family when the dinner was ready, murmured its approval of what the Trivet said, and declared that he was determined to turn the tables against the cook, and *strike* work immediately; and a council was called to consider the best measures to be adopted in furtherance of the great object they had in view.

Many of the kitchen utensils agreed to join in the rebellion, but an old copper Warmingpan gravely remarked, that they had better do nothing while they were hot and angry; and though he confessed that he sometimes grew warm him-

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self, he recommended them to take every thing coolly, and make themselves as happy as they could under the circumstances ; and a Dutch Veteran, whose business it was to stand sentry over time, and pace eternally about with him, (for he never rested,) declared that he was determined to *face* every thing and *go his rounds* as usual : “for,” said he, “ it strikes me, that my *hands* were made and fitted for their present employment, and I am determined to move satisfied with the condition to which I am appointed.”

The Fryingpan and his friend only laughed at him for his scruples, and determined among themselves their own plan of operations. The following morning when the Toasting-fork was called upon to assist in preparing breakfast for the master of the house, the perverse creature first twisted its prongs into such a variety of directions, that it was almost impossible to fix the bread upon them, and afterwards dropped it under the grate so often, that the cook quite lost her patience. The Trivet managed to fall down with some plates which it was required to hold to the fire, and in so doing broke its leg ; and the Fryingpan fell off the coals and lost its handle, while the Soup-kettle, which had joined in the conspiracy sprang a leak, and suffered such a quantity of water to escape, that the fire was nearly extinguished.

And what was the result of all this ? A new toasting-fork was bought, and the old one thrown

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into the yard, where the children occasionally handed potatoes to the pigs upon the end of it ; and afterwards it fell into the hands of a travelling tinker, who tore it limb from limb, and made it into skewers for the cat's meat man. The Trivet was cast away, and perished miserably upon a dunghill. The Fryingpan was turned out of doors and, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather, was compelled, during the remainder of its days, to hold water for the dogs,—a hard fate indeed, after having been so long accustomed to a warm and dry climate ; while the Soup-kettle was handed to a tinker, who, in mending the one hole, knocked half a dozen others ; but succeeded finally in making it capable of some years longer service. The Dutch Clock continued to perform well for many years ; and when superseded by an eight-day dial, was allowed to retain its former corner, as an old and valued friend ; and the Warmingpan, when no longer capable of service, was well polished by the housemaid, and continued for many years to ornament the kitchen. The fate of the merry kettle was equally happy, nor did they fail, when any discontent arose among their neighbours, to remind them of the untimely end of the warmingpan, trivet, and toasting fork, and to assure them, that a contented disposition would render all their hardships easy to be borne, and enable them to fulfil without inconvenience, all the duties of their several stations.

**THE TEARS OF
ALEXANDER THE GREAT.**

Low swept the Conqueror's glitt'ring plumes,
His flashing eye grew dim ;
And finds he that the barb of grief,
May rankle e'en for him ?
Hush'd is that voice, at whose command
A world was lost and won ;
His star of vict'ry—is it set ?
His race of glory run ?

No ! flush'd with conquest, at his side
The mail-clad warriors meet ;
Princes and Satraps, captive, lay
Their treasure at his feet.
Proudly o'er India's burning sands,
Rings out the trumpet's tone ;
And thousand swords are pledged to strike,
For Macedon alone.

Yet by that eagle glance subdued,
That proud lip's quivering ;
Some deep emotion, new and strange,
Hath touched the victor king.

TEARS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Oh ! doth he weep the gallant bands,
To swell his triumphs slain !
The homes where prayers yet rise for those,
No prayer may bring again.

No ! reckless all of life or death,
Of agony or pain ;
Far other thoughts are stirring now,
In his unquiet brain.
He weeps—that though a captive globe
Yields to his lightest word,
No farther may his power extend,
His proud command be heard.

He weeps—because the laurel wreath,
Still fresh upon his brow,
Can find no dearly purchased fame,
To swell its glory now.
He weeps—because his warrior steel,
Awhile must idly rust ;
Heedless how soon it may be laid
Beside him in the dust.

Oh ! when he sought for other worlds,
With conquering arm to win,
How little knew he of the strife,
And toil of that within.
There, had he learned by faith, to lay
His rebel passions low,
A mightier victory he had gained,
Than o'er the proudest foe.

TEARS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Alas ! that strength is ill bestowed,
That seeks but to subdue
A world without, while deadlier foes,
The strife within renew.
May we, to whom a clearer light,
A holier faith is given,
Seek grace to combat with the hosts,
That bar our path to heaven.

May we be strengthened to endure
The strife around, within :
Bearing on nobly, through *His* name,
Whose death hath conquered sin.
Sustain'd by his unfailing love,
Taught by his deathless word ;
Oh ! let us live, and fight, and die,
The " soldiers of the Lord."

E. J. M.

THE SISTERS.

A TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

BY E. J. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE glowing beams of an eastern sun, illumined the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean : not a cloud nor vapour obscured the clear azure of the skies, and as the waves broke along the shore, their low rushing sound fell musically on the ear, seeming hushed and subdued, as if even the mighty ocean were oppressed by the fervours of a meridian sun. The rocky cliffs were clothed with vegetation even to the water's edge, and the Orontes, then dried up by the summer heat and shrunk within its channel, crept silently on to join the sleeping sea. Even the insects, those children of the sunbeam, seemed enervated by its influence, and folding their glittering wings, rested motionless on the withering herbage. No other denizens of that sequestered bay were to be seen, save one solitary and way-worn pilgrim, who pursued his route undeterred either by the scorching rays of the sun, or the weariness which was imprinted upon every movement. He was clad in

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course and simple garments, and his pale meditative countenance bore the stamp of suffering and privation.

The spot on which he wandered, lonely as at first sight it appeared, was not wholly uninhabited. A low dwelling peeped from beneath the palm and other eastern trees, which clothed the surrounding hills; and thither the wanderer bent his steps. He paused a moment at the entrance, and then raising the latch, saluted the inmates with the sweet and fatherly benediction of a Christian pastor:—"Peace be with ye, my children."

At the first sound of his voice, the younger of the two girls, who appeared to be the sole occupants of the cottage, ran to welcome him, and kissed his hand, and even the border of his garments, with words of eager and enthusiastic delight. She was small and slightly formed, with eyes of dark brilliancy, and a complexion of pure clear olive. Her sister, no less lovely than the youthful Aglæe, had the same dark brilliant orbs, and hair black as the raven's wing; but instead of falling in luxuriant ringlets, it was wound round her graceful head in the manner of the Grecian statues; and harmonised well with her majestic and finely formed figure, and the dignified expression of her countenance. Both approached the old man with words of kindly greeting, and bending

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reverently, received his benediction. Then, after laving his feet, in observance of the beautiful customs of eastern hospitality, and exchanging his travel-stained garments for other apparel, they placed refreshment before him, and the aged man having partaken of it, both sisters seated themselves meekly at his feet, eager to receive from his lips the words of instruction and inspiration, which they had early been taught to love.

The period at which this history opens, was the early part of the reign of Valerian, an emperor elevated, as was too frequently the case in those days, from the rank which, as a private citizen he had adorned, to disgrace the imperial throne, by his tyranny and his crimes. The parents of Erinna, and Aglæe were natives of Greece: their mother had long been dead, and Nicanor, their father, having embraced the Christian faith, had been compelled, during the sanguinary persecutions which marked the reign of Decius, to abandon his country, and seek refuge with his children amid the woods, and hills of Syria. Here they had happily escaped the impending danger, and at the period to which we now allude, Erinna, the eldest, had attained her seventeenth year, and Aglæe was only two years her junior. Plotinus, (the aged hermit, whom we have already introduced to our readers,) was also an inhabitant of that sanctuary, and a frequent guest at

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the cottage, confirming in the faith, and instructing its inmates, both by precept and example.

He had not for many years quitted his secluded hermitage, but the temporary quiet then enjoyed by the Christians, and the reports which had reached him of the diverse opinions, beginning to creep into the church, and the heresies, which defiled its pure doctrines, had induced him to visit Antioch, then one of the most flourishing of the Eastern churches, and which lay at the distance of about twenty-six miles from the mouth of the Orontes.

He was welcomed both by Erinna, and Aglæe with unfeigned pleasure; and their father returning ere long from the daily toil, which was necessary to supply the wants of his family, they anxiously inquired of the old man concerning the welfare of the church in Antioch, and the condition of their fellow Christians there.

“Oh, my beloved children,” said the old man, passing his hand fondly over the glossy ringlets of Aglæe; “amid the struggles and dissensions which agitate the church, both within and without, it is indeed a blessing to have one sweet haven of repose, where true Christian hearts are open to receive us, and which the dogmas of heresy, and the defilements of unbelief have never entered. I love to picture to myself, the repose of mind which our blessed Lord enjoyed in the calm seclusion

of Bethany, with the friends whom He honoured with His perfect love. Blessed condescension ! which could stoop to claim even the ties of brotherhood, with creatures weak and sinful, even as ourselves."

"Is it indeed true," asked Aglæe, with a timid glance at her father and sister ; "that we have reason to apprehend a renewal of the persecutions ?"

"Not immediately, my child," answered Plotinus ; "but Valerian, who as a private soldier won the esteem of his countrymen, seems unable to support with dignity his elevation to the Purple. He is cruel and vicious ; and though not at present unfavourably disposed towards the Christians, we have too often been made victims of the rapacity of former Emperors, not to feel that danger is at every moment impending over us."

At this moment, a loud knocking was heard at the door of the cottage. Nicanor, surprised at the unusual sounds, rose to open it, and presently admitted a young Roman soldier, who desired to learn the distance from their dwelling to Antioch, informing them, he had quitted that city in the morning to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and after some hours of sport, being oppressed by the noon-tide heat, had dismounted to rest himself. His horse strayed from his side while he slept, and as in seeking him, he had be-

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come entangled in the woods, he now begged either to share their hospitality for the night, or that they would furnish him with a horse to bear him to Antioch.

“Most welcome shall you be, friend,” said Nicanor; “to partake whatever my humble roof affords: shelter at least I can promise; but a horse, it is not in my power to offer.”

The young soldier gladly accepted the proffered shelter; and the conversation which his entrance had interrupted, soon flowed into another channel. He told them he was nephew to the chief of the Roman legions, then stationed at Antioch, and had but lately arrived from Rome to join him. The accounts he brought from the capital were far from exhilarating, though he said nothing calculated to alarm the Christians in particular. Valerian promised to equal his predecessors in rapacity and tyranny, and bitterly did the young Roman regret the hasty choice of the soldiers, which had again invested with the Purple, one unworthy of empire.

Glaucus was noble by birth, of a generous and lofty disposition, but educated in all the impieties of Paganism,—he regarded the Christian faith with unconcealed contempt; and though little was said in his presence, either by Plotinus or Nicanor, indicating their belief, still the seclusion in which he found a man whose conversation so clearly

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marked the superiority of his intellect, and two young women so very beautiful, could not but lead him to conjecture the truth. He partook of their simple evening repast, and soon after retired to the chamber, which had been assigned him. The little company in the adjoining apartment, offered their prayers to the God of the Christians, and the sound of their mingled voices reached his ears; awakening in his mind a feeling of interest and awe, at which he was himself astonished. The sisters soon sought the quiet chamber, which they shared together: but Nicanor and his aged companion passed the night in conversation, the former having yielded his bed to the stranger.

Erinna and Aglæe accompanied Plotinus and the young Roman on the morrow, to indicate to the latter his route to Antioch. All that Glauco had to tell, was new to Aglæe, and she listened with eager and breathless interest to his narration, and when they reached the point at which their guidance was no longer necessary, the regret he evidently felt at parting, was not wholly unshared by her.

On their return, they followed for some distance the course of the Orontes, then flowing silently and languidly along, much within the banks which can barely confine its waters when swollen by the dissolving snows and rapid mountain torrents. The large masses of stone which

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formed the bed of the river, were now naked and exposed ; except where clothed with lichens or the parched and withered river moss, which had once lent them a luxuriant covering. The grassy banks were rich with flowers of a thousand dyes, and the fig-tree, the palm, and the vine, grew luxuriantly on either side.

Long before they reached the cottage, Aglæe had recovered all her native lightness of spirit, and she flitted from flower to flower, gathering the brightest and fairest to twine in the tresses of her sister, who walked silently by her aged companion, eagerly drinking in from his lips the words of life and salvation, and sometimes turning the conversation on her own beloved Greece, and the deeds of her patriots and warriors.

Glaucus returned to Antioch, to the command of his troops, and the luxuries of his uncle's palace ; but the memory of that lonely cottage, of the noble Erinna, and the fairy-like grace of Aglæe, was ever present with him. He briefly accounted for his absence, without alluding to his hospitable entertainers, for conjecturing truly that they belonged to the despised sect of Nazarenes, he feared, that to indicate their abode, might be the means of exposing them to future persecutions. He soon received orders to conduct his troops to a distant post, and after an absence of many months, which yet, sufficed not to banish from

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his remembrance the youthful Aglæe, he returned to Antioch, and almost immediately, retraced his steps to the cottage.

He found its inmates unchanged in aught ; and as they recognized in him the stranger who had before shared their hospitality, Aglæe's smile seemed even brighter than usual : he talked to Nicanor of his campaigns ; and the old soldier's military ardour, revived as his young companion described the actions in which he had been engaged.

“ But is it not forbidden those of your sect, (for I cannot doubt that you are Christians,) to bear arms for any earthly king ? Do you not even refuse to serve in the armies of the emperor ? ”

“ That we do so, is one of the accusations brought falsely against us : we are indeed forbidden to attempt to spread our holy religion by force of arms ; but whatever duty requires of us, either in the camp or the field, we are ever ready to perform. And our blessed Founder himself, hath commanded us to honour those, who are legally appointed our governors.”

The young soldier seemed little inclined to prolong the conversation on this subject, and turning to Aglæe, soon enchanted her simple mind, by the description of countries and people, with whom his various campaigns had made him

acquainted. From this hour his visits to their dwelling were repeated,—at first at distant intervals, but they gradually became more frequent, and the pleasure Aglæe experienced in his society, was daily more evident. Erinna, who watched her sister with the care and tenderness of a mother, was the first to fear the results of this intimacy with a heathen, and a stranger; and gently questioning her sister on the subject, drew from her a confession of her feelings, and the intelligence, (which she scarcely anticipated,) that Glaucus himself, was not a stranger to them.

This information was deeply painful to the heart of Erinna. That her sister, should at such a time, have withheld her confidence from her, was a sufficient cause of affliction; but the misery this unhappy attachment, if indeed it were already formed, might occasion her sister, inflicted a pang infinitely deeper.

“Dearest Aglæe,” said she; “is it possible that you have suffered your affections to be engaged by a stranger,—a Pagan? but perhaps,” she added, and her eyes brightened at the thought; “perhaps Glaucus will be induced to abjure his errors?” She gazed earnestly in her sister’s face as she spoke, but read there no confirmation of her hopes. “Oh, let me not think you have yielded the young affections of your heart to a Pagan,—an unbeliever! Alas! how

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blind have I been to his fascination, that I dreaded not its influence upon you."

"Erinna," replied Aglæe, "you are lavish in your admiration of the departed heroes of Greece, who yet worshipped the gods of Glaucus; and condemn him, though little inferior in heroic qualities, only because he lives and is at your side."

"Nay, my sister, I condemn him not, and on them, the light that encircles him, had not shined."

"Nor does he wholly reject that light," said Aglæe, earnestly; "he willingly admits the Messiah among the number of his gods, and would render him equal homage."

"Speak not, I beseech you, of such profanation," interrupted Erinna; "it were indeed too terrible: God only knows how bitterly I reproach myself for not having earlier sought your confidence, but even now, it may not be too late. If Glaucus truly loves you, he will lend a willing ear to the doctrines of the faith you profess; the good father, Plotinus, will use his eloquence; our own beloved parent will strive to convince him of his errors, and all will be well."

Aglæe clung like a child to her sister's bosom; she wept upon her shoulder, and then murmured in low and almost inarticulate words, "No! never will I be instrumental in inducing him to embrace a faith which must inevitably lead to torture and to death. If it must be so," she continued;

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“rather let us part for ever. Should I, in return for his disinterested affection, devote him to infamy and contempt? never! never while I live. Oh my sister, can it be that the blessing of God rests indeed upon a religion, whose members are ever doomed to suffering and anguish?”

“Our Lord hath told us,” replied Erinna, in low but firm tones, “that *His* kingdom is not of this world, and that here we must for *His* sake endure tribulation.”

They were silent for a few moments; then, without raising her head from her sister’s bosom, Aglæe spoke. “You know,” she said, “that Glaucus was ever at my side, and I loved him long before I was myself conscious of it: when at last my eyes were opened, and I saw the precipice on which I stood, then I tried to think, to reason with myself, but it was too late.”

Erinna shuddered, and drew her sister closer to her bosom: she felt that argument would now be useless, prayer was the only resource open to her; and kneeling with Aglæe’s head still resting on her shoulder, she offered that deep fervent petition, which only the Christian can utter, and with all the energy of womanly and sisterly affection, implored the God of mercy and truth,—to strengthen and protect her sister.

Aglæe knelt too: who shall reveal the subject of her prayer?

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CHAPTER II.

SUMMER and winter, and summer again had now passed away. The Orontes, swollen by the heavy autumnal rains, dashed foaming on its course; and the leafy branches of the trees, dripping with heavy rain drops, hung so low, that they almost touched the rank herbage, which was nurtured into luxuriant growth by the long continued moisture. The river no longer flowed noiselessly, along to mingle its waters with the sleeping ocean, but dashed impetuously onward; and the boisterous waves foamed and chafed in the strife and tumult of that meeting.

The cottage of Nicanor, and the hermitage of Plotinus, were still visible amid the foliage of the surrounding wood; but the joy and serenity which once appeared to invest them, had yielded to an aspect of gloom; and the paths leading to them, deluged with rain and overgrown with vegetation, looked as if they had been seldom traversed. There was a change too, in the inmates of the dwelling. Aglæe was no longer there,—the life and sunshine of her family: the lofty brow of Erinna was shadowed by thought and care; and the eye of Nicanor wandered sadly round the cottage, as if in search of some loved and familiar face, which no longer greeted

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him. Could it be indeed true that Aglæe had been prevailed on to desert her home, and her faith for the sake of him she loved? Alas! it was so; affection had ever been the strongest impulse of her nature, and her attachment to Glaucus outweighed at length the filial and sisterly ties which, till then, had bound her. Deficient in strength of purpose, and not equally gifted in intellect with the high-souled Erinna, her whole strength lay in her affections. From the moment in which she centered them on Glaucus, every other duty became light in comparison. She stedfastly resisted every attempt that could be made to induce him to embrace Christianity,—declaring that she would never be instrumental in exposing him to the suffering and degradation, which the profession of that faith entailed upon its followers. At length, unable longer to support the struggle between her own heart and the convictions of conscience, she yielded to the former, and consented to become the bride of Glaucus; and although not openly seceding from the faith, still she could not blind herself to the truth, that from henceforth, religion must be but a secondary thing in her sphere of duties and pleasures.

The uncle of Glaucus was absent from Antioch, where his marriage was solemnized; and the beauty and grace of the bride ensured her a re-

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ception from his friends, who were little inclined to disturb themselves with conjectures as to her origin or family. She soon consented to participate with her husband in the ceremonies instituted in honour of the gods; and became, in appearance at least, a worshipper of the Pagan divinities.

The inhabitants of the cottage rarely visited Antioch, and were thus spared the additional pain of knowing, that Aglæ ventured so near to the brink of apostacy: such intelligence would indeed have poured venom into the wound her departure had left still bleeding; and though, when tidings from her did reach them, they contained vivid pictures of her own happiness, and the devoted affection of her husband, they were read with trembling by those humble Christians, who feared such friendship with a world, at enmity with God.

The last information they received, had given them the hope of a speedy meeting. Glaucus had purchased a villa, at some distance from Antioch, and when the rainy season was concluded, they purposed removing thither; and Aglæ rejoiced in the hope, that she should then be able to resume her intercourse with her family, without exciting observation or suspicion.

The habitual calmness and serenity of Erinna's mind had enabled her to support the departure

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of Aglæe, though not without a deep melancholy, against which all her native energy and Christian fortitude scarcely enabled her to contend. The aspect of affairs in the church was far from inspiring ; and the only visitor who, during the rainy months of autumn, crossed their threshold, brought melancholy tidings of the various errors, then gaining ground in both the Eastern and Western churches. He was then on his road to Antioch, and visited the cottage again on his return, bearing letters from Aglæe, in which she informed them, that as winter had again set in, Glaucus and herself would soon depart for their villa ; and she looked forward with rapture to embracing those dear ones, from whom she had now been separated for the first time in her life. The stranger had not seen Aglæe, but had received the packet from the hands of a Greek slave ; nor was he aware of the connexion subsisting between them. He spoke of the splendours of Antioch, and the gorgeous ceremonies with which the gods were there honoured ; and it was not without a pang, that Erinna heard the names of Glaucus and his lovely bride mentioned, as assisting at them all, where she was one of the fairest among the proud throng of matrons, who assembled in the temples.

But all grief and anxiety were for a while forgotten, when Aglæe, herself, radiant in beauty

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and glee, sprang into the cottage. She bent reverently, yet with something of reserve in her manner, to the venerable Plotinus, and clung in the sobbing ecstasy of a child to her sister's breast. After some conversation with her father, the sisters set forth, as had been used to do in former days, on a solitary ramble. They descended the grass-grown paths of the hill, and entering the forest, bent their steps towards a shady brook, which had ever been a favourite spot with both. They seated themselves on the mossy bank, and Aglæe, twining her arms fondly round her sister, looked once more upon this haunt of her girlhood. The turf, which when last she bade it farewell, had been dried up and withered by the summer's scorching sun, was now springing fresh and verdant from the ground; and flowers of a thousand dyes, and rich in fragrance as in colouring, enamelled the sloping banks. The quivering branches of the trees admitted the sunlight in varying streaks, that played upon the glittering waters of the rivulet; and ever and anon penetrated some depth of shadow in the wood, revealing gem-like flowers and gorgeous insects, which seemed almost as if created by the beam that lighted for a moment, the dark recesses where they dwelt.

Both sisters sat for a while in silent thought. Aglæe at length turned her loving eyes on Erinna,

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as she first broke the silence. "It seems to me dearest, that this lovely spot is more bright and beautiful than ever. I have dwelt so long in the glare and tumult of that weary city, that the sound of the rippling water, and the deep shadows of the forest trees, fall on my heart like a breath of peace and blessing. If Glaucus were but here, and we could dwell together in such lovely solitudes, I should be too happy."

"There is indeed," said Erinna; "a charm in these quiet nooks, so far removed from the strife and temptations of the world; but, can it be true, my own sister, that you have so far yielded to its snares, as to lend your presence to the rites of the heathen divinities? I know,—I believe that your heart shrank from their idolatrous worship; but even the *presence* of one who has been enrolled among the followers of Christ, is a triumph to the evil one."

A crimson flush tinged the cheek of Aglæe, but she denied not the charge, and when Erinna strove more earnestly to convince her of the danger of such a practice, she replied, that her husband's safety demanded this compliance on her part; and that disgrace, perhaps death would be the consequence, were it even suspected that he had allied himself with a Christian: "if he were taken from me," continued she, "he, for whom I have sacrificed all, if he were

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torn from me, whither could I turn for consolation ?”

“ God forbid !” ejaculated Erinna. “ May He preserve you both. Yet speak not thus of having yielded *all* for the sake of any mortal ; there is a love dearest ! more high, more pure, than any earthly passion, which in the height of its entire devotedness, yet, dares not rob the Deity of one breath of the adoration which is His due.”

“ Erinna,” said Aglæe ; “ such love befits your nature, it is too high, too sublime for mine ! may God pity and forgive me. I cannot be all that you are, yet believe my affection for you is as high, and as perfect, as any my heart is capable of feeling.”

It was impossible, again to revert to painful subjects of conversation. Erinna, overcome by the child-like tenderness of her sister, suffered it to take another course, and time passed so swiftly in that happy interchange of thought and feeling, that evening crept on unawares, and they were at length summoned by the voice of Glaucus, who came to accompany his wife on her return to their villa.

Then they parted : but, for many months their intercourse was continually renewed, and during that interval, Aglæe gave birth to a lovely boy — a circumstance which seemed to add the last drop to her cup of happiness.

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As soon as her health permitted, she was proud to bring her infant to receive the blessing of her father, and the aged Plotinus; the latter, taking him in his arms, traced on his fair brow the symbol of the cross, and with a fervent, though silent prayer, implored the blessing of heaven on his future years: then replacing him in the arms of Aglæe; "my daughter,;" said he "be grateful for the precious gift it has pleased God to bestow on you. Oh! suffer him not," and his voice assumed a tone, in which something of sternness, mingled with its accustomed benignity; "suffer him not to be a stranger to the faith of our blessed Redeemer."

The mother pressed her lips to the child's soft cheek, to conceal her emotion, and then raising her eyes, still filled with tears, to the venerable man's countenance, "my father," she exclaimed; "forget not in your prayers, that my child is helpless, and his mother surrounded with temptations!"

(To be Concluded in our next.)

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CHAPTER III.

NOT many weeks after Aglæ first brought her infant to the cottage, the inmates of that humble dwelling were one evening assembled to offer the beautiful and simple prayers of the early Christian church, when the door suddenly opened, and Aglæ herself, her garments torn by the briars which had obstructed her path, and her long tresses hanging dishevelled over her face, stood weary and trembling in the midst of them. Rising from their knees, they eagerly inquired the cause of her agitation; and Aglæ, throwing herself into her father's arms, exclaimed, "The hour of retribution has at length arrived for me! My heart is smitten in the fulness of its mistaken happiness; and I must either endanger my husband, or see you consigned to ignominy and a lingering death, without attempting to save you."

"Calm yourself, my child;" said Nicanor. "It is long since I have laid my head on my pillow at night, without the anticipation that death might come on the morrow. Speak and let me hear what new danger threatens us?"

Aglæ, though often interrupted by the excess of her emotion, at length told them that legions had lately been dispatched from Rome to Antioch; and their captain had that morning visited

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Glaucus, and given them intelligence that a new persecution was raised against the Christians; and he, with his troops, commissioned to scour the whole of Syria. He was a rough and cruel man; and his oaths and savage imprecations had filled Aglæe with terror. Unsuspected by her husband, for she would not endanger him by communicating her intention of visiting her family, she had reached the cottage alone, and now implored them to seek safety in flight; assuring them she could, on the ensuing night, provide a boat which might transport them to the neighbouring shores of Africa, where for a time at least, they would be secure.

Nicanor gazed with an eye of anguish on his children; but Erinna neither shrank nor trembled: pressing her father's hand within her own as she knelt before him, she murmured, "Let us die together!"

"Die!" shrieked Aglæe; "would you leave me without one guiding star for my wandering feet? You must not; you shall not, unless I suffer with you."

Erinna looked mournfully in her face.

"Aglæe," said Plotinus; "you must return to your home. If it be God's pleasure to select us as witnesses to the truth of his religion, His will be done; but you have other duties,—you are exposed to no dangers. Leave us: perhaps," he

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added—looking with an expression of pain towards Erinna ; “ perhaps you may be able to exert some influence in favour of your noble hearted sister. For myself, for Nicanor, we count it a blessed privilege to be permitted to follow in the steps of the holy Apostles and Martyrs.”

“ Nay !” exclaimed Erinna, with a burst of enthusiasm ; “ Deny me not the privilege of martyrdom. Let my earthly existence be brief : will it not purchase a more glorious immortality ?”

Aglæ was silent,—a prey to contending emotions. And when Plotinus proposed that ere making preparations for their flight, they should resume the prayers which her hurried entrance had interrupted, she strove in vain to compose her thoughts, or quiet the tumultuous agitation of her nerves. The prayer was concluded, and the hymn of praise arose, but Aglæ could not join in the harmony ; it was one which had long been familiar to her, and she felt as if her silence now, were but a type of future exclusion from the choir of saints in heaven.

The strain had just concluded ; and before the worshippers had arisen from their knees, the sound of many voices, and the heavy tread of approaching footsteps broke the solemn stillness that succeeded it. Erinna gazed on her sister in speechless agony ; but in a moment, a violent knocking was heard at the entrance of their dwelling, ac-

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accompanied by loud voices demanding admittance. Nicanor placing the almost insensible Aglæe in the arms of Plotinus, hastened to open the door, and in a moment the cottage was filled with armed men who challenged them as Christians; and rudely seizing each individual, prepared to bind and carry them prisoners to Antioch. As they approached the half lifeless Aglæe, Erinna exclaimed in tones of command, which startled even those rough soldiers:—

“Beware how you handle too rudely a noble Roman matron! We indeed are Christians, and as such, exposed to your violence; but this lady is wife of the noble Glaucus. If ye are of Antioch, ye cannot be strangers to him; nor,” she added, pausing as though unwilling to pollute her pure lips with the history of her sister’s sin; “nor to his fair bride, whose beauty added lustre to all the festivals of the gods.”

The men withdrew from Aglæe, but their leader asked, “If this lady be indeed her you name, wherefore is she here? No mercy will be shown to any who dare tamper with the Christians; and rank and station will avail them nothing.”

“It is scarcely an hour,” replied Erinna; “since she entered our dwelling, terrified and agitated as you see her now; at such a time it is not probable that one, nurtured in palaces, would venture forth alone and unprotected. May she not

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have been separated from her attendants, and thus wandered into the wood, until the coming night precluded her further progress?"

"It is possible," replied the leader, though with some remains of incredulity; "I will myself conduct her to the villa of Glaucus, and these troops shall accompany you to Antioch."

Aglæ still lay insensible in the arms of Plotinus; and Erinna feared to rouse her, lest in her agony, she might utter words which would reveal the secret of their connexion. With a breaking heart she consigned her to the care of the rough soldier; and without one parting word, one fond caress, left her—perhaps, nay, in all probability, for ever!

CHAPTER IV.

DAY after day was suffered to pass without any one intruding on the solitude of Erinna's prison. The gaoler appeared at stated times with the portion of food appointed for her, but he steadily refused to enter into conversation with her, or even to reply to her often repeated inquiries, as to the condition of her father and Plotinus. For Glaucus or Aglæ, she dared not ask.

At length the gaoler one evening entered her cell at an unusual hour, and having introduce'

stranger wrapped in a large cloak, immediately retired. The visitor dropped his mantle; and Erinna, at the same moment, recognised Glaucus. She sprang to him, and her eager inquiries after her sister were met by the intelligence, that the fearful agitation of the night on which they parted, and the devouring anxiety which succeeded it, had proved too great for either her physical or mental strength; and for two days past, she had been struggling with the agony of a brain fever.

"She raves incessantly," said Glaucus, "of you and her father; and in order to screen her from the malevolence of those who are eager to brand every one with the name of Christian, I have been compelled to assert, that your parents were formerly the slaves of her family, and that you are her foster sister. Thus I have satisfactorily accounted for her anxiety on your behalf; and have been able to exert an influence in your favour which I could not otherwise have done.—Erinna, you have but to join in a professed adoration of the gods, and you will be immediately set at liberty. Nay, more," he continued, for the smile which flitted for an instant across the features of Erinna, was succeeded by an expression of deeper gloom; "you may instantly accompany me to the couch of your sister; and your voice is all we need to restore her to consciousness, and to ourselves."

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“ Oh ! cease, I implore you ;” said Erinna, struggling to repress her tears ; “ ask my life—ask all I hold dearest on earth, but tempt me not to betray the faith I have sworn to uphold. Aglæe, my sister !” she continued, wildly ; “ shall I refuse to accept a boon which might purchase your life also ? Shall I sacrifice you and your precious infant, rather than yield a *nominal* subjection to the gods of the Romans ?”

“ Oh ! no, no !” said Glaucus, warmly ; “ Can you call that a religion of *love*, which would inspire you for a moment with such a thought ? Impossible ! Come with me, my own sister ; it will be but the trial of a moment, and ere half an hour has elapsed, you will be once more in the arms of Aglæe. You will save her, and give me life and happiness.”

He took her hand and advanced to the door of the prison, but Erinna withdrew it, shuddering ; and hiding her face, stood silently before him, her whole frame trembling with the excess of her emotion. At length she spoke, but in a voice so changed, so sepulchral, that Glaucus started at the sound.

“ Leave me !” she said ; “ it must not be : I have been tried,—fearfully tried ; but my Saviour’s strength will be sufficient for me. Do not speak,” she continued, as Glaucus attempted to interrupt her ; “ the combat is with my own soul ; the sa-

crifice is of my heart's blood. I must be alone with my God."

Again burying her face in her hands, she motioned him to the door; and as he opened it, faintly articulated the words, "to-morrow." It closed, and she was alone,—alone with her mighty grief; with that agony of spirit, which no earthly power may quell.

All night she lay in prayer before her God. The blow that had fallen on her was indeed heavy: the best and holiest affections of her heart were turned to bitterness; the flames of the martyr's pyre,—the devouring jaws of the beast of prey, what were these? What the acutest sufferings that could visit the mortal frame, to that rending asunder of soul and spirit, which was her bitter portion?

When morning broke, the gaoler entered her cell; she heard him not, and alarmed at finding her outstretched upon the ground, he spoke to her, and attempted to raise her. She gazed upon him with calmness, as one from whom all human hope or fear had departed: and so terrible were the ravages which that night of suffering had wrought on her glorious countenance, that the officer, though cold and bigotted by nature, was touched; and placing food before her, strove to induce her to partake of it.

Erinna swallowed a few mouthfuls, and when

he had departed, attempted to prepare herself for the approaching meeting with Glaucus. That grace and strength, which none have ever sought in vain, were abundantly bestowed upon her; and when he appeared, she had calmness sufficient to speak firmly, though in accents of the deepest misery.

“Glaucus,” she said, “I cannot, I dare not yield to your request, nor to the suggestions of my own weak and erring heart. To my Saviour I owe a duty far beyond the highest of earthly claims, and to him I must render up my heart—wrung and broken though it be. Oh! may he in mercy accept the worthless offering! His blessing be upon you, and on my own beloved Aglæe. May he bring her back to his fold; may he bless and sanctify you both!”

Sobs choked her utterance, but she continued; “Our path on earth has been divided, it is sown with thorns for each of us. Oh! is there no hope of a re-union in heaven? Can it be that I have indeed looked my last on her, in time and for eternity? God in his mercy forbid it! I feel, I know that the way of salvation will yet be opened to you both.”

“Oh live, live, Erinna!” exclaimed Glaucus fervently—carried away by her enthusiasm; “live for our sakes; who, like you, can guide us into that blessed path?”

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“Should I add another pang to my father’s dying hour, by the thought that *both* his children had deserted him? God hath his own instruments; he will work in his own way. If my last prayer can move you, close not your ears nor your hearts to the convictions of the truth, which time *must* force upon you. My days are doubtless numbered; I dare not again speak of you, or of Aglæe. Let me strive to collect my scattered thoughts, that so I may be enabled to offer myself a willing sacrifice; and die at my father’s side, as befits his daughter.”

“Erinna,” said the young man, anxiously; “let not the thought of your father sway you; he has finished his course and died, as you would have had him.”

A shuddering chill passed through the frame of Erinna, but she bowed her head meekly, and said; “God’s will be done: let *me* die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

Glaucus flung himself at her feet: he implored her, with the most passionate earnestness, to retract her determination. All that the warmest admiration could inspire; all that the most thrilling eloquence could dictate; her love to Aglæe; her concern for their future salvation;—all these he pleaded; but in vain. Torn, shattered, bruised by the raging tempest, the reed was not broken. Her heart, woman’s though it was, withstood all

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his entreaties, through Him, whose strength is ever made perfect in our weakness: and at length he was compelled to leave her. Having been unable to learn from the officers of the prison, on what day her doom would be sealed, he trusted some respite might yet be allowed, and that he should see her again, though scarcely daring to entertain a hope that he should ultimately prevail; and he returned, plunged in the deepest distress, to the couch of Aglæe.

Erinna had not dared to ask for her sister; she feared even to breathe her name, lest the thought of one so dear, should overpower her resolution: and Glaucus, absorbed in anxiety for her own freedom, had also refrained from mentioning her.

Aglæe's senses had that morning been partially restored, and though she was in the last stage of exhaustion, she had discovered the object of her husband's mission, but indulged no hope of its success. She read the truth in his countenance, at the first moment of his return; and turning silently away, big tears of agony and repentance, coursed each other down her cheeks. She lay for some time motionless,—apparently unconscious of all that passed around her. They brought her child, but she gazed not on him; her husband whispered words of tenderness in her ear, but she replied not; the chills of death gathered upon

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her brow, yet, with clasped hands, and upturned eyes she seemed absorbed in communion with some invisible being. At length a smile of angelic sweetness parted her pale lips, and turning a glance of ineffable love on her husband, who hung over her in speechless agony,

“My Glaucus,” she said, “Oh, seek instruction from the Christians for our child; it is my last wish, my last prayer. Their words will be effectual with *you* too, and my spirit will ever be near to watch over you. Bear my love to my blessed sister;” she added as he bent his head closer to her lips, to catch the faint and uncertain accents, “tell her,—I died—a Christian—repentant—happy!”

With these last faltering words, her gentle spirit departed, and Glaucus fell insensible on the lifeless corpse of her he had so deeply loved.

The morning sun shone on that chamber of death, ere he revived; and its awful stillness was broken by the acclamations of a multitude, shouts of exultation, cries of hatred and contempt, and the mingled hum of many voices; while ever and anon rising above the noise and clamour, a strain of sweet and pious solemnity was wafted on the air. As it reached the chamber where Glaucus lay prostrate before the ruined shrine of his passionate affections, it seemed to wake him from the stupor of despair. Once be-

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fore he had heard that strain ; it was in the cottage of Nicanor, on the evening when first he entered its hallowed precincts, and rushing to the window, he beheld, amidst the disorderly groups of the populace, a band of Christians being led forth to death. They were many in number, differing in age and sex ; from the hoary man, whose countenance bore traces of much suffering, and unwearied fortitude, to the fair child, whose lips had scarcely learned to lisp the name of that Saviour, for whose faith he was early called to die. But first among them all, her brow radiant with a heavenly glory that almost effaced the ravages of pain and suffering, Erinna led the way.

The last words of Aglæe rung in the ears of Glaucus ; and returning to the couch, he pressed his lips upon her pale cold forehead, and vowed by the God of the Christians, that her desires should be fulfilled. Then closing the door of the apartment, he hurried after the throng that followed the Christians to execution.

They were all assembled in the grand square of the city, and he in a moment singled out Erinna from the rest. She was surrounded by officers, who in vain attempted to prevail on her to take the incense they offered. Breaking wildly through the crowd, he threw himself at her feet and kissed the hem of her robe.

“ Erinna,” he exclaimed ; “ your sister waits to

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welcome you! She is your's *for ever*. No earthly temptation can again shake her allegiance to the Christian's God!"

He fell, overpowered by his emotions. A heavenly smile irradiated the features of Erinna. Again they proffered the incense, but she heeded not; and though the flames were kindled round her, and the blazing pitch poured on her limbs, her soul was wrapt in sweet communion with her Saviour, and in a foretaste of the unspeakable glory of heaven.

It is thus that many of the early Christians sealed their faith with their lives. Oh! while we honour the devotedness of those who counted their lives as nothing in respect of Jesus, let us strive to live according to their glorious example; and, while praying to be guarded from the errors into which many of that age had unhappily fallen, let us see to it that we come not short of their virtues; and the blessing of the martyr's God will be with all who serve Him faithfully, in spirit, and in truth.

* * * * *

Many years after this persecution, a Christian father frequently visited the hermitage of Plotinus: not secluding himself from the world, but retiring thither at stated periods, for the exercise of prayer and praise. It was said that many Christians owed their conversion to his surpassing

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zeal and eloquence ; and after long years spent in the faithful and laborious discharge of his duties to his divine master, he at length yielded his spirit to Him who gave, and instructed him to employ it in his service. Reader, that devoted and venerable hermit was Glaucus ! his child did not long survive Aglæe ; and he, becoming a disciple of the once despised Nazarenes, soon realized in his own experience, the blessed truth that, “ Christianity is the only religion for the afflicted.”

ORPHAN'S HYMN.

Lord of all life and light,
God of all grace,
Gladden the orphan's sight
Show him Thy face.

Father and mother, here,
Lord, he hath none ;
Sister and brother dear,
Both dead and gone.

Sovereign of holiness,
Ruling above ;
God of the fatherless,
Grant him thy love.

Sinking in loneliness,
Shrinking in fear ;
Do Thou the orphan bless,
Do Thou him cheer.

Take thou his helpless part ;
Be thou his stay ;
So shall his grateful heart
Love thee for aye.

Lord of all life and light,
God of all grace,
Gladden the orphan's sight ;
Show him thy face.

“ THE GABERLUNZIE.”

STORY OF THE BASTILE.

UPON the accession of Louis 16th to the throne of France in the year 1774. The ministers then in office moved by humanity, began their administrations with an act of clemency and justice; they inspected the registers of the Bastile, and set many prisoners at liberty.

Among these, there was an old man who had groaned in captivity, between four cold and thick stone walls, for forty-seven years. Hardened by adversity, which strengthens both the mind and the constitution, when they are not overpowered by it; he had resisted the horrors of his long imprisonment with an invincible and manly spirit. His locks white, thin, and scattered, had almost acquired the rigidity of iron; whilst his body, enclosed for so long a time in a coffin of stone, had borrowed from it a firm and compact habit.

One day, the narrow door of his tomb, turning upon its grating hinges, opened not as usual by halves, and an unknown voice announced his liberty, and bade him depart. Believing this to be a dream, he hesitated, but at length rose up and

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walked forth with trembling steps, amazed at the space he traversed. The stairs of the prison, the halls, the court, seemed to him vast, immense, and almost without bounds. He paused from time to time, and gazed around like a bewildered traveller. His vision was with difficulty reconciled to the light of day. He contemplated the heavens as a new object: his eyes remained fixed, and he could not even weep. Stupified with the newly acquired power of changing his position, his limbs, like his tongue, refused in spite of his efforts to perform their office; at length he got through the formidable gate. When he felt the motion of the carriage, prepared to transport him to his former habitation, he screamed out and uttered some inarticulate sounds, and as he could not bear this movement, he was obliged to descend. Supported by a benevolent arm, he sought out the street where he had formerly resided: he found it, but no trace of his house remained. One of the public edifices occupied the spot where it had stood.

He now saw nothing that brought to his recollection, either that particular quarter—the city itself, or the objects with which he had formerly been acquainted. The houses of his nearest neighbours, which were fresh in his memory, had assumed a new appearance. In vain were his looks directed to all the objects around him: he

could discover nothing of which he had the smallest remembrance. Terrified, he stopped and fetched a deep sigh. To him, what did it import that the city was peopled with living creatures? none of them were alive to him; he was unknown to all the world, and he knew nobody: and whilst he wept, he regretted his dungeon.

At the name of the Bastile, which he often pronounced, and even claimed as an asylum, and the sight of his clothes, which marked a former age, the crowd gathered round him: curiosity, blended with pity, excited their attention. The most aged asked him many questions, but had no remembrance of the circumstances he recapitulated, or of the friends whom he sought. At length accident brought in his way an old domestic, now a superannuated porter, who, confined to his lodge for fifteen years, had barely sufficient strength to open the gate.

Even he, did not know the master he had served; but informed him that grief and misfortune had brought his wife to the grave thirty years before; that his children were gone to distant climes; and that of all his relations and friends, none now remained. This recital was made with the indifference which people discover for events long passed, and almost forgotten. The miserable man groaned, and groaned alone. The crowd around, offering only unknown features

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to his view, made him feel the excess of his calamities even more than he would have done in the dreadful solitude that he had left.

Overcome with sorrow, he presented himself before the minister, to whose humanity he owed that liberty, which was now a burden to him. Bowing down, he said;—

“Restore me again to that prison, from which you have taken me: I cannot survive the loss of my nearest relations; of my friends, and, in one word, of a whole generation. Is it possible to be informed, in the same moment, of this universal destruction, and not to wish for death? This general mortality, which to the rest of the world comes slowly and by degrees, has to me been instantaneous,—the operation of a moment. Whilst secluded from society, I lived with myself only; but here, I neither can live with myself nor with this new race, to whom my anguish and despair, appear only as a dream. There is nothing terrible in dying, but it is dreadful, indeed, to be the last.”

The minister shed tears of compassion, and caused the old domestic to attend this unfortunate person, as he alone could talk to him of his family. This discourse was the single consolation he received: for he shunned all intercourse with a new race,—born since he had been exiled from the world; and passed his time in the midst of the gay city, Paris, in nearly the same solitude as he

STORY OF THE BASTILE.

had done for little less than half a century, whilst confined in a dungeon.

But the chagrin and mortification of meeting no person who could say to him, "we were formerly known to one another," soon put an end to his existence.

The above story is extracted from a description of the Bastile of Paris, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It is a translation from that elegant and energetic writer Mons. Mercier; who omits to state for what offence so terrible a punishment was inflicted. It is however ascertained from other sources, to have consisted in some unguarded expressions, which were esteemed disrespectful towards Louis 15th, at that time upon the throne of France.

THE MONTH.

MARCH.

LESS than a hundred years ago, the new year commenced in England on the 25th day of this month. Romulus, when he divided the year into ten months, named the first *Martius*, in honour of his father, Mars, the heathen god of war ; but Numa Pompilius added the months of January and February, and placed March as it now stands, *third* on the calendar. The Christian Church, however, adopted the season of Easter for the commencement of the year, and it continued to be considered so until the year 1782. Spring commences on the 20th of this month, and the length of the day now begins to exceed that of the night. Towards the end of March, the weather generally becomes mild, the birds renew their song ; and the trees and plants put forth buds and flowers. Many a schoolboy has been frightened at night by the owls, which begin to hoot about this time of the year ; and their howling and screeching

THE MONTH—MARCH.

are sometimes regarded as unlucky omens, even by persons of riper years. An old poet says,—

The cold March moon is dull and pale,
The air smells dank and harsh ;
The hooting howlet fills the gale
That breathes o'er yonder marsh.
Ill omened bird ! that by his cry,
Now startles dampish night ;
And bodes ill fortune tarrying nigh,
If *sages* augur right.

But we cannot help thinking, that those who *augur* any thing from the song of the owl, can be in reality no *sages* at all.

An old distich tells us,—

When screech owls shriek upon the chimney tops,
Death soon into the fated dwelling pops.

But the owl has often enough screeched over our chimney tops to assure us, did we need assurance, that the assertion is ridiculous and unfounded. The weather during March is more variable than in any other month of the year. A dry March is good for the husbandman ; and hence we have the proverb, “ A bushel of March *dust* is worth a king's ransom.” The beginning of the month is, however, in general, stormy ; the latter part, mild. There is an old fable about this month borrowing three days from April,—

March said to Aperill,
“ I see three hogs upon a hill ;

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

But lend your first three days to me,
And I'll be bound to gar them die.
The first, it sall be wind and weet ;
The next, it sall be snaw and sleet ;
The third, it sall be sic a freeze
Sall gar * the birds stick to the trees."
But when the borrowed days were gane,
The three silly hogs came hirplin' † hame.

This and similar old sayings signify, that the weather usual in the beginning of March would, if continued till April, destroy the tender shoots of the plants and trees, and do great mischief to the crops. The heathen god, Mars, with a helmet on his head, is generally seen in the pictorial representations of March ; with one hand he grasps a ram (Aries being the zodiacal sign of the month), and with the other a spade, and a basket of seeds, or a bunch of flowers.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

MARCH 1.

EVERY boy has heard of St. David, one of the seven champions of Christendom, and of all his wonderful performances ; but the patron saint of Wales was not a fighting man, but a bishop of the

* Make.

† Hobbling.

DUCK STONE.

little town of St. David's in Pembrokeshire, where he died peaceably in the year 544.

Welchmen are accustomed, on the 1st of March, to wear leeks in their caps, in commemoration of a victory gained on that day over the English, when each man distinguished himself by wearing a leek in his hat.

An old distich says,—

Taffy was born on a moonshiny night,
With his head in a pond, and his heels upright.

This is scarcely applicable, however, to Welchmen in general, who, though possessed of many excellent qualities, are generally considered to be any thing but *coolheaded*.

DUCK STONE.

THE proper number of players for this game is six or eight. A level and open piece of ground being selected, a large stone is placed in the centre of it, and a line or boundary marked at the distance of ten or twelve yards from the stone.

Each player is provided with a pebble (if smooth, so much the better), which should be rather larger than a cricket ball ; and the last to join the game,

CROSS STAG.

places his *duck* upon the large stone, and stands at a little distance on one side of it.

One of the players then throws his stone, and endeavours to knock the duck off its perch, and all the others do the like, in their turns; and as soon as any party has played, he stands near his stone, and watches for an opportunity of seizing and returning with it to bounds.

If any player touch his stone, *duck* runs after him, and endeavours to overtake him; but he is at liberty to do so only when the duck stone is in its place; and if any player succeed in knocking it away, those who are on the watch to recover their stones, must do so before he can replace it. If a player once touch his stone, he must run for it; and, if overtaken, becomes Duck. We have seen little boys take up stones which happened to be near their own, in order to deceive the *duck*; but this is not allowed, and any player handling a stone with that intention, is as liable to be touched as if he had taken up his own.

CROSS STAG.

THIS is a game of speed, and any number can join in it. The *last* person who exclaims, "Non

REX, ETC.

ego," must begin the game by giving chase to any player he chooses to select. If, before he reaches him, another party pass between the pursuer and the pursued, the former must immediately turn off and follow that person, till the scent be again crossed, or until he can overtake him. He must always give chase to the stag which crossed his path last; and when he succeeds in catching him, the captive becomes huntsman in his turn.

R E X, & C.

WE remember in our schoolboy days, to have beguiled many a long evening by the aid of this game, which we have since discovered is known to very few boys of the present day. Half a sheet of paper must first be cut into five equal portions, and upon each of these must be written one of the following words:—

Rex

Fur

Carnifex

Judex

Opifex.

They must then be folded evenly, and distributed among the five players. He who draws *Rex*, now says,—“ I command my man, *Opifex*, to find out the thief, *Fur*: ” upon which *Opifex* must carefully inspect the countenances of the other players,

THREAD THE NEEDLE.

and decide, as he best can, which of them holds the criminal paper. If he succeed, Judex passes sentence upon him, which is of course executed by Carnifex, and consists of the infliction upon the culprit's hand of any number of strokes (not exceeding 13), from a leathern strap. If, however, Opifex fail in performing his office, the punishment is to be inflicted upon him, and the lots are again folded and distributed.

Every player has, of course, an equal chance of being King, Criminal, Judge, Officer, or Executioner; and after the lots are opened, a clever Opifex can generally tell who is the possessor of Fur, by the concern visible in his countenance.

THREAD THE NEEDLE.

ANY number of boys or girls can play at this game, and the more the merrier. The players all stand in a row with hands joined, and the following dialogue takes place, between those stationed at the end of the line :—

“ How many miles to Jericho ? ”

“ Three score and ten.”

“ Can we get there by candlelight ? ”

“ Yes ; and back again.”

GARDENING.

“ Then open the gate without more ado,
And let the king and his court pass through.”

Upon this, the two players at the head of the line raise their hands in the form of an arch, and the Enquirer passes quickly through, followed by all the other players. If the line break, the process is repeated, but if they all regain their places without disuniting, the dialogue recommences ; the former respondent now putting the questions, and leading his followers through the arch at the opposite end. Sometimes this is varied, and in our opinion, improved, by forming the arch in the *centre* of the row, so that two lines pass through together, headed by the players from either end.

GARDENING.

TOWARDS the end of March, the Garden begins to wear quite a cheerful aspect, and unless the season be very backward, all the following plants will be in flower :—

Rosemary, Valerian, Crocus, Persian Iris, Snakeshead Iris, Cornelian Cherry, Houndstongue, Perennial Borage, Cyclamen, Apple, Violet, Snow-drop, Narcissus, Squill, Hyacinth, Primrose, He-

GARDENING.

patica, Heath, Saxifrage, Oxalis, Almond, Potentilla, Wallflower, Stocks, Pansey, China Rose, Coronilla, and many others. In this month you may sow :—

Mignonette and Sweet Peas, for succession ; Pheasant's-eye in bunches, four or five plants only being allowed to blow together ; Alyssum (an excellent plant for Rockwork), in stony soil ; Zinnia (also good for Rockwork), Pimpernel, Candytuft, Convolvulus major and minor, Nigella, Catchfly, Hawkweed (more properly Hawksbeard), Indian Pink, Jacobæa, Dwarf Scabious, and double annual Sunflower, in good garden soil, where they are to blow ; China and German Aster, Centaury or Sweet Sultan, and Chinese Hollyock, in beds of very rich vegetable mould, for transplanting ; Ten-week stock (under a handglass, if you have one), in good, finely sifted earth, mixed with a small quantity of very rotten manure ; Dwarf Nasturtium, in good mould, to train against Trellice ; and Lavatera, for which the soil cannot be too rich.

Plant :—Bulbs which flower in the autumn, such as Tiger Lilies, Dahlias, Anemonies, and Ranunculi ; also Box-edging, Evergreens, and other shrubs. Transplant layers of Carnations, which have struck, and seedlings of perennial plants, sown last year. Remove the withered leaves of Auriculas. Part fibrous-rooted, hardy

ANGLING.

plants, and lay turf walks and lawns, where required.

ANGLING.

CARP, Tench, Roach, Flounders, and Eels, may be taken during the month of March more readily than in February, and with the same baits which we before recommended. Trout will rise freely in mild weather, and in salmon rivers Samlets or Par will afford good practice to the fly-fisher. Salmon also are lawful sport during the present month; but we confine our observations to the more humble branches of the gentle art. Tench may be taken with either of the pastes already mentioned; but the water should be baited both before and after you commence fishing. The best ground bait for Tench is made of bread, soaked in water, and afterwards kneaded up with bran and pollard; but a less extravagant and almost equally useful one, may be formed of bran and clay. Tench will take any of the baits which we have recommended for Carp.

The flies which will be found most useful in March, are (in addition to those mentioned in our two preceding numbers), the match-brown, early dark willow fly, brown, black, red, and golden palmer hackles, and the blue dun.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A SCHOOLBOY, being desired by his master to compose a certain number of Latin verses, and being rather idly inclined, evaded the task by showing up the following Hexameter and Pentameter :—

Carmina, carmina, carmina, carmina, carmina, carmen :
Carmina multa petis : Carmina multa dedi.

Surely these were *verses enough* for any reasonable being !

IN AMERICA may occasionally be seen a horse, saddled and bridled, taking his way home, without his master ; who has given him certificate of leave, by chalking in large letters on the saddle-flaps on each side, “ Let him go ! ”—(*Capt. Marryat.*)

HOW TO DECLINE A NOUN.—Most schoolboys, as the author observes, would rather *decline* it altogether :—

Musa, musæ,
The gods were at tea,
Musæ, musam,
Eating raspberry jam,
Musa, musâ,
Made by Cupid's mamma :

ODDS AND ENDS.

Musæ, musarum,
"Thou diva dearum,"
Muis musas,
Said Jove to his lass.
Musæ, musis,
Can Ambrosia beat this!"

(Comic Latin Grammar.)

CHINESE DEXTERITY. The most graceful feat I saw while in China, was performed by a little boy. He whirled round two tea saucers upon the ends of two canes, while he threw his body into a variety of attitudes. At length, after exciting much admiration, he proceeded to lay the top-stone upon his trials of skill, by tumbling fairly over, while the well balanced saucers were revolving upon the ends of the canes. This tumble was composed of a series of evolutions, all of them following each other in steady order, till the boy was again upon his legs. To encourage him, a conjuror stood by, expressing his doubts and surprise alternately, and after the final stroke, caught him in his arms, as if fearful lest too much exertion should injure his wits or his health.

(The Chinese as they are.)

A
VISIT TO NAPLES

AND ITS ENVIRONS,

BY UNCLE JOSEPH.

PART III.

GEORGE. You promised, Uncle Joseph, to tell us something about your visit to Herculaneum and Pompeii; and I hope you will do so this evening as we are to be all alone.

UNCLE JOSEPH. I have no objection; but I must first describe my excursion to Mount Vesuvius. I left Naples, in company with a friend, a short time before midnight; and after a drive of about an hour, arrived at Resina, a small village situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and about six miles from Naples. We gave notice that we were going to ascend the mountain, and would require a guide, and were presently attacked by half a dozen, who produced testimonials and recommendations from former travellers. Having engaged one of them, we were informed that if we wished to reach the summit in time to see the sun rise, it would be necessary to set out immediately; and having each selected a horse, we mounted and began the ascent by torchlight.

WILLIAM. I thought mules were always chosen

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for climbing expeditions; and that they were more sure-footed than horses.

UNCLE JOSEPH. Generally speaking, they are so; but horses which have been long accustomed to traverse mountainous and uneven roads, become as safe and as careful as either mules or asses. My beast was well acquainted with the road; and so long as I left him to himself, carried me over the roughest places without making one false step. He was a mischievous fellow too, and before we left the town of Resina, he took it into his head to walk up a long flight of stone stairs in front of a church: on arriving at the top he turned round, flung out his heels at the door, and then walked down again. This I suppose was to show me what he could do if he chose. When he was on rough ground, however, he went very carefully; and once, when traversing the edge of a rock, overhanging a frightful precipice, I attempted to guide him with the rein, he stopped immediately; nor could he be persuaded to move until I threw the bridle on his neck, and suffered him to take his own way.

After riding for nearly two hours, we arrived at a building called the Hermitage, and here we dismounted; and leaving our horses to the care of a boy whom we had brought with us, proceeded on foot to the bottom of the Cone, where the ascent became very laborious.

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Our guide went first, bearing a torch, and we both followed, clambering like bears over enormous masses of lava and burned rock. We were compelled to rest very frequently, and whether from the change of atmosphere, or from our own violent exertions, I know not,—both my friend and myself experienced a sensation very similar to sea-sickness; and once or twice hesitated whether we should not give up the expectation of seeing the sun rise from the summit, and proceed more leisurely.

At last we reached the margin of the crater, and both threw ourselves down in a state of complete exhaustion. In a very few minutes, however, we recovered a little, and wrapped in our cloaks (for it was exceedingly cold), awaited with some impatience, the rising of the sun. We looked down into the crater, from whence a suffocating vapour arose, and beheld a fierce glowing fire at a great depth below us, from which now and then a red flame burst forth,—casting a lurid glare upon the rocky sides of the vast chasm. I was surprised to see in various parts of the *outer* side of the mountain, smaller furnaces, burning with great brilliancy. From one of these I raked forth pieces of sulphur, and various kinds of metallic substances,—all of them white with heat; and when I thrust my stick a short distance into the sand on which I stood, I found, on with-

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drawing it, that several inches were quite burnt away.

WILLIAM. Were you not afraid of falling through into the fire?

UNCLE JOSEPH. No; I think there was but little danger of that. Our guide had brought some eggs with him, and having scratched a hole, he buried them in the sand, and in a few minutes they were thoroughly roasted. By the time we had finished our repast, we could see the rays of the sun peeping over the distant hills, and in a little time it rose in all its beauty. I thought of Milton's lines,—

“ And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.”

and stood lost in admiration. Turning at length from the scene of glory, I cast my eyes upon the plain below. It was a beautiful and fertile tract of country, covered with vineyards, with here and there a few picturesque buildings dimly seen, and at a little distance, situated at the foot of lofty and precipitous hills, the little town of Castell-a-mare, which the approaching sunbeams had hardly yet reached. Not far from the mainland, rising boldly above the blue waters, was the Island of Capri, once the abode of the emperor Tiberius, and at no great distance beyond it, Ischia and Procida, broke the calm surface of the

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sea. The promontory of Misenum, which had before bounded the view, appeared now close under my feet, and I could see the blue waters of the Mediterranean, far, far beyond it.

GEORGE. How very beautiful it must have been !

UNCLE JOSEPH. To stand and gaze upon a scene so magnificent, with no sound, not even the hum of an insect, to interrupt the calm enjoyment of it,—to behold more of impressive beauty at a glance, than I had seen before in many years, almost made me fancy for a moment, that I was a creature of another world, privileged to look down with rapture on all the beauties and delights of this, without a share in any of its toils and troubles. Such exalted happiness could be but of short duration, and only made me feel my own insignificance the more, when interrupted.

WILLIAM. Did you go down into the Crater ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. My companion and I descended as far as it was possible for us to go. You must know that the crater of Vesuvius is about half a mile in diameter, and nearly one thousand feet in depth ; and that it diminishes from all points, towards the bottom, where it forms a kind of funnel or chasm of unfathomable deepness, and surrounded by glowing rocks and burning sulphur. We descended until we stood over a

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vast crevice, the rough sides of which were of a brilliant white heat, and from whence issued thick clouds of suffocating smoke. Wishing to look as far as possible into the bowels of the volcano, I leapt over one of the smallest of these openings; and stood upon a piece of black rock, surrounded by a glowing ring of fire, which seemed arising from a bottomless pit lined with the devouring element. I was obliged, every now and then, to throw myself upon my face on the rock, to avoid suffocation; and could with difficulty, after seeing my danger, muster sufficient strength and courage to leap the chasm which separated me from my companion.

Our descent had been over a slope of light pumice dust, in which we sank to the knees at every step; and down which, it being very steep, we slid with tremendous velocity, clearing at each step nearly a dozen feet, and progressing in much the same manner as if we had been skating over smooth ice.

WILLIAM. What fun! how I should have liked it!

UNCLE JOSEPH. You would probably have run into danger as I did; for having outstripped our guide, I came within three or four yards of one of the smaller craters, which abound both on the inner and outer surfaces of the mountain, and

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only avoided stepping into it, by throwing myself upon my face, and almost burying myself in the dust.

Our *ascen'* was far more difficult, and occupied considerably more than an hour. We had to climb over immense black crags, consisting of burned rocks and masses of molten metals, sulphur, and stones; and now and then a huge block of lava gave way under our feet, and fell with a crashing, hollow sound into the very depths of the crater, which sent forth a gust of smoke and flame as it swallowed the morsel, which it had perhaps but a short time before thrown up. We had to pause and rest very often, and were careful to keep a good look-out overhead for falling rocks or stones.

Terribly fatigued, we at length regained the summit, and having collected a few specimens of lava and other volcanic substances, commenced our descent to the hermitage. Our guide had a great many stories to tell about the mountain. One was of a Frenchman who clambered to its summit, and then precipitated himself into the burning lava, where, of course, he was instantly consumed.

GEORGE. Was he mad?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I believe he was; for I cannot think that any man in his senses would close his life in the commission of so grievous a sin.

A VISIT TO NAPLES.

As we were descending, we saw, at a little distance, a party consisting of two or three gentlemen and a lady, who were progressing slowly towards the summit. The lady was in a kind of small, light, sedan chair, supported by four men, who, crawling on all-fours, lifted it from crag to crag in a manner which must have been, I should think, any thing but pleasant to its occupant. I could not imagine how they would ever get down again, but suppose they managed it somehow.

GEORGE. But I thought Vesuvius was always throwing out red hot thunderbolts, and streams of fire, and boiling water, and every thing horrible.—Is it not ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. Not always. I have just described its usual appearance; but occasionally it bursts forth with the most awful violence. Since the eruption of the year 79, by which, as I have already told you, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabice were destroyed, there have been about forty convulsions. Of these, one of the most considerable occurred in the year 1794, when the town of Torre del Greco was for the tenth time overwhelmed. On this occasion, the base of the cone opened, and an immense stream of lava issued forth, forming, in its course, five small craters, which ejected red hot stones with much violence. The lava, in the short space of six hours, flowed more than three miles, and ran nearly six hundred

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feet into the sea, forming a promontory four hundred yards in breadth, and twenty-four feet in height. After the lava had ceased to flow, the mouth of the Volcano threw out dense clouds of dust and ashes, which completely shrouded the whole mountain, and so darkened the air, that at Caserta, a town more than ten miles from Vesuvius, torches were obliged to be used at mid-day.

More than once during an eruption, the sea has been observed to retire suddenly, as if a secret channel had been opened to it; and shortly after such an occurrence, boiling salt water has been thrown out with great violence from the cone of the mountain, nearly four thousand feet above the level of the sea.

WILLIAM. How I should like to see an eruption!

UNCLE JOSEPH. And so should I; but I should prefer to view it from a distance. Our path down the mountain was through vineyards laden with grapes. In some places the vines crept up stakes and trees, forming beautiful festoons, while in others they spread luxuriously over the ground. The sun was shining with great fervour, and we felt its rays doubly oppressive after the cold atmosphere which we had just quitted. On arriving at the inn at Resina, my companion and I cleansed ourselves of the ashes and dust with which we were completely *laden*, and after a slight meal, threw

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ourselves upon a hard sofa, in a state of complete exhaustion.

Having slept rather more than two hours, we ordered our carriage to be prepared; and after inscribing our names in a book kept for the purpose, took the road to Pompeii. We were much amused by the appearance of some of the vehicles which passed us, and which, it being a saint's day or festival, were very numerous. The Neapolitans are remarkably fond of driving. The middle classes often live miserably, that they may keep a carriage and horses; and even the poorest of the people find means occasionally to gratify their locomotive inclination. Seven, eight, nine, and sometimes as many as *a dozen* persons, will manage to attach themselves to a vehicle drawn by a single horse, and mounted on a pair of wheels only. A little in advance of us, was one of these machines, consisting of a car, into which five people had squeezed themselves. On one of the shafts, two young men, and on the other a fat woman, were also seated; and three boys were stowed in a basket, which was slung behind. The driver of this vehicle and its cargo, stood behind the car and over the basket, and kept on smacking a long whip over the heads of the company. They all appeared very merry, and were singing and waving their hats, and going along at a great rate, when suddenly the cord by which the basket was

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suspended broke, and that part of the machine, with the boys who occupied it, fell to the ground, and rolled over in the dust.

It was in vain that the unfortunate fellows called after their companions. They were quite unconscious of what had happened, and drove on at a brisk pace.

GEORGE. Were the three boys left behind, then ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I supposed they were, until, having alighted for a few minutes at a Locanda or inn by the roadside we discovered them comfortably seated in the basket, which they had found means to attach to our carriage.

WILLIAM. How excessively cool !

UNCLE JOSEPH. One of them made an apology for the liberty they had taken ; and finding their companions had also stopped at the Locanda, they again attached themselves to their former vehicle, and we saw no more of them.

WILLIAM. How far is Pompeii from Resina ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I think about six miles ; but it seemed a great deal more to me, for the heat of the sun was tremendous, and the dusty roads made the journey any thing but pleasant. We passed through the village of Torre del Greco, which has been several times overwhelmed by the lava and ashes ejected from Vesuvius, and which

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is built over the spot on which the original town stood.

As we approached Pompeii, we observed an elevation of great extent, covered most luxuriously with vineyards ; and beneath this a great part of the city still lies buried.

WILLIAM. When was Pompeii discovered ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. In the year 1750, by some labourers, who, while cutting a canal, came upon the mosaic pavement of a house. It was in no place much more than twelve feet beneath the surface, and being covered only with loose dust, was easily excavated. We walked through the streets, which are narrow, and on the pavement, of which the marks of the wheels of carriages may still be seen. On each side are flagstones for foot-passengers, and many of the houses are built almost entirely of lava.

The Temple of Isis first attracted our attention. Some of its pillars are quite entire, and all the lamps, candlebra, and instruments used in sacrifice, were found in this building. We were shown the secret entrance, staircase, and hiding-place, from which the priests of Isis gave their answers to those who came to consult the oracle.

GEORGE. What was the oracle ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I should hardly have expected a schoolboy, twelve years of age, to ask that ques-

tion. Oracles were supposed to be the answers of the gods given to mortals, who were obliged to make costly sacrifices before being allowed to consult them. There can be no doubt that the answers were in reality given by the priests of the temple, who generally contrived that their prophecies might be interpreted in two ways; and where they could not manage this, often maintained an obstinate silence.

GEORGE. Oh, I remember now. Croesus, the king of Lydia, was cheated in that way, was he not?

UNCLE JOSEPH. Yes. Croesus was informed that if he crossed the River Halys, he would destroy a great empire. He did so,—and instead of the empire of his enemy, which he supposed to be intimidated, he was conquered, and lost his own. But let us return to Pompeii.

From the Temple of Isis we proceeded to the Forum and the Temple of Jupiter. Many of the buildings, and particularly the latter, appear scarcely to have recovered from the ruinous effects of the earthquake of the year 63, when they were overwhelmed and buried beneath the ashes of Vesuvius. Building materials and instruments were found about the Temple of Jupiter, and it was evidently undergoing repair at the time that Pompeii was destroyed. I and my companion sat down to sketch the ruins of this temple, but had

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scarcely commenced, when we were attacked by a man in a smart uniform of blue and gold, who informed us that no one was allowed to make any drawings in the city without an order from the Studio at Naples. I thought this a very strange rule, and continued to use my pencil, till finding I did not intend either to bribe or obey him, the man left me, and returned in about a quarter of an hour with a dozen soldiers, who proceeded to use violent measures against us. Having finished our sketches, however, we now put our books in our pockets, and the soldiers retired, while we continued our researches.

After walking about a quarter of a mile through a vineyard and gardens, which are supposed to cover a part of the ancient city, we arrived at a very spacious amphitheatre. It is formed partly of lava and partly of bricks; the upper rows of seats being supported by an arch of amazing strength. There were two dens for wild beasts, in which were found the skeletons of some animals, supposed to have been lions, and of a man, their keeper. Returning to the other part of the town, we visited two smaller amphitheatres, and afterwards some of the private houses. In one of these, a woman with her child was discovered, apparently overtaken while flying from destruction, being in an erect position, with one hand outstretched before her. There were only three hun-

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dred skeletons found in Pompeii, from which we may infer that the destruction of that city was not very sudden. The skeleton of a man who had delayed his departure that he might gather together his treasures, was found grasping bags of gold and the keys of his strong chests. Prisoners in underground cells were forgotten in the universal terror, and their bones were found still laden with the fetters which had prevented their escape; while those who were busily engaged in endeavouring to extricate their friends or relations already buried, perished with the implements of labour in their hands. At a short distance from the city, a villa was discovered in which upwards of twenty-nine skeletons were found; and these, like all the others, crumbled into dust as soon as they were exposed to the open air.

From all these appearances, we may infer that Pompeii was overwhelmed by sudden but successive showers of ashes; and that those of the inhabitants who fled at the first alarm, escaped from the catastrophe.

With the exception of the great amphitheatre, there are no very fine buildings in this city; but I found more to interest me there than during all my subsequent travels among the monuments of antiquity. I have since gazed with admiration upon the magnificent buildings which adorned the city of Athens more than two thousand years ago,

and before the town of Pompeii was founded ; but they have been exposed to the ravages of time, while this city has been preserved by the dust which destroyed its inhabitants. Here I beheld the very cups from which, seventeen centuries ago, the Roman people drank : their paintings, their furniture, their implements of husbandry and domestic utensils, might here be seen. It was, in truth, *the mummy of a city*. A stranger among modern towns, like the Egyptian of ages past, among the people of to-day ; and as I gazed upon the scene of ruin and desolation, and thought of the multitudes who once thronged its streets, and of the mighty nation which then governed the world, I remembered my own happy country, and rejoiced to feel, that the Christian hath a home and a hope which shall endure, when all things else have passed away.

There were several shops with the names and occupations of their inhabitants written over the doors, and in two or three of these, were found mills, ovens, and even bread, which had been baked for the use of the people, of Pompeii. The furniture of the writing-table, the bed-chamber, and the toilet, were discovered in their respective places, and even the rouge, with which the ladies were accustomed to paint their cheeks, has been preserved to this day. Upon one house was an advertisement, signifying, that nine hundred shops,

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the property of a single person, were to be let ; and in many places were beautiful pictures, formed of small pieces of marble, arranged so carefully, with respect to shade and colour, as to give the appearance of a beautiful painting. Nearly every thing portable, however, has been removed to the Studio, or Museum at Naples ; and, though we cannot but wish that we could see the various articles of furniture, &c., where they were first discovered, there is no doubt, that they will be more carefully preserved, where they now are.

On leaving the city, we passed by what was formerly the guard-house, and in which, were found arms, both offensive and defensive, fetters, stock, and other instruments, for the punishment of criminals ; and the skeletons of some soldiers, who had perished at their posts. Over the gate, was seen inscribed, the name of the city, and this removed the doubt, which at first existed, whether it were indeed Pompeii.

We found our carriage waiting, and a drive of about half an hour, brought us to Castell-a-mare, where we had determined to pass the night ; and we stopped at an Inn which, from its outward appearance, seemed to promise good accommodation.

GEORGE. You must have been rather tired, after all your climbing, driving, and walking.

UNCLE JOSEPH. We were indeed ; and after

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ordering dinner to be got ready, we adjourned to the bathing-rooms, and refreshed ourselves by plunging into the sea, and afterwards putting on clean apparel. On returning to our inn, I was much amused by a little fat Italian, possessed of as merry a countenance as ever beamed above a waistcoat. He appeared to have a great attachment to Englishmen; and on hearing that we were in the house, paid us a visit, and requested in very polite terms, to be allowed to eat his dinner in our company. To this we consented, and while bowing himself out of the room, he turned round, and waving his hand, exclaimed in a quick, good-humoured voice, "How d'ye do!" meaning, I suppose, "good bye." He had not, however, proceeded many steps, when a new idea seemed to have entered his head, and returning, he thrust it into the apartment, uttered with great vehemence, the words "Ross biff!" and again vanished.

When the dinner made its appearance, I discovered the meaning of this last interjection. The little man, wishing to gratify us with a national dish, had, very good-naturedly, procured a meagre *leg of beef*, which he had had roasted, and of which he did all in his power to make us eat the whole. He was also anxious, that we should do full justice to the maccaroni, and taking a long string in his fingers, placed one end of it in my

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mouth, and the other in his own, and (having first tied a knot in the centre,) we ate till our noses met ; though as he was the first to arrive at the knot, he told me with a smile, that he would also be the first to take a wife.

WILLIAM. We have no chance of an *Aunt Joseph*, just yet, then.

UNCLE JOSEPH. It appears not.

After dinner, we felt very much refreshed, and as it was too early to think of going to bed, we strolled about the little town of *Castell-a-mare* for nearly two hours. The Bay of Naples by moonlight, the lofty and almost perpendicular hills behind the town, clothed to the very summit with the richest verdure, and Mount Vesuvius in the distance, glowing occasionally, like a half extinguished furnace in the clouds, formed a magnificent view, which seems even now, to be spread out before me.

While I was gazing upon it, a hand was suddenly placed upon my arm, and a loud harsh voice exclaimed, " Ha ! ha !—how do ? who'd ha' thought of finding you here ?"

GEORGE. Ah ! I know who it was.

UNCLE JOSEPH. I can assure you, I was not at all pleased, to find that I had again fallen in with the man of oats and straw, who had before proved a most disagreeable companion. I put a good face on the matter, and surrendered my hand

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to his grasp; and after a casual observation or two, wished him good evening, and walked towards the pier. He was not so easily to be shaken off, however, but followed me wherever I went.

Happening to observe a boat which was preparing to sail on a fishing expedition, I entered into conversation with the owner, (for by this time, I had learned to talk Italian tolerably well,) and finding that he was not likely to be gone more than an hour, proposed to accompany him, as I wished to witness the method of spearing fish.

GEORGE. And you got rid of old Smith then, of course?

UNCLE JOSEPH. On the contrary, he expressed his determination, to "follow, follow over mountain, follow, follow over sea;" and though I represented the danger of catching colds, fevers, and every thing else I could think of, he took his seat beside me, and the boat shoved off.

WILLIAM. He must have been tipsy.

UNCLE JOSEPH. He was a little so; but there's the supper bell, so I must defer telling you what happened to him till another time.

THE ORDER OF THE "IRON CROSS."

"WHILE Europe, shaken to the centre by the dreadful catastrophe of the Russian campaign, was breaking into new alliances, Russia, which, placed in the front of the battle, had already both drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, was straining every nerve to augment her military force.

* * * *

Frederic William at that time instituted a new order, called the "Iron Cross," to reward his subjects for the sacrifices they were called on to make on behalf of their country; and invited all classes to pour their gold and silver ornaments into the public treasury, where they would receive iron ones fashioned in the same form, to preserve in their families.

* * * *

The women soon placed their precious ornaments in the public treasury, and received in return similar bijoux, beautifully worked in bronze bearing this simple inscription,

"I gave gold for iron."

(Alison's History of Europe.)

ORDER OF THE IRON CROSS.

Thou badge of modern chivalry !
Ne'er in their proudest fame
Could knightly deeds or patriot worth,
Boast a more glorious name.
Never hath England's cross of pride
A loftier guerdon won,
Than Russia's monarch then bestowed
On each devoted son.

They gave their rich ancestral gems—
The relics of the past ;
The gifts their princely sires had won
By deeds, that wealth outlast.
The sword with jewel studded hilt,
The helm of gold, they brought ;
Spoils of the east, in many a field
Of death and victory bought.

And storied urns of priceless worth,
Wrought on Italia's shore ;
Trophies, that from her classic soil,
Their conquering fathers bore.
And soon, a gentler, sadder train
Followed that warrior band ;
Bright were the pearls on each young brow,
And fair each jewelled hand.

Yet, if the downcast eye look'd sad,
A glow was on the cheek ;
The arching curve of each proud lip,
Seem'd of high thoughts to speak.
They gave their gems and gold for *Her*—
The country of their birth ;
Strike, patriots strike !—'tis for your home
And those who bless your hearth.

ORDER OF THE IRON CROSS.

Not now, shall history's tablet speak
Of southern dames alone ;
The fame of Carthage finds a peer
In Europe's colder zone.
The Prussian matrons gave their gems,
Though round their heartstrings twined ;
The daughter's love, the woman's faith,
In each bright ray was shrined.

Oh ! woman, in thy heart are depths
Unscann'd by mortal eyes ;
Where, in it's own pure light of love,
Thy being's mystery lies :
The widow gazed with tearful eye
On gifts more sacred now ;
The child her mother's smile recall'd,
The maid, her lover's vow.

With no poor vanity nor pride,
They o'er their treasures bent,
Had it been thus, the meed they won
The proudest might content :
Though costly gems of glittering worth
By iron were replac'd,
A spell of more than transient pow'r
On that dark ore was traced.

" They have given gold for Iron,"
Knights of the " Iron cross ;"
Forward,—your country claims your lives,—
Bright eyes will weep your loss.
'Twas this that nerved the patriot's arm,
And fired the warrior's heart ;
They fought—and victory's laurel owed,
To woman's zeal, a part.

E. J. M.

**THE
YOUNG GARDENERS,
AND THE
LILIES OF THE VALLEY.**

A FABLE.

IN one of the most solitary spots of a beach-wood, in the county of Bedfordshire, sheltered both from sun and storm, by the thickness of the surrounding foliage,—a group of Lilies of the valley, flourished unnoticed and unthought of, except when some traveller paused for a moment on his way, to breathe their delightful odours, though unconscious of the source from whence they sprung. Thus the good and happy people of the world often add to the enjoyment of their fellow-creatures, labouring without ostentation for their improvement, and satisfied with no other reward than the consciousness that they have done their best to make others good and happy also.

One day the younger bulbs, thus addressed their parents,—“ We cannot think why you delight in this deep dell, without a ray of heat from the sun, which shines so pleasantly over the hills and fields; or why you fasten us so closely to your

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sides, that we are deprived of all the advantages which other flowers enjoy, and of every opportunity of seeing the world."

"Be content, my children," replied the elder bulbs, "with the station in which providence has placed you, and do not in your eagerness to enjoy unknown pleasures, forget to be grateful for the blessings which you daily receive. Remember, also, that there is no good thing in this world that has not some evil attending it."

Just as she had finished speaking, a group of lively children came shouting and laughing to the edge of the dell, and uttering a cry of delight at the sight of the purple and yellow flowers, which covered its sloping side, were beginning eagerly to gather them, when two or three of them exclaimed at the same moment, "What is it which smells so delightfully?" it is neither the primroses nor the perriwinkles,—do let us find out what it is."

"Oh!" cried a little girl, who had strayed away from the others, "do come and see what I have found,—such pretty little white blossoms, and large green leaves, and quite a bunch of them, too. I declare these are the flowers which smell so delightfully, do let us take some home to plant in our garden. I'm sure dear mamma will like them."

Immediately the little spades and trowels were

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in motion, and our friends, the young Lilies of the valley, were parted rather roughly from the parent plants, and conveyed with other roots to ornament a raised border among Tulips and Daffodils, and all the gayest flowers of the season. The young party reached home rather late, and so tired with their rambles, and joyous exertions of mind and body, that they hastily planted their treasures in the ground, and then retired to rest.

The following morning, the Lilies in vain attempted to raise their silvery bells. The bright sun which nourished and invigorated their neighbours—the Tulips, and displayed the full beauty of their gay colours, oppressed the Lilies, and caused their delicate blossoms to droop and seek shelter beneath the broad leaves with which nature had provided them. The thoughtless children who had placed them there, soon came to examine the state of their new plants, and finding how drooping, they looked, poured water hastily upon them; but this, far from refreshing them, bent both leaves and blossoms completely to the ground. Faint and dying as they were, however, their fragrance still remained, and the odours they shed around them, reached their gay and painted neighbours—the Tulips, who ridiculed and insulted them; asking how they dared to place themselves at all near them; and whether by displaying their little pale bells, they meant to vie with them in

beauty? "Ah! that is right," said one of them, as the Lilies bowed lower to the earth; "hide your diminutive blossoms, and give place to your betters;—doubtless you will soon be returned to the retirement from whence you came, and which, I suppose, you escaped from under cover of the night; take our advice, and never again attempt to exalt yourself to our raised border, but keep in the hollow and the shade."

"Boast not thus of a beauty as frail as ours," replied the Lilies in a faint voice; "seek not to crush those who are already humbled and dying, but take warning by our folly, and remember that you are by nature as weak and as much dependent upon others as ourselves. Pity us, therefore; and we will pardon your insulting language, and hope you may never suffer as we have done."

Pride sometimes suffers great falls, and so it proved in this case; for while the Lily spoke, a riotous boy came scampering along with a whip in his hand, trampling down some of the Tulips, and Daffodils, and snapping off the heads of others, and exclaiming, "how I hate these gaudy flowers, which, though they lift their heads so high, and stare so proudly at the sun, have not any smell, and to my taste, but little beauty."

And now the Lilies thought, as they shrank, scorched, and withered from the burning heat of the noonday sun, that they could be content to

live in their former solitude for ever, beneath the friendly shade of the old beach tree ; and the children who saw both flowers, and leaves bowed to the ground, ran anxiously to the gardener, and begged him to hasten to the relief of their dying plants. By him they were immediately removed to an obscure corner of the garden, where, concealed by overhanging shrubs, and in almost as deep seclusion as they had been accustomed to, in their own dear native dell, they gradually revived ; removed, however, from the fostering care of their parents, and with nothing but unavailing repentance to employ their thoughts ; they saw plainly their own folly, and felt that its punishment was deserved. They perceived, that though they had been discontented with their situation, it had been allotted to them, because best suited to their delicate nature ; they felt that they had been too anxious to leave the protection of their parents, and to cast off the restraint of their authority ; and they acknowledged that had they been left to perish among the gay flowers they had so often envied, their fate would not have been unmerited.

MRS. M.

SARDANAPALUS, KING OF BABYLON.

AN ANECDOTE.

I DARESAY many of my young friends have heard of the great Queen Semiramis, who, in the early ages of the world, made herself so famous by her conquests, and especially by founding the magnificent city of Babylon. She was the wife of Ninus, King of Assyria, and by her advice, and even her personal courage, greatly assisted him in all his wars. After his death, she reigned alone ; and though her character was stained by many unfeminine vices, her bravery, energy and strength of mind, enabled her to raise the kingdom she governed to great honour and eminence. Not so, her successor Ninyas, who was remarkable for little except his indolence and love of pleasure ; and the same character was shared by his descendants for thirty generations.

But Sandanapalus, the last king of Nineveh, surpassed all his predecessors in effeminacy and indolence. So forgetful was he of his duties as a sovereign, and his dignity as a man, that he secluded himself in his palace, assuming the dress, and sharing the occupations of the women, who surrounded him there. It could not be supposed

that brave men would long endure to be governed by a monarch so unworthy. Arbaces, governor of Media, and Belesis, governor of Babylon, were the first to raise a conspiracy against him; and while Sardanapalus was lulled into a vain security by the words of an oracle, which had declared that Nineveh could never be taken, until the river Tigris (on which it stood) should become an enemy to the city; Arbaces and Belesis were raising troops, and leaving no means untried which might ensure the success of their enterprise. At length, however, in extraordinary coincidence with the words of the oracle, the Tigris, swollen by heavy inundations, burst its banks, and throwing down twenty stadia, (about two miles and a half,) of the walls of the city, left a breach for the passage of the enemy. This intelligence quite overpowered Sardanapalus; he already considered himself lost; and instead of making more vigorous efforts to defend his crown and life, he determined to die, rather than expose himself to the disgrace of a conquest, which would have made him the prisoner of his own subjects, and probably have terminated, ere long, in a painful and ignominious death. Sardanapalus, therefore, entered his palace, and, ordering a pile of wood to be prepared, he heaped upon it all his most precious treasures and having set fire to it, he, and all who yet remained faithful to him, perished in the flames.

SARDANAPALUS.

With him ended the Assyrian empire, and three considerable kingdoms were formed from its ruins; those of the Medes, the Babylonians, and the Ninevites. Had Sardanapalus possessed half the energy of a man, he might have preserved his kingdom, and his life, but indolence and baseness first sowed the seeds of a revolt which he had neither skill nor courage to quell, and a blind superstition prevented him from taking advantage of the means of defence still in his power.

History The contrast between the Amazonian foundress of Assyria, and her last degenerate king, is very striking; but it would be difficult to decide which of the two most shamed their sex. The warlike habits and cruel temper of Semiramis, were as far removed from the gentleness, and delicacy which constitute a woman's greatest charm, as the indolent effeminacy of the pleasure-seeking Sardanapalus, was disgraceful to his character, and dangerous to his crown.

E. J. M.

TURKISH FABLES, &c.

"THE MIND IS ITS OWN TIME."

It is related in the Alcoran,—the Scripture or Bible of the Mahometans, that an angel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning, to give him a sight of all things in paradise, and in hell, of which the prophet took a distinct view ; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with his Creator, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was translated in so small a space of time, that Mahomet, at his return, found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel carried him away,) before the water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales, which relates to this passage of that famous imposter. A Sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd ; but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gifts of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of his passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this, the Sultan was

directed to place himself by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub, amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bade him plunge his head into the water, and at the same time, he found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on a proper method for getting a livelihood in this strange country; accordingly, he applied himself to some men whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood; these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune.

He lived in this town for a long time, and had seven sons, and as many daughters; he was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets, as a porter, for his livelihood. One day as he was walking down by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former, and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahomedans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge, he no sooner raised his head above the water, but he found himself stand-

ing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude ; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of, was only a dream and delusion, that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood, and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan doctor took this occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God ; and that he, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay, a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it ; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it, with useful or amusing thoughts, or in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly ! The latter, is like the owner of a

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barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into beautiful gardens, green meadows, and fruitful fields, and can scarcely cast his eyes on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

(*Spectator*,—No. 99.)

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A DEAR CHILD
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY E. J. M.

I twine a wreath of summer flowers,
Meet garland for thy brow,
Though spring with sweet endearing smile,
Rests lightly on thee now.

As yet her early blossoms grace
Thy cheek and forehead fair,
But soon will summer beauty lay
Her magic finger there.

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Bright as the promise of thy spring,
May be thine after day,
And joyous as the lark that soars
On his exulting way.

True to thine own fair home on earth,
Yet seeking one above; -
Oh ! be thou still, what now thou art,
A thing to bless and love.

I would not have thy lot, fair child,
Untouched by human pain ;
Alas ! through many sorrows here,
Our promis'd rest we gain.

But may His hand who deals alike,
The sunshine and the show'r,
To rear the tender springing herb,
And gild the opening flow'r,

E'en from life's sad and mingled fount,
Unnumber'd blessings bring,—
Tears, that like jewels on thy brow,
Shall light heaven's deathless spring.

THE DOMESTIC CAT.

MANY years ago, cats were held in much higher estimation than they are at the present day. We read of a *white cat* who was treated with respect by her whole tribe; and who subsequently became a Princess, and married a Prince; and though we cannot help feeling some doubts about the truth of this story, there is one better authenticated of a poor boy named Whittington, who carried a cat with him to a far distant country, where such an animal had never before been seen, and where, since,

“When the Cat’s away,
The mice will play,”

every house, not excepting the palace of the king, swarmed with rats and mice. The historian tells us that Dick Whittington’s Cat proved so great an acquisition to the king of the said country, that he purchased it for an immense sum, and made its former possessor quite a wealthy man.

It is just possible that a circumstance similar to that related of Dick Whittington’s Cat, may

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have happened long ago in our own island ; for we know that these animals came originally from the continent of Europe, and that they were very much valued by the British. About nine hundred years ago, laws were enacted for the protection of cats, and prices fixed for them by government. A kitten, before it could see, sold for a penny ; after its eyes were open, it fetched twopence ; and no sooner had it killed its first mouse, than its price was raised to fourpence. Money was at that time of far greater value than it is at present, and the price of a full grown Cat was as much as a labourer could earn in a week. A sheep was sold then for a shilling, and a very good horse could be purchased for little more than a pound. There was a law also, that if any one killed or stole the cat, whose office it was to guard the Prince's granary, he was to forfeit a large quantity of wheat, or else a milch ewe with her lamb. The method of determining how much wheat was to be restored by the criminal, was very singular. The dead cat was suspended by her tail from the ceiling of an apartment, with her nose just touching the floor ; and the grain was then poured over her, till the heap rose above the tip of her tail. The penalty was thus proportioned to the size of the animal destroyed, and consequently to her strength and value. In some parts of India, cats are *worshipped* and considered *sacred* by

DOMESTIC CAT.

the inhabitants, while in other places, they are esteemed only as a luxury for the dinner table.

Most of our readers are probably aware, that the cat is of the same species as the lion, tiger, panther, and other fierce animals; and indeed the *wild* cat which is often seen in our woods and forests, and which is three or four times as large as the domestic puss, is a very fierce and destructive animal, and may well be called the British tiger. Its teeth and claws are tremendous, and it often carries off poultry from the farm-yards, and sometimes even lambs and kids from the folds. These animals were formerly regarded as beasts of chase, and none were allowed to hunt them without especial license from the king. At present, however, they are frequently taken in traps, or destroyed with the gun, though, when wounded, they are apt to turn upon their enemy, and their strength is sufficient to render them very formidable antagonists. Wild cats, similar in nearly every respect to those of our own island, are found in Africa, Asia, and the southern parts of Europe, and they existed in America before its discovery by Columbus. Their general colour is a yellowish white, and they are marked with streaks of a deep grey, in form very much resembling those on the skin of a tiger.

Domestic cats are of various colours: those called tortoiseshell, resemble in colour the cats

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of Spain, and are almost always females. One or two tortoiseshell *tom*-cats have been exhibited in London as great curiosities; and these were of enormous size, and differed in many respects from the ordinary race of domestic cats. The blueish, or slate-coloured cats, are found in Asia, and at the Cape of Good Hope; and those with long white silky hair, are brought from Angora, in Syria. The black, and indeed most of the domestic cats, came originally from Russia, where they are much prized on account of their fine and valuable fur. In Greece the number of cats is immense. They prowl about over the flat roofs, and through the open courts of the houses in search of prey; and in the town of Athens, we have seen upwards of two dozen taken in one week, in a single house. They are nearly all similar in size and colour to the wild cat of this country, and are very fierce when attacked. It is said that the Greek Monks, in the Isle of Cyprus, were accustomed to train cats to pursue and destroy the serpents, lizards, and other animals, with which that island is infested: and for this occupation, their natural watchfulness, activity, and love of destruction peculiarly fitted them.

Cats are proverbially *sly*; they often appear to sleep, when, in reality, they are only planning mischief: they will seem sometimes to doze, when

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one eye is fixed upon a mouse's hole ; and their patience is so great, that they have been known to sit for hours near the spot where they have seen a mouse disappear. The fondness of cats for this little animal is instinctive, and is encouraged by the mother, who, before they are many days old, carries them pieces of mice and birds, and teaches them at a very early age to seek this prey for themselves. But we have seen a cat who would allow mice to nestle under her breast, and birds to perch upon her head, without molestation ; and having been kept in a cage with them almost from the day of her birth, she appeared to have no inclination to attack them, nor did they stand in the least awe of her.

A cat is a very fond mother ; she will carry her young ones in her mouth from place to place, to secure them from danger, and from their father, who would kill them if he could. We have ourselves seen a cat whose kittens had been drowned, dragging them one by one from the pail, licking them all over, and lying amongst them to restore that warmth of which death had deprived them ; and in White's history of Selborne, we read of one of these animals who, having lost her kittens, suckled three young squirrels which had been brought from a nest in the woods, and nursed them tenderly.

*Nothing can be more uncertain than the dispo-

DOMESTIC CAT.

sitions and tempers of cats. They are invariably stigmatised as unfaithful and treacherous domestics ; and perhaps their general character is thus truly delineated. There are exceptions to every rule, however ; and it has always appeared to us, that these animals very much resemble, in many respects, the families in which they have been brought up. Many a cross old lady have we seen with a cat, or perhaps two, who would spit and snarl if you did but look at it ; and many a kind, hospitable soul, whose puss would sit upon the rug, wink at the fire, and purr, and (like its mistress,) gaze with happy satisfaction upon every one and every thing around her.

The history of a certain cat named "Bobby," is well known to us ; and we relate it as a proof that the treachery and infidelity so generally attributed to animals of this species, are, at least, not universal.

Bobby was a very large, powerful black tom-cat. His mother was an old follower of the family in which he was himself brought up ; but she did not survive his birth many months. He was treated with uniform kindness, though occasionally teased a little by the younger branches of the family ; and attached himself particularly to the individual to whom he belonged. He would follow him through fields, and along the public roads ; though he had so great a dislike to stran-

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gers, that he would invariably either run home, or creep close to his master for protection, on meeting them. On one occasion, he led his master, sometimes pulling him by the leg of his trowsers, and sometimes running on before, and purring, over hedge, ditch, and field, to the stack-yard of a farm, half a mile distant ; where a little white cat advanced to welcome him ; and on the following day, this little friend of Bobby's came with him to the house, and would probably have proceeded to the drawing-room, had not the cook thrown some water over them, as they passed through the hall.

Bobby was fond of hunting of every description, and frequently went to the meadows alone, in order to play with the frogs. On these occasions, he never hesitated to plunge into the water, even in the coldest weather ; indeed he seemed to have a remarkable partiality for that element ; for, during the heaviest storms of rain, he would petition to be let out, and would stretch himself at full length, upon the most exposed part of the lawn, and roll over and over as if in the greatest enjoyment. He was an excellent mouser and a clever bird-catcher, and often brought his prey to his master, which he suffered him to take from him without resistance or complaint, though he always seized it eagerly when returned to him.

We have often seen him, when his master was

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sitting under the shade of the trees, leap upon his shoulder, and watch for an opportunity of seizing the birds which might rest upon the branches overhead.

Bobby had the most perfect confidence in his master, and in every one else whom he knew. He never put his nose to any thing that was offered him to eat, but took it in his mouth with none of that hesitation so usual with cats; and he would step without distrust upon an arm projected from a window, at a great height from the ground.

He would allow himself to be suspended by the tail, or by either leg, only uttering a gentle cry when the operation was of too long continuance; and if any person trod upon him, or otherwise injured him accidentally, so far from showing any resentment, he would rub himself against the offender and purr, as if to express his complete forgiveness. If wilfully tormented, however, by any stranger, his conduct was very different. Though an enemy to every wild animal he could lay his claws on, Bobby would sit for hours in a hutch with tame rabbits, and would suffer the young ones to rest upon his neck, or scramble over his back. When his master left England, he determined on consigning Bobby to the care of a friend in London, and the poor animal was packed in a basket, very much against his inclin-

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ation. After many efforts, he succeeded by his great strength, in bursting the basket open, and making his escape; but on hearing the voice of his master, he immediately returned, and without the smallest resistance, suffered himself to be replaced in his cage, where he continued quietly during the remainder of his journey. After his arrival in London, he appeared perfectly happy, so long as his master with him; but as soon as he was left alone with his new mistress, (than whom a kinder never lived,) he wandered about the house for a time, and then took his departure. After three days search, he was discovered in the chimney of a neighbouring vacant house, and on being brought back, seized the first opportunity of again making his escape.

Ten days afterwards, he was found in an emaciated condition—stretched lifeless upon the door-stone of the house, in which he had last seen his master. There was no sign of injury upon his body, nor any cause of death apparent; but whether he died from grief or not, the attachment and fidelity manifested every day during his short life of three years, deserve to be recorded; and the more so, that all his race are too justly charged with insincerity and want of gratitude.

We have been led to describe this poor animal, his partialities and characteristics, so minutely, because they were peculiar and unaccountable.

BRIDGE OF VERONA.

We have never seen a cat like him, though we have known others educated in the same manner, and by the same family ; and we have heard many people say they hated cats, and never did nor could like any *except Bobby !*

THE BRIDGE OF VERONA.

A TALE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

ONE dark gloomy night, in the month of November, an old man mounted on an ass, was travelling slowly through a thick forest in the north of Italy. The path which he traversed was narrow and intricate ; but though neither moon nor stars lent their light, he was evidently familiar with its windings, and his patient beast carried him slowly, but safely through them all.

The old man whose name was Carlo Pierotti, followed the humble calling of a woodcutter, and was returning from his weekly visit to the market, at the little town of Montebello, with his panniers laden with provisions for his family, who dwelt in a small cottage in the centre of the forest, and by their industry in knitting, basket-

making, and spinning, added very considerably to the old man's earnings.

As he was jogging contentedly along, caring little for the darkness and solitude, which he hoped soon to exchange for the cheerful light of his own fireside, and the merry voices of his children ; he heard footsteps close behind him, and immediately drawing the cord which served him for a bridle, stopped the donkey, and strove to discover through the darkness, by whom or by what he was pursued. The noise, however, had ceased ; and he was beginning to think that his imagination had deceived him, when he felt a warm breath upon his cheek, and at the same moment discerned a dark object close behind him ; and stretching out his hand, discovered that his pursuer was a horse, which, on closer inspection, proved to be saddled and bridled, though without a rider. Naturally supposing that the owner could not be far distant ; old Carlo called aloud, but, though his voice echoed through the woods, he received no answer ; and therefore, taking the animal by the bridle, he remounted the donkey, and continued his journey.

When within a quarter of a mile of his own house, Carlo Pierotti fancied he heard the sound of a voice near him ; and listening attentively, became convinced that some person was calling in a faint voice for help. He immediately advanced

in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and nearly stumbled over the prostrate body of a human being, stretched at full length by the road-side.

“Who is this?” asked the old man.

“A poor traveller,” was the reply: “I have been thrown from my horse, and am much hurt: take me, I entreat you, to some place where I may rest a short time, and if possible, recover strength to continue my journey.”

“Where are you hurt?” the woodman asked, raising him from the ground; “Can you stand?”

“Hardly!” exclaimed the stranger. “I am faint and weak with pain: it is my arm that is hurt, and I fear broken; for pity’s sake, let me mount your horse, and lead me to some place of shelter; for I cannot long endure this agony.”

“Poor boy,” said the old man; “it is your own horse, but the ass will be easier for you; stay—I will tie your animal to a tree, and send my Luigi afterwards to fetch him. Now hold by my shoulder, and I will walk beside you; can you ride so?”

“Make haste on!” exclaimed the sufferer; “or I shall die on the road.”

In a few minutes the woodman reached the door of his cottage, where his wife stood ready to receive him.

“I have brought you a poor boy to take care of;”

said the old man ; “ he has been thrown from his horse, and I found him half dead lying by the road-side. Hold the light while I lift him from the donkey, and carry him to my bed.”

The good man bore the sufferer gently in his arms, and placed him upon a hard mattress at one corner of the room, while his wife, sympathizing deeply with him, used every means in her power to relieve his pain.

“ Luigi,” said the old man, addressing a fine boy nearly fourteen years of age ; “ about a quarter of a mile from the house, on the road towards Montebello, you will find a horse tied to a tree ; bring him hither, and you shall ride with all speed to Caldiero for a doctor.”

“ Willingly !” exclaimed the boy, and away he ran, taking nothing with him but his cap, though the night was cold and damp.

“ Where is the horse ?” asked Antonio Vella, as the sufferer was called, after a few minutes.

“ My son is gone for it,” was the answer, “ and I will send him for a surgeon immediately.”

“ No,” said Antonio, attempting to rise ; “ I must go on ; I cannot stay here.”

“ I shall not suffer you to leave this bed,” said the woodman, placing his hand upon the poor boy’s chest. “ But the letter,—the letter !” he exclaimed ; “ I am the bearer of an important

despatch to Verona, and promised my master I would lose no time."

"You cannot leave this house for many days," was the firm reply of the old woodman; "but if you will give the letter to my boy, he shall carry it safely for you. It is less than two hours ride to Verona, and he shall call upon the doctor at Caldiero as he passes. You will trust him, will you not?"

"Most thankfully," said Antonio; "for I feel I cannot go myself; the letter is in this leathern bag, and let your son explain the reason that I am not myself the bearer of it, lest I should be thought guilty of neglect."

"He shall," replied the woodman; and Luigi who had by this time returned with the horse, received his instructions and departed.

Within an hour, a surgeon arrived, and having set the broken bone, assured the woodman and his wife, that nothing but care and quiet were needed to perfect the cure. Old Carlo's family consisted of two sons, and one daughter: the latter was in her thirteenth year, and being naturally of a kind and gentle disposition, she took much pleasure in nursing poor Antonio Vella; and did every thing in her power to make his confinement less irksome to him. He could not have received more kindness from his own parents, or from his dearest friends, than he did from this

poor woodman's family : they watched by his bedside night after night, when feverish with pain, sleep never visited his eyelids ; prepared more delicate food than themselves ever tasted, to tempt his appetite ; and prayed to God to relieve him of his pain, and restore him again to health. All this they did without ever expecting or desiring any other reward, than the consciousness of having performed a good and charitable action.

After many weeks had passed away, the young courier's broken arm was so far healed, that he could walk about, supporting it in a sling ; and his master who lived at Vicenza, and who had from time to time sent to inquire after him, called in person one morning, and after expressing his admiration of the old woodman's behaviour towards his servant, begged him to accept a purse of silver in recompence.

"Sir," said the old man ; "I have done no more than every man should do for his neighbour : and my reward, though I deserve none, I look for with confidence, in another world."

"Nay, my good man," answered the gentleman ; "you must not refuse me. I will no longer offer it as a reward for your charitable conduct ; but as a testimony of my admiration of so generous an action, and must insist upon your accepting it : and now tell me," he continued, addressing An-

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tonio; "for I am still in ignorance; how did this accident happen?"

"I will, Signore," replied the boy: "you desired me to make all haste to Verona with the letter to Signor Martini, and after I had passed Montebello, I struck into this narrow path, knowing that by so doing, I should save nearly half a league of the distance. My horse, however took alarm at a half extinguished torch which had been dropped by some traveller, and running away with me, an overhanging branch of a tree struck me on the chest, and threw me violently to the ground. My arm was broken by the fall, and had not this good kind man found me, and carried me to his cottage, I must have died in the cold gloomy forest."

"You have indeed much cause to be grateful to every one in this house," answered the gentleman; "but you must trespass upon their hospitality no longer: to-morrow I will send for you: in the mean time, farewell."

"He is a dear good master!" exclaimed Antonio, when he was gone; "I would not wish to serve a better."

"You will be sorry to leave us, will you not?" said Luigi.

"I shall indeed; but I trust I may see you now and then, for Vicenza is not far from hence, and if ever I am sent to Verona I shall pass your door."

"I hope you will," said Joanna, and a tear glistened in her eye: Antonio saw it, and for many years afterwards, remembered it. Numberless dreams of future happiness, and prosperity visited him: pictures of a family circle and of a home and hearth that he could call his own, rose up frequently before him; but Joanna, with her kind gentle look, and the smile which had so often cheered him in the hour of sickness, formed a prominent feature in every one of them.

We have mentioned that old Carlo Pierotti had two sons. The younger has been introduced to the reader; the other was established in business at Verona, and kept a respectable shop upon one of the bridges, which crossed the river Adige there. About two years after Antonio Vella had returned to his occupation in Vicenza, Carlo Pierotti fell ill, and his life was despaired of. By great care and tender nursing, however, he partially recovered, but was unable to resume the labour of woodcutting; and as the doctor advised his removal from the damp forest in which he had passed so many years, and where his presence was no longer necessary; he, with his wife and daughter removed to Verona, and took up their abode with the eldest son, whom they assisted in attending to his business. Luigi found employment also in Verona, but they saw nothing of Antonio Vella; for he had travelled

BRIDGE OF VERONA.

with his master into Germany, and no one knew when he would return.

After the old man and his family had lived very happily in Verona for nearly three years, it happened that the water in the river Adige rose higher than it had ever been known to do before. The snow on the summits of the surrounding hills, melting suddenly, filled all the mountain torrents, which rushing through different courses, poured into the Adige in various places, and caused it to overflow its banks. The swollen waters rolling on with resistless force towards the sea, beat violently against the bridges which crossed the river at Verona, and that on which the house of our friend Carlo stood, was shaken to the foundation. Being very old and in a delapidated condition, a considerable part of it was swept away before all those who inhabited the houses built upon it, had time to escape. Two of the arches fell, and every vestige of the buildings which stood over them, was swept away. The centre arch alone remained, and now, cut off from all communication with the shore, with the mighty torrent lashing the foundation of the piers which yet upheld them, and which yielded momentarily more and more to the impetuous waves, Carlo Pierotti appeared upon the ruined parapet surrounded by his family, his grey head bared to the wind and his hands outstretched to Heaven, praying for himself and his little ones, that they

might receive succour and assistance, or if not, —comfort in death.

Hundreds saw them from either side, but none dared venture to their relief. Men ran to and fro, proclaiming large rewards to whoever should accomplish their deliverance. A nobleman whose name has been handed down to us, offered one hundred ducats to the first man who had courage to attempt it; and many, prompted by his generous promise, and by their own hearts, pressed forward, but shuddered as they gazed upon the dark raging waters, sweeping impetuously onward, and the tottering fragment of the bridge which threatened to crush whoever should venture near it. At length a countryman, attracted to the spot, made his way through the crowd, and unceremoniously forcing a passage, reached the water-side, and with the assistance of the bystanders, succeeded in launching a boat which had been drawn up on to the shore. Baring his arms, he sat down alone in the boat, and by dint of great strength, and no less skill, succeeded in reaching the remaining pier of the old bridge. No word passed his lips, but a silent prayer arose from his heart, unheard by mortal ears, but at the throne of grace, received, and answered. With almost supernatural strength, he clung with both hands to the rugged stones, till the old man and his family had stepped into the boat, and



THE RESCUE AT BRIDGE OF VERONA

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BRIDGE OF VERONA.

then, desiring them to sit quietly, he again plied the oars. With incredible labour he succeeded in stemming the current. Many times the spectators thought that the boat was overwhelmed and sinking, but with the energy of despair, he forced it through the water, and safely reached the shore. Loud and continued acclamations, greeted the gallant stranger as he landed, but he modestly avoided the salutations of the populace, and would have retired as quietly as he had come, had not the voice of the Count Spolvermi recalled him.

“My brave, my valiant fellow countryman!” exclaimed that nobleman, grasping his hand; “Would you deprive me of the happiness of rewarding your spirited and generous behaviour? Come with me, and receive the purse of gold which I offered, and which you have so nobly earned.”

“My Lord,” said the countryman, “I do not sell my life. I would risk it again to save a fellow-creature, but the strength and will to do so, is given me by God; and he, whose power and mercy granted these, has given also a reward so pure, that worldly wealth would lessen and destroy it. These hands, by honest labour, earn for me bread enough and to spare. I require no more; let your generosity benefit rather these unfortunate people, who have lost every thing in the flood, and who need it more than I.”

The Count, struck with astonishment and admiration, turned to the old man ; but he was gazing upon the face of his deliverer, and at length, exclaimed in tones of deep emotion :—" Antonio ! —Antonio Vella ! Do you not know me ? Are you ignorant for whom you have so nobly risked your life !"

" My friend ! my benefactor !" exclaimed Antonio, (for it was he,) as he clasped the old man in his arms. And you, Joanna ! this is happiness indeed.

A month after the old bridge over the Adige had been swept away by the torrent, the aged Carlo Pierotti, gave the hand of his daughter Joanna, to the brave Antonio Vella. The bounty of the Count Spolvermi, restored fourfold what the flood had carried away ; and one hundred ducats were also presented by that nobleman to the bride, as a wedding gift. A pleasant farm at a short distance from Verona, formed a delightful substitute for the dwelling on the bridge, and old Carlo Pierotti survived many years, to repeat again and again to his grand-children, the story of his peril and deliverance.

THE
BASKET MAKER.

A TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MANY years ago, there dwelt in the neighbourhood of Paris; a young person, recently come into possession of immense property; and who from his earliest childhood had been surrounded by every luxury that wealth could procure. He had scarcely reached his twenty-second year when he became attached to a very beautiful and amiable young lady, the daughter of a rich merchant; and having discovered that his affection was returned, he lost no time in asking her father's consent to their union.

"Sir," replied the old merchant, when he had heard his request; "I will willingly give you my daughter, when you can prove to me that you possess the power of supplying all her wants."

"Can you doubt it? my friend;" answered the young squire: "my large property is amply sufficient to procure her every luxury, and there is not

in all France a more elegant chateau, or more beautifully situated than mine."

"I do not deny that such is the case," was the reply; "but your elegant chateau may be burnt to the ground; your lands laid waste, and taken from you, by conquering armies, or by the intrigues of your neighbours. You may yourself, be banished at a word from your country, and deprived of all your possessions. No: if you really love my daughter, you will, for her sake, make yourself master of a *trade*: for I will never suffer her to marry one who cannot, if all other means should fail, provide her with the necessities of life by his own manual labour and skill."

The young Frenchman strove for a long time to persuade the father of his beloved to retract his determination, but without success; and finding at length, that he had no alternative, he sent for a basket-maker and promising him a liberal remuneration, desired to be instructed in his business.

After practising with great care and perseverance for several months, he became a tolerably skilful workman; and when his instructor informed him that he could teach him no more, and that he would at any time be able to earn his daily bread by this occupation, he hastened with joy to claim his bride, and inform her father, that he had ful-

filled the conditions imposed upon him. At the old gentleman's request, he constructed in his presence, baskets of various kinds, besides several other useful articles, of canes and rushes; and no further objections were made to the marriage.

For many years the young Frenchman and his wife lived happily together, and the former often laughed in secret, at the ridiculous fancy of his father-in-law, and at the circumstances under which he had laboured for his bride. But he soon ceased to ridicule the old man's care and foresight.

France was invaded by a powerful army, which marched to the very walls of Paris. All the chateaux and estates in the neighbourhood, were burnt, pillaged, and destroyed, and their inhabitants compelled to seek refuge in distant parts of the country. In one short year, our wealthy gentleman was reduced to the greatest poverty.

He contrived for a long time, to support his family upon the small sum of money which he had saved from the general ruin; but this resource at length failed him, and it was then, that he remembered the trade which he had been compelled, so much against his own inclination to learn; and gathering courage, from the circumstances of this being entirely unknown in the town to which he had fled for refuge, he applied himself diligently to work. His amiable wife

BASKET MAKER.

assisted him in some branches of his business ; she prepared the osiers or canes for his use, while his children carried the baskets and other articles, and sold them in the market-place of the town.

In this manner he supported his family in comfort, if not in ease, and supplied all their wants by the labour of his own hands, till, peace returning, he again took possession of his estates, which, in a few years were restored to their former beauty and value.

THE MONTH.

APRIL.

THE name of this month is derived from the latin word *aperio*—I open ; because in April the earth appears to open her bosom for the production of flowers and vegetables ;—

When daises pied, and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

Shakspeare.

On this account, April is generally represented by the figure of a young girl clad in green, bearing in one hand a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds ; and in the other, the sign Taurus, the constellation, through a part of which the sun travels in this month, increasing incessantly as it progresses, both in force and heat.

The Saxon name for April was Oster Monat ; probably because the east winds prevail during this month.

The Nightingale sings during nearly the whole of April ; and the cuckoo is heard from the neigh-

THE MONTH—APRIL.

bouring woods, though seldom seen. This bird builds no nest, but lays her solitary eggs in the nest of the hedge-sparrow, or of some other bird by whom it is generally hatched. The young cuckoo thus brought into the world, is much larger and more powerful than young hedge-sparrows, hatched at the same time; and it has been known to throw them out of the nest, one by one during the absence of the mother. There is no beauty in the song of the cuckoo, but it speaks of the return of spring, and has many pleasing associations. It is particularly soft and agreeable in the evening,—

“ When the sun is in the west,
Sinking slow behind the trees,
And the cuckoo, welcome guest,
Softly wooes the evening breeze.”

Towards the middle of April, the swallows begin to arrive. Many people have supposed that these birds were not actually migratory, but that they passed the winter season in a state of torpor. By some we are assured that they spend the winter *under water*, and that they creep down the rushes to their resting-places, when the cold weather sets in. There is now, however, no doubt that they are birds of passage, though some few, probably, remain in a torpid state in the cavities of rocks, old towers, and other secluded retreats. They generally make their appearance in large

ALL-FOOL'S-DAY.

flights before the end of April, and select sheltered spots near the habitation of men, for their dwellings. Their nests are composed of mud, straw, and other materials, and lined with wool or hair, and are built (like the houses mentioned by Gulliver, in his voyage to Laputa,) from the top downwards,—being suspended from the eaves or window sills of houses.

“ The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build her hanging house
Intent; and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean and compact, their habitation grows.”

ALL-FOOL'S-DAY.

SOME of our readers will probably be surprised to hear that the custom of making April fools, existed many hundred years ago, and was practised in India long before its introduction into this country. It has been supposed by some, to bear reference to the mockery of our Saviour by the Jews, immediately before his crucifixion;

while others have attributed its origin to the mistake of Noah, in sending the dove from the ark before the waters were abated, and when she could find no rest for the sole of her foot.

In many catholic countries, a strange custom prevails on Innocent's day, the 28th December. People run through all the rooms of their houses early in the morning, searching the trunks, the closets, and under the beds, in memory of the search vainly made by Herod, for the infant Jesus; and of his having been deceived by the wise men, who, after paying their adorations, returned to their own country, by a road different from that which the king had expected them to take. Strangers are generally induced to assist in the search, though ignorant of its object; and though not precisely *April* fools, they are well laughed at for their pains. Indeed the laugh is always in proportion to the anxiety and eagerness shown on the occasion.

Dufressus tells us, however, that it was no laughing matter for the children who were found in bed at that time; as they received "*sur le derriere quelques claques et quelquefois un peu plus.*" No doubt they took care to get up very early on those mornings.

About this period, a great festival is held by the Hindoos; when joy and merriment prevail amongst all classes. Persons are sent great dis-

ALL-FOOL'S-DAY.

tances, in search of others who never existed ; and on various expeditions, which it is well known, must end in disappointment. People of the highest rank, do not consider it beneath them, to make fools of as many as they can, and not unfrequently, letters of invitation are sent round to different people, who, meeting at the appointed time, find neither host nor supper awaiting them.

In the north of England, and also in Scotland, the word gowk, which signifies “a cuckoo,” is substituted for “Fool,” and persons imposed on are called “April Gowks.” The Scotch have also a custom of “hunting the gowk,” or sending ignorant and silly people from door to door with a note desiring the person to whom it may be presented, to send the bearer further on. In such cases, we think with the author of the old rhyme,

that—

“ ’Tis a thing to be disputed
Which is the greatest fool reputed ;
The man that innocently went,
Or he that him designedly sent.”

Such pranks are very well for schoolboys, but it should be remembered that there are mischievous, as well as amusing ways of making April Fools :—Ring the dinner bell half an hour before the time, so that people, hurrying down, find only a cold array of knives and forks, and spoons ; —telling a gentleman that he has a large hole in

TOPS.

his boot, and when he looks for it in vain,—asking him how he would get it on if there were none,—and the like, are innocent jokes, and afford a great deal of amusement.

T O P S .

PEG-TOPS *come in* about this time of the year, at most of the schools in the vicinity of London. The best wood for Tops, is Box ; and in choosing them, observe that they have no flaws nor black marks.

The Pegs should be short and tolerably sharp pointed, and the best strings are formed of whipcord, of a middling size. A loop must be made at one end of the cord, by which it is attached to the third finger ; and about half an inch of the other end should be unravelled and flattened out.

To play at “ Peg in the ring,” a circle about three feet in diameter, must be marked upon a smooth hard piece of ground, and within it, one of the players spins his top. The next then flings his at it, and attempts to split it. If he miss, and top fail to spin, or if it remain in the

HEN AND CHICKENS.

ring, after it has done spinning, he must leave it there for the others to peg at; and no player is at liberty to take up a top thus detained, until it is knocked out of the ring by one of those cast at it.

A top with a long sharp peg is best for this sport. German and Spanish Peg-tops are made wholly of wood; and that part which answers to the peg, is somewhat in the shape of a pea. Tops of this kind spin for a long time on a smooth floor, and are more easily lifted in a spoon, than those with iron pegs. Some boys cap their tops with sealing-wax, which makes them sleep well, though it renders them quite unfit for peg in the ring.

HEN AND CHICKENS.

ALL the players, except one, (the Fox,) form a string, each holding by the sides of the lad before him. The foremost of the line is the Hen, and the game commences with the following dialogue between her and the Fox,—

HEN. What are you doing?

FOX. Picking up sticks.

HEN. What will you roast with them?

FOX. One of your chicks.

PRESENTING THE AMBASSADORS.

With these words, the Fox endeavours to seize one of the train, and it is the Hen's business to present her face always to him. If the chickens follow the old hen nimbly, it will be a long time before Reynard gets one to roast, as he is allowed to seize the hindmost only. When he succeeds in catching one of them, he must retain his hold until he can force him to break off from the line ; and when he can separate more than one from the train, he is at liberty to do so.

The two eldest of the party are generally chosen to personate the Fox and the Hen.

PRESENTING THE AMBASSADORS.

THIS is a very good game for the evening of April fool's day. Two chairs must be placed at the distance of about half a yard from each other, and a covering thrown over them, which give them, with the intervening space, the appearance of a sofa.

While these preparations are being made, all those who are ignorant of the game, must remain in an anti-room ; and the parties who are chosen to personate the King and Queen, being dressed up with handkerchiefs or whatever else they

SILK WORMS.

choose, seat themselves, one upon each of the chairs, and the ambassadors are admitted singly.

After a little mumbling, which an Interpreter pretends to translate, the stranger is requested to occupy the seat of honour between their majesties, who rise at the moment when he sits down, and suffer him to fall through the space between the chairs. The ambassador afterwards, mingles with the group, and the others are introduced one by one, until all have been presented.

SILK WORMS.

TOWARDS the end of April, silk-worm's eggs should be exposed to the sun's rays during the day, in shallow paper trays covered with black gauze; and as they become hatched, the worms should be removed by means of a camel's hair pencil, and placed upon mulberry or lettuce leaves. In warm weather, give your silk-worms plenty of air, and be very careful to provide them always with fresh dry leaves on to which you must transfer them as before, with a hair pencil, or on the point of a feather.

GARDENING.

MOST of the directions given for the month of March, may be followed during April, with the exception of those which relate to the planting of bulbs.

Sow, also :—Balsams and Ten-week-stocks, in beds of good rich soil for transplanting, and cover them with a hand-glass, if you have one ; annual Chrysanthemum, in common garden soil, in patches, where it is to blow ; (this plant should be placed at the back of your border, as it grows to the height of two or three feet ;) and French Groundsel, also in common garden soil, and where you wish it to remain. Divide the roots of Indian Chrysanthemum, and all kinds of fibrous rooted plants which are not in bloom. Plant Dahlias, Stocks, and all other hardy annuals, and propagate by layers, slips, and cuttings ; shelter your finest Auriculas in pots, from wind, rain, and sun. Mow grass lawns, and turf edgings, and continue to do so once a fortnight during the summer ; and keep your gravel walks in order.

In April, the following plants will be in flower :—

Lilac, Salvia, Valerian, Gladiolus, or Sword-lily, Iris, Borage, Viper's Bugloss, Primrose, Cyclamen, Pimpernel, Honeysuckle, Winter

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Cherry, Violet, Gentian, Snowflake, Narcissus, Tulip, Star of Bethlehem, Squill, Hyacinth, Heath, Daphne, Saxifrage, Woodsorrel, Almond, Celandine, Magnolia, Germander, Toothwort, Alys-sum, Rocket, Fumitory, Broom, Coronilla, Cineraria, Mimosa, China Rose, &c., &c.

E. F. M.

ANGLING.

ANY of the fish mentioned in our preceding numbers, may be taken during the month of April, though we would recommend our young readers to leave them alone until May, as most of the finny tribe are now spawning, and for every fish taken, you destroy many hundreds. In some rivers, you cannot angle now, without incurring heavy penalties. It will be well, however, to prepare your rods and tackle for the angling season, which commences at the end of this month, or the beginning of May. We shall give a few hints on this subject.

The rods for general fishing are made of bamboo or hickory; but for beginners, hazel rods, formed of two or three suitable pieces spliced together, will do very well. If you make your own

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rod, you must be careful that it be perfectly straight, and tapering gradually. In binding two joints together, cut the ends to be connected in a slanting direction, and then with a piece of strong thread well waxed, bind the two surfaces thus prepared to one another. Every rod should have two or three tops; a tolerably stout one for Trolling; a finer for Roach, Dace, Carp, and Tench; and one still more elastic for fly-fishing.

The choice of LINES must depend greatly upon your method of angling; for fly-fishing, those of horse-hair will be found most desirable; but to those who angle with bait, we would recommend silk lines. When a winch or reel is used, twenty or thirty yards of line may be wound upon it; but five or six yards are sufficient, when attached to the end of the rod.

FLOATS are of various kinds: for rapid rivers, we would recommend those made in the following manner:—cut a piece of smooth cork into the form of a peg-top, and bore a hole through it from end to end, with a red-hot wire, then take a quill and cut off carefully rather more than an inch of the lower end. Into the open part of this, fit a piece of wood of about the same length, and tapering towards the end, and fix it there with cobbler's wax which should be partially melted in the flame of a candle. When thus connected pass the wood through the hole in the

ANGLING.

cork, so that the quill projects from the flatter of the two ends, and the wood in the contrary direction, the joint being covered and defended by the cork. A small wire-loop must then be fixed into the end of the wood, and a cap, or ring cut from a quill, slipped over the top of the float. When thus prepared, it is attached to the line by the wire loop below, and by the ring which confines it above, and may be slipped from or towards the hook, as the depth of the water may require. Quill floats should be used in ponds and gentle streams; they are formed as above directed, but with the omission of the cork.

HOOKE. If you intend to fish for Roach, Dace, Bleak, Chub, Gudgeon or Grayling, you must be provided with the hooks numbered 10, 11, and 12; and for Barbel, Tench, Carp, and Perch, use numbers 6, 7, 8, and 9. These you may purchase, bound either on gut or hair; but if you wish to tie them yourself, be careful to place the gut upon the inner side of the hook, and bind them very firmly and evenly with fine, but strong silk, well waxed. Eel hooks should be fastened upon gimp or wire, that they may not be severed from the line, by the teeth of the fish.

PLUMMETS may be made either of thin lead rolled together, or of a piece somewhat in the form of a sugar-loaf, having a ring at the top, and a small piece of cork dovetailed into the bot-

ODDS AND ENDS.

tom to receive the hook. In making use of the former kind, the flap of the lead is merely turned over the line. Plummetts are necessary to enable you to find the depth of the water in which you are about to fish, and you should also be provided with a leaden ring, which you may pass over your line to clear it when entangled in weeds.

SPLIT-SHOT are attached to the line at a short distance from the hook, in order to make your bait sink, and to keep your float steady; those numbered *three*, are the most convenient in size; they should be cut rather more than half through with a pen-knife, and the aperture closed over the line with a small pair of pincers, or with the teeth.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A SCHOOLBOY, reading Cæsar's Commentaries, came to the word "Cæsar transit Alpes, summâ diligentîâ;" which, to the astonishment of his master, he translated:—"Cæsar crossed the Alpes, *on the top of a Diligence.*"

ODDS AND ENDS.

CLASSICAL ANSWER. It is said that one of the Queens of England, visiting a school near London, asked one of the boys how many times he had been flogged. The urchin replied in the words of the pious Æneas :*—

* “ Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.”

DOG LATIN. A gentleman happening to come in contact with a stranger in the street, turned to his friend, and in an indignant tone, exclaimed, “ *Cucurrit plenum sed contra me !*”

STRICT JUSTICE. A Grocer of Smyrna had a Son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of Naib, or Deputy of the Cadi, or major of that city ; and as such visited the markets and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character, to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to remove his weights for fear of detection. But the old cheat depending on his relationship to the inspector, and sure as he thought, that his son would not expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop-door waiting for his coming.

* Æneid. Book II., line 3.

The Naib however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father; and resolved to detect his villany, and make an example of him. Accordingly he stopped at his door, and said coolly to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh; but was soon convinced his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his frauds, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned, and broken to pieces. His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son, to remit him all further punishment of his crime. But even this, though entirely arbitrary, the Naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender; for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet. All this was executed on the spot. After which the Naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and, watering them with his tears, addressed him thus:—

"Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station: permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit myself of the debt I owe to a parent. Justice is blind, it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to father or son. God and our

neighbour's right are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment; you would in the end have received it from some other: I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."

This done, he mounted his horse again, and continued his journey amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city, for so extraordinary a piece of justice. Report of this being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced him to the post of Cadi; from whence by degrees he rose to the dignity of Mufti, who is the head both of the religion, and of the law among the Turks.

(From an old Magasine.)

A
VISIT TO NAPLES,
AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY **UNCLE JOSEPH.**

PART IV.

WILLIAM. We are anxious to know what you did when you got into the boat, and what became of your disagreeable companion : if you have time now, pray tell us some more of your travels and adventures.

UNCLE JOSEPH. When we were interrupted last night, I had just told you of my leaving the harbour of Castell-a-mare, on a fishing excursion. After running before a fresh breeze, to the distance of about a mile from the shore, we shortened sail, and prepared our fishing apparatus. One of the boatmen produced a small iron stove, filled with wood and charcoal, which being lighted and fed with tar and other combustibles, burned very briskly, and cast a lurid glare over the calm surface of the sea. The master of the fishing-boat presented me with a lighted torch and a spear, and

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directed me to lean over the side of the boat, and hold the former close to the water, while, grasping the latter in my left hand, I held it above my head, in readiness to strike the first fish which should make its appearance. While I was watching with some impatience, I heard Mr Smith disputing with the boatmen, and insisting on being provided with a spear and a torch, but as he was rather more than half-seas-over; I was very glad they did not understand him, and would not assist him in expressing his wishes, lest he should set the boat on fire.

It was not long before a fish was speared, though I watched in vain for a visitor to my torch; another, and another were lifted into the boat by the more experienced fishermen; but, still nothing like a fish came within my reach. Presently, however, I caught sight of something reflected on the water; it resembled a huge figure, bearing a club in its hand, which it seemed to be in the act of waving over me. I immediately looked round, but in an instant my hat was struck from my head, and a heavy weight fell over my shoulders, and with a tremendous splash, disappeared beneath the waves. I was almost stunned, for I had received a severe blow on the back of my head, but was roused by the cries of the boatmen, who informed me that the Signor Inglese was drowned.

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WILLIAM. But he was'nt—was he ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. After rising to the surface two or three times, he was as a last resource, *spear*ed by the master of the boat, who managed skilfully to transfix his nether garments, without inflicting more than a skin-deep wound below ; and he was thus hauled on board, puffing, and roaring, and dripping like a water dog.

GEORGE. How I should have liked to see him !

UNCLE JOSEPH. He was nearly sobered by his misfortune ; and on the whole, I think I was the greater sufferer of the two. He informed me that he had only intended to spear a fish with one of the oars, and had lost his balance after striking me on the back of the head with his weapon. My hat I left in the Bay of Naples, and was obliged to wear a red nightcap, which I procured from one of the fishermen, till I could purchase another.

GEORGE. Oh, fancy Uncle Joe walking about in a red nightcap ; how capital !

UNCLE JOSEPH. I brought it home with me, and have it in my pocket ; how do I look in it ?

GEORGE. It is more like the leg of a stocking, than anything else.

WILLIAM. And it hangs half way down your back. How queer the Neapolitans must look, if they wear such things as that !

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UNCLE JOSEPH. Very few of the poorer classes wear any other covering for their heads. They are remarkably careless in their attire, which consists generally of a striped shirt, a pair of trousers, and a loose jacket or waistcoat, (never both,) dangling over their shoulders. The women, on the contrary, dress with much taste and neatness, and spend all the money they can spare, upon ribbons and ornaments. I never saw a woman barefooted; they wear neat sandals of coloured leather, and their head-dresses are very picturesque.

After this accident, we pulled back to the Inn, which is situated close to the water-side, and having given the boatmen a trifle, I persuaded Mr Smith to retire to rest, and went in search of my fellow-traveller. I found him standing amidst a crowd of people, listening to a little boy who was singing some of the songs from Bellini's opera, "La Sonnambula," and who, though not possessed of a very fine voice, sang with such taste and enthusiasm, that, weary as I was, I listened to him for nearly an hour, with great delight. I do not think he was more than eight years old, but he sang any air I asked for, and appeared well acquainted with every opera I could name. At length I returned to our hotel, and had not been in bed many minutes, before I was fast asleep.

A VISIT TO NAPLES.

WILLIAM. I should think so.

GEORGE. You must have slept for a week, at least ; did you not ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I might give you the same answer as a certain Quaker gave to a question similarly stated ;—"F'riend," said he, "first thou tellest an untruth, and then thou askest the question." I did not sleep more than six hours, for I had desired to be called early, in order that I might take a passage in the steamer to Naples ; and at five o'clock, was awakened by the ringing of a hand-bell, which the Italian servant was shaking over my head, having found every other means insufficient to rouse me. In order to convince him that his efforts had at length been crowned with success, I sprang out of bed, but was no sooner on my feet, than with an irrepressible cry, I fell forwards on the floor.

GEORGE. What was the matter.

UNCLE JOSEPH. Every bone and sinew in my body ached insufferably ; the exertion of climbing up Mount Vesuvius, and of clambering out of its crater, had so strained every nerve, that I could not move a limb without the most acute pain ; nor did I experience a moment's ease for many days. While we were at breakfast, the landlord asked me if *my friend the marquis* was going with me to Naples, and on my representing to him that I knew no such person, he informed me that he

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meant the gentleman who had fallen into the water; and, would you believe it? this miserable fellow had procured by some means or other, two or three cards, belonging to an English marquis, and was passing himself off, wherever he could, for that nobleman. I explained to our host, that he was only a tradesman's son, and no friend of mine, though occasionally, a most unwelcome companion, and was glad to find that he did not intend going with us in the steamer to Naples.

GEORGE. Did the little Italian accompany you?

UNCLE JOSEPH. No; but he stayed near us till the moment of our departure, and then seizing me by the neck, implanted a kiss on my forehead, another on my chin, and one upon each cheek,—thus forming a cross, and at the same time, wishing me all health and happiness. I could have dispensed with his salutations, but they were kindly meant, and therefore, I bore them with resignation.

WILLIAM. Where did you go when you got back to Naples?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I think you might very easily guess where I went,—try if you cannot.

GEORGE. I know; you went to sleep.

UNCLE JOSEPH. You are quite right, Master George. I did not leave my hotel again that day; but the following morning, though still very stiff, I crept out to visit the Studio.

A VISIT TO NAPLES.

WILLIAM. Ah ; that is where all the things from Pompeii and Herculaneum are kept. Is it not ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. It is: in one of the apartments I saw a great number of iron and copper articles, resembling in many respects, those in use at the present day. There were bells, tripods beautifully wrought, lamps of all shapes and sizes, looking-glasses formed of polished metal, and a complete set of culinary utensils, including copper kettles lined with silver, gridirons, and pans for heating wine ; I saw also a lady's dressing case, containing combs, ear-rings, thimbles, and *paint*, all in excellent preservation, and protected by glass cases, were fish, wine, flower, bread, honey, corn, oil, and other eatables, nearly seventeen centuries old. In the statue gallery, I saw the head of the horse, which I told you had been destroyed by Cardinal Caraffa ; and there were a great many very fine statues, which I thought were quite spoilt, by being provided with silver eyes and red lips ; however, they were not all thus disfigured, and many of them struck me as being very beautiful.

The parchments and writings found at Herculaneum, are also preserved in the Studio ; and many of them have been deciphered and copied. You know that formerly, books consisted merely of rolls of paper, instead of being bound in leaves,

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as at the present day ; and those which I saw at Naples, resembled exactly large sticks of charcoal. A careless observer would think them quite valueless ; yet a machine has been invented by means of which, they are gradually unrolled, and their contents preserved to the world. A thick leaf is pasted on to the back of the burned roll, and when dry, by turning a small screw, both are unfurled together, and the manuscripts, as soon as they are transcribed, are put into the hands of the printer. Nearly two thousand scrolls have been discovered, but not more than one hundred and fifty of those which have been opened were legible, and only two or three of them are quite entire.

There are some beautiful mosaics at the Studio, and several paintings al-fresco, which once adorned the walls of houses in Herculaneum and Pompeii, but which are now framed and glazed, and preserved with great care. The designs of most of these are very elegant, though the prevailing colour, a bright red, is not pleasing. Fresco painting is an art little cultivated now ; but it has been proposed to decorate the interior of the new houses of parliament in this manner. None but clever and experienced artists can paint well in fresco, as each portion of the picture must be completed before the composition on which it is done, has time to dry ; and there is no possibility

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of altering or effacing a false stroke. The painting is, if I may so speak, built into the walls, and thus it happens that the colours never fade.

I visited also the picture gallery of the Studio, but was not much gratified with it, though it contains one or two fine old paintings. I spent a great many hours in this splendid museum, and did not leave it until late in the afternoon. After I had dined, I went to see Punchinello at one of the minor theatres. It was very cleverly performed, and afforded me a great deal of amusement.

GEORGE. Was it like our Punch and Judy?

UNCLE JOSEPH. In some respects it was; but on a much larger scale. The figures which were as large as life, were moved by wires, and many different scenes were represented. A dog was introduced, whose business it was to bite Punch's nose whenever he spoke to him; but I believe the performance varies every night. The Neapolitans have a very great fondness for Punch, and his levee was well attended.

GEORGE. I think they must be very sensible people.

UNCLE JOSEPH. Why? because they like Punch?

GEORGE. Yes; and because they like driving, too. When I'm a man I'll go to Naples and

drive a carriage all day, and call upon Punch every evening.

UNCLE JOSEPH. You will soon get tired of him. I confess my greatest pleasure consisted in seeing so many other people amused, and I left the theatre long before the performance was concluded.

WILLIAM. Where did you go next day ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. I wandered about the town making a few purchases ; but in the afternoon I drove to the burying-ground, which I had heard was esteemed a great curiosity. Here I was shown no less than three hundred and sixty-six large graves or vaults, and was informed that one of these was opened every day, and each in its turn. They are all closed with immense stones ; and I saw two corpses brought to the spot, and cast in without any kind of covering. Quick-lime was thrown upon them, and the mouth of the sepulchre was closed, to be re-opened on that day twelvemonth, for the reception of many, who, probably, at that moment walked the streets of Naples, without a thought of death.

WILLIAM. And are all the people buried in that manner ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. No ; only those whose friends cannot afford to purchase coffins, or to pay the expense of private interment. On my return, I passed through the Strada di Toledo, where I

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had before eaten macaroni in public, and where I now saw a great many of the Lazzaroni or poorest people of Naples sleeping in the sun. Their faces were covered with cotton handkerchiefs, which would not have been very safe had they been worth taking ; at least, I should think not, for my pocket was picked while I was wide awake.

WILLIAM. But do the men sleep in the open streets ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. Indeed they do ; and many of them have no other resting place ; yet they are all cheerful and light-hearted, and are satisfied with a meal of macaroni, which can be produced for a few grains, once a day. A few days after my return from Castell-a-mare, I set out to visit Herculaneum, and drove to Portici along the same road which I had before traversed at midnight.

We crossed the only river in Naples by a bridge, called La Madelana, on which I observed a statue of St. Gennaro, who you know is the patron Saint of Naples. The face of the figure is turned towards Mount Vesuvius, and his hand is stretched out in the same direction. My carrozziere or coachman, told me in the gravest manner, that during a recent eruption, the figure, of its own accord, faced about, and assumed that attitude ; upon which the mountain, very respectfully, threw

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all its stones and lava in an opposite direction, and left the Saint and his city uninjured.

WILLIAM. Herculaneum is all under ground, is it not ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. No ; a part of it has been entirely laid open, and this I visited first. It is situated at the bottom of a deep pit, the sides of which are quite perpendicular, and consist of a hard brown substance ; and I descended by a steep path cut in the lava. The houses are similar in size and form to those in Pompeii, and most of the inner walls are covered with fresco paintings, of which the designs are generally very elegant, and the colours almost as bright and fresh as if but just laid on. I followed my guide along several steep narrow passages into some under-ground apartments, in which he informed me, the bones of a prisoner had been found ; and I saw the iron bars of their dungeons and the rings, to which they had been chained. I believe I explained to you, that this city was destroyed by the lava and fire from Vesuvius at the same time that Pompeii was buried beneath the ashes thrown out. The process of excavating is very laborious, as more than one stream of lava has passed over the silent city since it was first entombed. All the floors are covered with designs in mosaic, but nearly every thing has been exposed to the action of fire. In a wall in one of the houses I discovered

a large wooden beam, which had been charred by the heat of the lava, and brought away a piece of it in my pocket.

WILLIAM. How was Herculaneum discovered ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. By some labourers who were employed in sinking a well, and by this well I descended to that part of the city which is still under ground. Scarcely any building, except the theatre, is now accessible ; the other passages having been closed up, after every thing portable had been removed. We traversed by torch-light a great many passages, and could distinguish nearly every part of the interior of the theatre. In one place we saw the impression of a beautiful face, formed in the lava by one of the marble busts, which had been discovered there ; the lava had surrounded it in a fluid state, and hardening over it, had formed a complete cast of the features. The beds of volcanic matter, under which this building lies buried, are about twenty-four feet in thickness, and the carriages rolling over my head, sounded like distant thunder. I did not stay long in this subterranean city, for the cold was extreme, and though not at first unpleasant, after the burning heat to which I had just before been exposed, I feared it might be any thing but wholesome, so I re-ascended by the staircase in the well, and after a walk of about ten minutes, found myself at the entrance of the palace at

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Portici, which is a summer residence of the king of Naples ; I easily obtained admission, and as it was then unoccupied, walked through all the apartments ; they were very handsomely furnished, and the floors as well as walls beautifully painted. Many of the silver and other ornaments from Herculaneum added to the interest of the principal chambers, and some of them were adorned with beautiful mosaics, busts and figures in bronze, and paintings on transparent marble. The gardens, too, were beautifully arranged ; and orange, lemon, and olive trees, laden with fruit, formed agreeable and shady walks. In one part of the grounds a number of wild beasts were kept, and I saw there a splendid lion and several other fine animals ; though their dens were so very slight, that I did not consider myself safe, until I had left them at a distance.

On entering the last court-yard of the menagerie, I found a large fierce-looking wolf had broken loose, and the animal seeing the gate opened, rushed to it, and tried to force its way out. I had unfortunately entered first, and before I could retreat, the keeper closed the gate and took to his heels, leaving me and the wolf to transact any business we might have, in private.

GEORGE. What an unpleasant predicament !

UNCLE JOSEPH. Unpleasant enough, truly
The wolf stood within a couple of yards of me,

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showing his teeth, and uttering a succession of low savage growls. I fixed my eyes upon him and stared him earnestly in the face, and in a minute or two, perceived that he was cowed ; presently he retreated a few yards and I followed, still keeping my eyes fixed upon his, till, with a sudden start, which almost upset me, he wheeled round, and sprang into his den. In a few minutes three or four men arrived, armed with thick sticks, and having long knives stuck in their girdles ; but I had quite stared the beast out of countenance, and he was easily secured ; by this time I had seen enough of wild beasts, and returning to my carriage, drove back to my hotel at Naples.

GEORGE. I always hate to hear of your getting back to your hotel, for I think then that you are going to stop ; besides there's no fun at an hotel, and nothing to see.

UNCLE JOSEPH. You are quite right. There is very little fun at an hotel ; and I have passed many weary hours in such places. On the night after my visit to Herculaneum, however, something occurred which attracted my attention very strongly, and as it interested me at the time, perhaps you may like to hear it.

WILLIAM. Oh yes ! do tell us all about it.

UNCLE JOSEPH. About ten o'clock in the evening, I heard a great noise under my window,



PASSAGE OF THE HOST

and presently the sound of a bell reached my ears. Taking up my hat, I went out into the street at the further end of which, I saw several lights moving towards me, and soon discovered that a procession was approaching. In the mean time the bell continued to ring, and the windows of every house in the street were hastily thrown open, and lamps appeared one by one in each of the balconies. In a minute or two, the whole street which had been before uncheered by any ray of light, was brilliantly illuminated, and I could distinctly perceive a crowd of people supporting flags and banners ornamented with, red and gold crosses, advancing rapidly. As they drew nearer, every head was bared, and many of the spectators fell upon their knees and crossed themselves reverently. Ten or twelve boys clothed in white robes, came first, some of them bearing tall wax candles, and others swinging censers, from which clouds of incense rose upon the air; then followed several priests, magnificently dressed, bearing silver crucifixes, and books bound in scarlet and gold, and between two of them was carried a splendid silver chalice, containing the consecrated wafer. Now and then rockets or blue-lights, fired by the populace, shed additional lustre on the scene, and torches appearing at the doors of the houses, showed their inhabitants at

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the thresholds, bowed in the attitude of respect and adoration.

WILLIAM. And what was it all about ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. The silver vessel contained the sacred wafer, which is no other than the bread eaten by those who partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Roman Catholics believe that this bread becomes by divine influence, the *real* body of our Saviour, and pay adoration to it as if to God himself. On this occasion the priest was carrying "the host," as it is called, to a dying man, who was anxious to receive the sacrament before he breathed his last. On the whole, the passage of the host was a beautiful sight, though to me, neither solemn nor impressive, and the only thing which appeared at all calculated to inspire a beholder with awe, was the universal respect paid by an immense concourse of people to the chief object in the procession.

WILLIAM. Did you take off your hat ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. No ; but a Neapolitan gentleman, with whom I was acquainted, removed it for me, and as I was not afraid of catching cold, I did not replace it till the procession had passed. As soon as the crowd had left the street, every candle and lamp was withdrawn simultaneously, and darkness and silence again prevailed.

And now I have told you all you will care to hear about my visit to Naples, and so—

SIEGE OF LA REOLE.

GEORGE. But can't you think of any thing else ?

UNCLE JOSEPH. Not now ; next time I see you, perhaps, I may tell you about what I saw in other parts of Europe.

THE

SIEGE OF LA REOLE.

THE town of La Réole, in Guyenne, was situated on the river Garonne, and so strongly fortified, as to render any attempt to capture it an arduous as well as doubtful undertaking : but in the year 1345, while the victorious Edward the III. and his noble and chivalrous son were gathering rich laurels in the north of France, the Earl of Lancaster was no less triumphant in the provinces of Guyenne and Aquitaine. Emboldened by a series of brilliant successes, he marched his troops to La Réole, determined to spare no exertions to capture it. Manned by a numerous garrison, under the command of a brave and skilful captain, Agout de Baux, it long resisted his arms, until having constructed moveable towers, by means of which the archers were

SIEGE OF LA REOLE.

brought more on a level with their enemies, and at the same time protected from their missiles, he engaged the attention of the besieged on the ramparts, while a body of soldiers, under cover of the archers, undermined the walls.

The alarm of the good citizens of La Réole soon induced them to propose a negociation. Agout de Baux, the brave commander of the garrison, refused to hear of a surrender; and finding the burghers resolved on yielding, he retired with his bravest men into the citadel,—laid in such stores as he deemed necessary, and prepared for an obstinate defence. The English Commander, however, employed against the citadel, the same engines which had already proved so successful; and Agout, finding the place untenable, was compelled to surrender; and he and his garrison obtained from the knightly courtesy of the conqueror, permission to depart, and to retain the arms of which they had proved themselves so worthy.

There were great rejoicings in the English camp when the possession of this important city was secured. Knights and nobles crowded to the banquet; and if the memory of some fallen comrade cast a momentary shadow on the joyous assembly, it quickly vanished, as they recalled the glorious deeds which had signalized his departure; and filling the wine-cup high to his

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memory, they pledged themselves like him to fight, and if need were, to fall, under the conquering banners of their brave and chivalrous monarch. As the eyes of the nobles wandered round the tables, greeting each familiar face, and resting sadly on every vacant seat which reminded them of the absence of some brother in arms who never again might be

“ Their mate in banquet bowl,
Their guard in battle throng,”

many voices were raised in eager inquiry for Sir Walter de Mauny,—one of the best and bravest of all that band of heroes. They knew it could not be death which caused his absence: for long after the termination of the battle, he had been seen hurrying through the streets of the conquered city, protecting the terrified inhabitants, and restraining the excesses of his victorious troops: that he should not now join their banquet, was, therefore, the more unaccountable.

But Sir Walter de Mauny was far differently occupied. While his companions abandoned themselves to mirth and revelry, it was his first care to perform the duties imposed by filial affection, and the memory of a noble and treacherously murdered parent. More than twenty years previous to the capture of La Réole, the father of De Mauny, had been assassinated in that place, and his body laid carelessly in a small

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chapel, without the walls of the town. His friends and family, powerful though they were, could obtain no redress from the French government; and the ashes of De Mauny had long reposed in the land of his murderers, until Sir Walter, anxious to give honourable interment to the remains of his parent, offered a large reward to any one who would conduct him to the spot where they lay. Accompanied only by an aged inhabitant, who volunteered his services as a guide, he passed through the silent and deserted streets, which exhibited many traces of the siege they had sustained, while the frightened inhabitants, scarcely daring to quit the shelter of their homes, looked with astonishment on the English knight and his companion.

They at length emerged from the shadow of the houses, and found themselves within the precincts of a cemetery, attached to a small chapel; and here, the old man informed him the object of their search must ultimately be found. The chapel, though now enclosed, had formerly been without the walls. The light of the moon shone as calmly on that quiet cemetery, as though no strife nor turmoil had ever shaken the walls around,—as though no murdered or bleeding form had ever reposed beneath its rays; and their search though long, was not fruitless: the old man pointed out to a grave-stone, half over-grown

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with moss and weeds, which had, he said, been placed there, to mark the grave of De Mauny. Sir Walter, however skilful in the use of his sword and the science of war, was far from possessing an equal proportion of literary acquirements; and he was, consequently, unable to decipher the inscription. He dispatched his guide for a monk,—almost the only person in those days, on whose skill he could rely; and having obtained the satisfactory assurance that the bones of his father did indeed repose beneath this humble memorial stone, he lost no time in removing them, and shed over the mouldering ashes, those filial tears which at their first interment had been denied them.

When he returned to his tent, the voice of revelry, still resounded through the camp; torches were gleaming in every direction, mingling their red and angry glare, with the pale and silvery light of the moon,—snatches of bacchanalian songs, wild peals of laughter and triumphant merriment; and occasionally amidst all those discordant sounds, the wail of some mourner might be heard, as unconscious of all around; she knelt, despairing, beside the corse of some beloved relative, who had fallen in that day's conflict; or the deep and muttered vow of vengeance, which too often affords to man's heart, the consolation woman seeks in tears. The scene was little in

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unison with Sir Walter de Mauny's feelings, and passing silently to his tent, he thought long, and more seriously than was his wont, upon the charges and uncertainties of war, and though his heart burned in anticipating the arduous fields which yet lay before him, and the laurels that might there be won, a voice within bade him not trust too implicitly in the future, and he rejoined his companions on the morrow, a sadder, and in some respects, a wiser man.

E. J. M.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A MOUSE.

I HAVE no very distinct recollection of my parents. My father I think I never saw, but I was often told by my mother, that he was an illustrious and noble creature, descended from that faithful and justly renowned individual, who delivered the king of beasts from the snare in which he had been entrapped by the skill and ingenuity of man ; and who was made by the grateful Monarch, Prince and Governor General of the mouse tribe in return for so great a service. My mother also

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was descended from a mighty tribe, and the circumstances attending the birth of one of her ancestors will never be forgotten. Her great great Grandmother's great Grandfather's, Grand-uncle, was born of a lofty *Mountain*, and was revered by the whole of the mouse creation.

For some weeks after my birth, I never left the hole which formed my mother's dwelling. I often expressed a desire to peep out at the world, and see what size it was; for my curiosity had been excited by an anecdote I had heard respecting an uncle of mine. He had passed the first four months of his life in a box, and climbing up one day, and peeping over the edge of it, he found that the box stood in one corner of a spacious room. "Gracious!" said he, scratching his head; "I'd no idea the *world* was so large as this."

My mother, however, desired me to remain at home quietly, till I should be quite able to take care of myself, and she used to go out every night, and seldom failed to return with provisions for herself and family.

One night, however, when she had left us, promising to return as usual, I sat at home, hour after hour, listening in vain for the welcome sound of her quick footstep.—Morning dawned, and still she came not. I never saw her face again.

I shed many tears, and deeply mourned her loss, but as I had three helpless sisters, left de-

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pendent upon me, I felt myself bound to sally forth in search of food for them. As soon, therefore, as night again closed in, and the whole family had retired to rest, I emerged from my home, and found myself in a large pantry. I wandered over spoons, and forks, and saltcellars, till attracted by a savoury smell, I entered a small oblong house. I thought, at first, that it must be the larder of one of my neighbour mice, and would have passed on, but seeing the door wide open, and thinking of my friends at home, I seized a piece of toasted cheese which hung upon a hook, and would have departed with it; but to my horror and astonishment, the door fell suddenly, and I found myself a prisoner. For a long time I could not conceive how this terrible adventure was to end; and was lost in thought, when my eye fell upon some writing on the wall of my narrow prison. On closer inspection, I recognized my mother's hand-writing, and joy for a moment drove terror from my heart. It returned again, and with redoubled force, as I read these words:—

“Let, whoever reads these lines, if the way be still open to him, depart instantly, and leave untouched the treacherous feast before his eyes. If the door have already fallen, let him prepare to meet the terrible and abhorred death, which the writer of these words will then have already suffered.

“Alas !” cried I, weeping ; “my poor mother is then indeed dead, and I must follow her.”

Oh, what a night of agony I passed ! I gnawed the wooden wall of my prison, till my mouth was filled with blood, and my teeth were all loosened ; but the bars remained as firmly fixed as ever ; and I thrust my head between them, till I could move neither one way nor the other. I saw the day dawn with feelings as terrible as those of the criminal, when he hears the tread of the guard who come to lead him to the scaffold. I gave myself up for lost, as I heard the door of the closet opened, and saw a gleam of pleasure in the huge eye that met mine. I heard the cry,—“Puss ! Puss ! Puss !” and saw the fierce beast, which I then thought had been purposely starved, waiting impatiently to tear the flesh from my bones. The portcullis of my den was raised ; I rushed forth, and passed in an instant under the kitchen door. It was opened behind me ; but I had gained upon the tigress. I rushed up stairs, and entered another room. An elderly lady sat there reading, in her dressing-gown and nightcap. I had no time for consideration, and springing upon her chair, ran up her arm, and took refuge under the border of her cap. She did not move ; probably she was unconscious of the liberty I had taken ; but when the cat sprang upon her shoulder to reach me, she uttered a loud cry, and seized it by the tail.

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The disappointed creature spit at her, and tore her hands with its claws. She threw it on the ground, but again the monster sprang upon her; seeing me perched upon her head. Again the dear old lady caught the blood-thirsty animal, and putting her foot upon it, rang the bell violently. The cat fixed her teeth savagely in my defender's ankle, and unable to endure the pain, she seized it in her arms, and in a moment of frenzy, precipitated it from the window.

A loud, pitiful, "miaou" followed. The wretched cat had fallen upon the spikes of an iron railing, and the footman was immediately sent to terminate her sufferings by death; while I, in the confusion which ensued, escaped unhurt to my hole. I was sorry to hear afterwards, that the good old lady attributed the savage attack of the cat to madness, and insisted upon having the wounds, inflicted upon her hands and feet, burnt with a hot iron, to prevent her from catching what she called *highgromphogy*.

That evening I ventured out again, for both my sisters and myself were very hungry. I was determined however to avoid all traps, and to be tempted by nothing that could possibly do me any injury. After traversing the spoons and forks as before, I climbed over the side of a basket, and was wandering on in search of something to satisfy the cravings of hunger, when suddenly I was

seized by the tail, and held fast. The sudden pain, caused by the vice-like grasp which detained me, wrung a loud scream from me, though I afterwards stifled my groans lest they should attract the attention of some of the servants, or other inhabitants of the house, by whose cruel stratagems, I did not doubt, that I had been again entrapped.

My involuntary cry, however, reached the ears of a young lady, who immediately opened the door of the closet, and beholding me caught by the tail, appeared much amused ; and taking a knife in one hand, seized me with the other. My blood ran cold.—“Can one so fair have the heart to butcher me thus ?” thought I. I did her injustice ; she used the dreaded weapon for my deliverance, and suffered me to return home unharmed. It appeared that the basket I had been exploring, contained oysters, lately brought from the seashore. Being alive, one of them had opened his shell for the sake, I suppose, of the air, and feeling my tail pass over his naked body, he had suddenly closed it, and made me his prisoner.

I felt very grateful to my deliverer, but could not refrain from sallying forth again, and carrying away to my sisters some scraps of cheese and other dainties, which I was fortunate enough to find.

It so happened, that the owner of the house in which I was born, fell ill, and all his friends

thought he was going to die. His daughter, the excellent creature who had released me from the gripe of the oyster, watched tenderly by his bedside; and frequently sat up with him during the silent watches of the night. I had found a passage into the sick man's room, and used to sit and listen to her as she read to him; for though I could not understand what she said, I loved to hear the silvery tones of her voice, and to gaze upon her beautiful face. The adjoining chamber, to which I also had access, was occupied by the sick man's vallet, who slept there, in order that he might be near his master. He was not an honest man, and I disliked him, for it was he who had first entrapped me, and who attempted to give me as a meal to the ill-fated cat.

One night, when the invalid had nearly recovered from his long illness and was sleeping quietly without any one watching near him, I entered the room, and was looking in vain for his excellent daughter, when I heard a footstep approaching. Presently the door was gently opened, and the vallet entered; he advanced to the bed very cautiously, as if afraid of waking his master; and after regarding him attentively, opened his dressing-case and took out a small key. I guessed that he was about to do something wrong, from his stealthy manner, and his trembling hand, and presently I saw him open his master's cash-

box, and take from it a bundle of paper, which he thrust into his pocket: he then replaced the key, and crept away to his bed. I followed him to his room, and when he was fast asleep, ran to where his coat was lying, and began to pull the paper from the pocket. The noise made by the bundle as it fell upon the floor, awoke him, and after listening a short time, he rose and searched about for some lucifer matches. I was just considering what was the best thing for me to do, when having found the matches, he drew one of them across the sandpaper; it burned with a faint blue light, and as he raised it to the candle, he uttered a loud cry of terror, and fell senseless upon the floor. I could scarcely keep from laughing aloud at the coward; but was highly delighted when I heard his master and several of the servants, alarmed at his cry, hastening to his room. They found him apparently lifeless, and the bundle of bank-notes, together with a false key of his master's dressing-case, lying on the floor. When he recovered his senses, he confessed his guilt, though he never told what had alarmed him, for I believe he did not know; but I had seen it all. He had lighted his match in front of a full length dressing-glass, and already frightened at the noise which had disturbed him, and timid from a consciousness of having, just before, committed a great sin, he had caught sight of his own image,

reflected in the glass by the blue uncertain light of the match, and had taken it, with its pale face, and its white nightcap and dress, for a supernatural being, come to punish him for his ingratitude and wickedness.

I was delighted at having been so serviceable to the old gentleman and his daughter; and there was no selfishness in my joy: for though they were both benefited by the discovery which had been made, neither of them imagined that poor little "I," had any thing to do with it. I was content however, with no other reward than an inward feeling of satisfaction.

A few weeks after this occurrence. A young gentleman, whom I had already seen once or twice, and whose appearance pleased me very much, became a constant visitor at Wiggleton Hall, (as the scene of my birth was called,) and I soon discovered, that he and old Mr Wiggleton's daughter had fallen deeply in love with each other.

I had taken so much interest in all the affairs of the house, and had been so careful in observing all that passed in it, that, being naturally quick, I soon learned to understand the language in which the human race are accustomed to converse, and derived much pleasure from listening to young Mr Worthy, when he read to his betrothed, the histories of nations and countries.

I was particularly interested by an account of

the travels of an Englishman, Dr. Henderson, in Iceland. I could, for a long time, understand nothing about *Volcanoes*, *Geysers*, and *Icebergs*; but was delighted with the description of the Icelandic mice, whose wisdom and skill, I could never sufficiently admire.

These wonderful animals, who will ever be an honour to our race, are obliged in the summer, to collect a stock of provisions, sufficient to supply their wants, during the long winter season. They form sacks of dried mushrooms, and, when they find it necessary to cross rivers, in search of provisions, they make a raft, of a flat piece of cowdung, and pile up the berries in the centre of it. They then, by great exertion, bring it to the water-side, and after launching it, place themselves round the heap, and, with their tails pendent in the water, contrive to steer it safely across the stream.

I longed to make acquaintance with these clever little Icelanders; and would have given my ears and tail, for an opportunity of visiting their country.

I soon learned that Miss Wiggleton was engaged to be married to young Mr Worthy; but it appeared that the latter was first to make a voyage to America, and to take possession of an estate there, which had been left to him by a wealthy uncle, lately dead.

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When the day appointed for his departure arrived, he called to say farewell; and I was a witness of the interview of the lovers before they separated; though as Mr Worthy had leaned his umbrella in the very corner in which the approach to my little apartment was situated; I was obliged to climb up it to get a good view, and they were too much occupied with their sorrows and anticipations, to notice me, as I sat upon the handle of the machine.

As Mr Worthy turned to depart, I of course did the same, but slipping, I fell, and became entangled in the silken folds of the half opened umbrella: and before I could recover myself, was bound up in it without a possibility of escape.

“So then,” said I to myself, “I am for America too.”

After a short drive in Mr Wiggleton’s carriage, Mr Worthy, with his umbrella and myself arrived at the railroad station, where we took our places in the train which was to conduct us to Liverpool. I could understand but little of what I saw, (I had eaten a small hole to peep through,) but I remember hearing a bell ring three times, and seeing a huge animal, which I thought at first must be a broken-winded elephant, puffing and perspiring terribly.

“If that poor thing is to draw us,” thought I, “we shall be a long time reaching Liverpool.” I

was however mistaken : we travelled with extraordinary speed, and in little more than two hours, accomplished a distance of nearly fifty miles. I was not sorry when we arrived at our journey's end, for the short quick vibration of the carriage was very distressing to me, and I began to feel very unwell. My companion de voyage immediately hired a kind of moveable watch-box, drawn by one horse, and called a *cab*, and drove to the ship in which he had taken his passage to America, and which was to leave the river Mersey at the turn of the tide.

I now ventured on the water for the first time in my life : I was astonished to see huge wooden houses with long poles in them, floating upon the yielding element, and expected every moment to see them sink suddenly. In one of these, however, we embarked ; and finding my travelling carriage (the umbrella), left in one corner of a small cabin, I enlarged the hole I had before made, and effecting my escape, looked out for a more desirable berth, which I found without much difficulty, in the lower part of the vessel. I found the voyage very tiresome, as there were so many sailors about that I could never get a peep of the sea nor of the sky ; and I was sometimes very hungry, without finding any thing to eat.

One day, after we had been a long time at sea,

I discovered, from the increased motion of the ship, that the weather was becoming stormy ; and before night, the pitching of the vessel, and the creaking and groaning of her timbers, told that the sea was running high. For several days we were driven under close reefed topsails before a strong west wind ; and were quite unable to stand our course towards America ; and I overheard some of the seamen expressing their fears, that if the gale lasted many hours longer, we should be upon the coast of Iceland, and that then nothing could save us from being wrecked.

The thoughts of seeing Iceland would, under any other circumstances, have been very delightful to me ; but I had no wish to leave my bones upon its rugged shore. Our danger was momentarily increasing, and before night closed in, the dreaded island was in sight. I was awakened next morning by a violent shock, and as soon as I could collect my scattered senses, the rushing sound of the waves beating against our wooden walls, and dashing over them, convinced me that we had struck upon a rock.

The dread of a watery grave banishing my natural fear of the human race, I rushed on deck, for the first time since I had been on board, and there witnessed a scene far too terrible to be described. Mountains of foaming water rolled on every side, and broke over the ship as she was

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lifted upon the bosom of the waves, and with sudden and violent shocks, thrown, crashing, and groaning, farther into the surf, which boiled above the hidden rocks.

She soon became filled with water, and though every moment I expected her to be dashed in pieces by the raving billows which beat furiously against her, the sun rose again upon her miserable crew.

Terrified at the awful scene, and expecting death at every moment, I had, conquering my usual timidity, taken refuge under the coat tails of my old friend Mr Worthy ; and when the violence of the storm had abated, I was carried by him into one of the boats, which the good Icelanders sent to our aid. As he was stepping on shore, however, he discovered me in my hiding-place, and taking me in his hand, declared that as I had been his companion in peril, he would take care of me during the remainder of my life. He cut some holes in a small box which he possessed, and gave it me for a habitation ; and had it not been for his care and attention, in the cold dreary country to which we had travelled, I should never have lived to write this history of my life. I became very fond of my master, and he made a small collar for me, and fastened me by a watch-guard to his button-hole, and thus I travelled about with him, diving into his pocket when I felt

cold, or in sunny weather, sitting upon his shoulder, and admiring the wild scenery of Iceland.

We visited Mount Hecla and other burning mountains, though they were at that time comparatively quiet. We passed through lofty walls or cliffs, formed of the lava, which had been discharged in a liquid state from the crater, and over a rugged and desolate tract of country, covered with cinders and burnt stones, and bearing no signs of vegetation. But what astonished me most, was an enormous fountain of boiling water, called the Great Geyser, which rose sometimes to the height of one hundred feet, carrying up with it huge stones, and uttering a roaring sound, while the earth shook under our feet. There were a great many of these hot fountains, but none so large as the Great Geyser.

I visited with my master, many other very extraordinary places, but was disappointed that we could not accomplish the ascent of Mount Hecla, which the Icelanders told us would be a most hazardous enterprise, on account of the numerous sulphureous bogs, which resemble boiling brimstone, and are continually emitting flames and clouds of smoke.

The crater called Skapta Jokul, is one of the most remarkable on account of the extraordinary eruption which took place in it in the year 1783. On this occasion, an enormous body of lava

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flowed down the sides of the mountain into the river Skapta, and drying up the water, rolled along its channel, like a swollen stream of fire. It then took possession of a large lake, converting all the water into steam, which, in its attempts to escape, blew up huge masses of rock, and caused great loss of life to the inhabitants of Iceland. I had also an opportunity of seeing the clever little mice of whom I had heard so much. My master, having seated himself one day upon some stones to rest, took off the guard by which I was confined, and amused himself by letting me run about over his hands, and climb from finger to finger, and having placed me on the ground for a few minutes, I discovered there a little hole, and knew by my keenness of scent, that it belonged to some of my own species: highly delighted, I immediately entered and passed down a long passage, which branched off into two roads, one of which I discovered, led to the granary, and the other to the domestic apartments, where I found the master and mistress of the establishment surrounded by their family and attendants.

I was received with great politeness, though, alas! I could not understand their language, nor they mine, so we sat for a time and smiled on each other; and I attempted to eat some of the red berries which they very kindly tried to force upon me, but which I had been too well fed

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to relish. The Lady Mouse, who, I believe, thought I had come all the way from the moon (for I regret to say, our race in general are ignorant of the existence of any other nations or countries except their own,) on purpose to pay her a morning visit, very kindly conducted me through the whole of her apartments; they were three in number, and were all approached by the broad passage through which I had entered, and I was quite delighted with the ingenuity displayed in the arrangement of the whole establishment. On the right hand was the granary; to the left, the sleeping and other apartments; and straight on at a considerable distance, a deep pit, formed for the purpose of draining the store-houses, and keeping all the rooms dry and clean. I saw also some of the sacks formed of mushroom skins, which had been used in collecting the berries for their winter supply, and was just going to ask John Icelandier if it was his wife who stitched them together so neatly, and whether she did it with a needle or not, when I heard my master calling me, and fearing he would depart without me, made my bow to these very excellent people, and departed, highly pleased with my visit. Though we were treated with the greatest hospitality by nearly every one we met with, during our stay in Iceland, both Mr Worthy and myself were very anxious to leave that Island,

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and as there was no probability of our meeting with a ship where we were, to take us to America, we embarked one morning in a small vessel bound for Whitby, and in less than three weeks, found ourselves once more in merry England.

Oh how happy I felt at the prospect of again beholding the house in which I had been born, and the good Mr Wiggleton and his daughter ! I was very soon conducted there by my master, and formally introduced to every one, who fondled and caressed me, and declared that they would never dislike or be afraid of mice any more.

I was happy to learn that a gentleman had arrived from America soon after our departure from England, and that Mr Worthy would be able to transact all his business with him, without again leaving his native land. Preparations were accordingly made for the marriage of this excellent gentleman, with the lovely Miss Wiggleton, and a small gold collar was ordered from the silversmiths, as a present for me on the occasion.

One night after all the family had retired to rest, I was disturbed by a smell of fire ; and as I was never confined now, but allowed to go about wherever I chose, I began to look about me, and to try and discover from whence it proceeded. I soon found that a box of lucifer matches had ignited from being placed too near the fire, and

that the flames had already seized on the table-cover, and two or three other articles in the room adjoining that, in which old Mr Wiggleton slept. I lost not a moment in running to his pillow, and biting his nose so severely, that the blood ran from it. He turned upon his side with a sleepy groan, and putting up his hand, rubbed the injured feature, as if he thought it had been stung by a gnat, and fell asleep again. I then made an attack upon his ear, and narrowly escaped being smashed by a blow of his fist, which, though it fell upon his own cheek, did not quite waken him, and muttering something about camphor and wormwood, he again composed himself to sleep ; quite in despair lest the house should be burnt down, and its excellent inhabitants destroyed with it, I seized his nightcap in my teeth, and stepping on to the dressing-table, which was close to the head of the bed, I dipped it into a glass of lemonade which had been placed there, and dragging it after me with some difficulty, returned, and laid it all cold and dripping upon the old gentleman's face. He was now thoroughly roused, and before he could go to sleep again, I succeeded in pushing the tumbler containing the lemonade off the table, which, falling with a crash and a splutter upon the floor, excited his attention.

“ This is very odd,” said he, “ very indeed !” but as he rose and leaned upon his elbow, and

caught sight of the flames now entering beneath the door, and heard the crackling noise of the burning furniture in the next room, he instantly sprang out of bed, calling "thieves !" "murder !" and every thing except "fire."

The alarm was, however, soon given ; and as there was plenty of water at hand, the flames were extinguished before a great deal of mischief had been done. I was now looked upon as the defender and preserver of the whole family, and felt my own value not a little increased in consequence. I began (for we all have our failings) to give myself airs, and being much petted by my mistress, refused at length to eat any thing except when handed to me on a silver fork, and by her own hands.

My pride very nearly cost me my life ; for, both my master and mistress having gone to spend two or three days with a friend in town, to whose house they could not take me, the owner having a ridiculous antipathy to all our race, I was left to the care of the housekeeper, who had been nurse to Miss Wiggleton when a child, and to whom I was indebted for having saved my life in the manner related, when pursued by the tiger-cat. On this occasion I refused every thing that was offered me, and though I was so hungry that I could have gnawed my own tail, I would not even look at the dainty pieces of toasted cheese,

which the good housekeeper tried to force upon me.

On the second night, however, I became so terribly ravenous, that I could not rest; and sallying forth, after every one was in bed, I descended the stairs, and made the best of my way in secret to the pantry.

The door, however, was locked, and though I might under other circumstances, have found a hole large enough to creep through, my gold collar prevented my effecting an entrance, and I was too vain off the bauble to slip it of my head, as I might easily have done, at the risk of being unable to get it on again.

In the midst of my perplexity, I perceived a piece of thin biscuit under the pantry door, and putting in my *hand*, drew it out. I ate it with avidity, and having searched in vain for more, crept up stairs again; but alas! I had not been rolled up in my comfortable little wool bed more than ten minutes, when I was seized with the most terrible racking pains in my stomach, and my pitiful cries aroused the good housekeeper, who was dreadfully distressed to find me in almost a dying condition.

For many days I suffered greater agony than I could have conceived it possible for a mouse to endure; but at length I began slowly to recover. The red marks about my lips betrayed the cause

of my illness, and a globule of nauseous oil, at the very remembrance of which I shudder, and which the housekeeper immediately forced down my throat, was the means of saving my life. The red biscuit of which I had partaken, was a deadly poison, placed in the pantry in order to destroy the rats, and had I eaten my fill of it, no antidote could have prevented my death.

After this misfortune, I learned to conduct myself with more humility, and met with no other troubles of the kind : but, though my life is not at an end, at present my adventures are. I have only to observe, that Mr Worthy is now the father of a fine handsome boy, four years of age, and it is a great pleasure to me, to sit beside him and hear him learn to spell M-o-u-s-e, " Mouse," and T-i-n-y, " Tiny," which is my name. He and I are constant companions, and though he teases and pinches me sometimes, I love him very much.

I visit occasionally, some of the most amiable of my own species, (my three sisters all died while I was in Iceland,) who dwell in retirement in the recesses of the house ; and incite them by relating my adventures, to make themselves useful to the world at large, and to mankind. They are indebted to me for a peaceable life, undisturbed by the fear of cats, traps, or poison ; for since my illness, the red wafers have never been made use of,

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nor are snares of any kind allowed in the house ; and if the whole of our tribe would but assume the station, for which I am convinced, nature intended us ; the odious race of cats and all our other enemies, would, I am quite sure, cease ere long to exist. That such may be the case, is the heartfelt wish of

T I N Y.

It matters not in what manner the manuscript, or perhaps we should rather say, *pedescript* of the above memoir came into our hands : a donkey, a doll, a peg-top, and numerous other animals and articles, have at various times given their reminiscences to the public. We trust, therefore, that our friend Tiny, will not be thought guilty of presumption in offering a simple narrative of his adventures to our young readers ; let them learn from him, that there are ways and means by which the humblest and the weakest of us all may, if they want not the will, be useful to our fellow-creatures.

MORNING HYMN.

Lord teach a little child to pray,
And hear me for my Saviour's sake ;
Thou keep'st me through the sunny day,
And when I sleep art still awake.

Thy hand hath made the birds and trees ;
Thou giv'st me power to breathe and move ;
My home, and friends, and more than these—
A heart to know thee, and to love.

I thank thee for thy quiet sleep,
And till my life on earth be o'er,
Teach me thy holy will to keep,
And love thee ever more and more.

EVENING HYMN.

The sun has set behind the trees ;
The birds are in their nest,
And with the wild flowers and the bees,
A child comes to his rest.

Blest be the Lord of earth and heaven,
For this long happy day ;
For all the good his hand hath giv'n,
The evil kept away.

Take me this night beneath thy care,
With all I dearly love ;
And let my short and simple prayer
Mount to thy throne above.

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A SUNDAY STORY.

IN a small cottage situated in the midst of a wide and lonely moor, and far removed from every other dwelling, lived an old man named Andrew Beacher. His whole life had been passed in the humble occupation of a shepherd, and as he had seen little of the world, beyond the common, over which he followed his sheep, he was quite content with his lot, and never sighed for change. Old Beacher had been married, and though his wife was dead, he had a son nearly ten years of age, whose name was Jacob. He had been so called at the request of his mother, who was far better educated than her husband ; for she could read, and loved to read, too, though the only book she possessed was a Bible. She had taught her son to read also, and when upon her death-bed, she gave him this book, which had belonged to her mother, she exhorted him to continue to read and study it as he had been used to do with her, and to make his father acquainted with the blessed truths contained in it. Jacob had done

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as his mother desired him, and had found so much, so very much of comfort in its pages, after she was taken from him to a better world, that he prized it beyond all the riches and great things which he had heard spoken of as enjoyed by many upon earth.

He always carried it with him when he went with his father to watch the sheep on the common, and would take it out, and read to the old man, who, alas ! seemed to listen to it only as to a pretty story, and would often grow weary of it, and desire his son to read aloud no more.

Jacob was very sorry whenever this happened ; and he tried to convince his father that there was nothing but truth in every line, and that the whole was the writing of the great God, who had made all things, and whose watchful eye was ever upon them, beholding the evil and the good. But his father understood nothing of all this, and Jacob was too young to be able to enforce upon his uncultivated mind, the beauty and the wisdom of all the blessed book contained.

One day, Jacob was sitting upon a mossy bank with his book upon his knees, sometimes reading, and sometimes casting a careful glance at the sheep which were feeding round him, when he saw a gentleman at a little distance, apparently examining with great interest something that he had just found. Jacob was always glad to see a

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stranger, for he sometimes felt very lonely, cut off, as it would seem, from the rest of the world ; and since his father had been laid up with the rheumatism, he had to watch his flocks from morning to night, alone. While he was wondering what the stranger could be looking at, he saw him turn round, and perceiving Jacob leaning on his staff, he beckoned to him. Jacob ran immediately, and taking off his fur cap, stood before him.

The gentleman, whose name was Merton, was dressed in black, and had a japanned tin case strapped to his back, and a small book under his arm. He was not an old man, Jacob thought, but a few grey hairs had already made their appearance upon his head ; his hat, which was thrown carelessly upon the grass, was low crowned and broad brimmed, and his countenance was very kind and pleasant. He told Jacob that he had been trying to reach some flowers which grew in a pond near where they were standing, but had only succeeded in getting one, which was so damaged by being dragged through the water, that he could not be sure to what class or order it belonged ; and he thought if Jacob would lend him his long crook, he might be able to obtain a better specimen. Jacob understood nothing about classes, or orders, or specimens, nor would he have known what was meant, had he been told that Mr Merton was a botanist ; but he understood that he

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wanted to reach one of the white flowers which he saw growing in the pond, and stepping immediately into the water, would have gathered a whole handful, had not the gentleman called out that two or three were sufficient. Mr Merton thanked his little friend heartily for his ready assistance, and opening his book, began to compare the flowers with different descriptions given there.

Jacob who had been wondering whether it were a Bible like his own, which the stranger carried under his arm, looked over his shoulder and saw that the book contained pictures of plants and flowers, and he read a few words, but could understand very little of it. He found many names which he could neither read nor pronounce, and which he thought far more difficult, than many in his own book, which he had had much trouble in mastering. Mr Merton seeing that Jacob appeared to take some interest in what he was doing, explained to him that the book he was reading contained descriptions of nearly all the flowers that grow in England, and that he was trying to discover the names and properties of those which Jacob had brought out of the water for him. He then asked the young shepherd, what book he carried under his arm; and when he saw it, he looked very much pleased, and asked who had taught him to read it.

"My mother," said Jacob; "she died two

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years ago, and gave me this Bible, when on her death-bed."

"And have you a father?" asked Mr Merton.

"Oh yes," cried Jacob; "but he cannot read; his mother was not so learned as mine, and did not teach him."

"Indeed," said Mr Merton, smiling, for the boy's idea of learnedness amused him; "he is much to be pitied; but you read to him sometimes?"

"Sometimes," said Jacob with a sigh; "but the book does not please him as it does me: he very often tells me to leave off, and sometimes he falls asleep in the middle of it."

"And do you understand it all?" asked Mr Merton.

"Oh no! often and often I sit watching my sheep and trying to make it all out. I understand only pieces here and there; but that little makes me long to know more."

"And how long have you been a shepherd yourself, my boy?"

"Ever since I could run alone, I have watched the sheep with my father on this common."

"And do you like the occupation?"

"Pretty well: I should like if I had some one with me who would love to read in this book as I do, and who would teach me to understand it all. I feel very unhappy sometimes when quite alone;

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for my father is laid up at home, and I have no one near me now from morning till night."

"You have *one* near you," said Mr Merton.

"Now, I have ;" replied Jacob.

"Always."

"Who do you mean ?"

"God, who is ever with us ; who is at hand to all who seek him, and who hears and regards those who call upon him."

"So the book says," said Jacob, doubtingly ;
"and so my mother often told me."

"And have you not found it true ?"

"Not always," replied Jacob : "I have prayed to God every morning and every night, that he would send some one to teach me all that this book means, and make my father understand that it contains truth—all truth."

"And has he not listened to you ?"

"Not yet," said Jacob ; "but I will pray to him still."

" 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence ;' " said the gentleman ; " 'and the violent take it by force.' You have trusted in God that he would deliver you and your father from the darkness which surrounded you ; and you complain that you have not been heard : but cease not to pray : wrestle with God as Jacob did, till you prevail ; trust in him still, though he seem far from you ;

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be not weary of well-doing; stand at the door and knock,—it shall be opened unto you.”

Jacob gazed earnestly in his face while the stranger spoke. When he paused, he asked,—“How can I wrestle with God as Jacob did?”

“You cannot in the body,” said Mr Merton; “but your soul can. Jacob prevailed against God, but can you suppose, therefore that he was stronger than his Maker?”

“No,” said the boy; “certainly not.” “Then God allowed him to prevail; and when Jacob said, ‘I will not let thee go unless thou bless me,’ the Almighty yielded to his entreaties, and blessed him there. What are we to infer from this?—that he who continueth steadfast in prayer to God, who trusteth in him still, nor ever faileth, shall prevail at last.”

“I do trust—I do hope and pray still;” said Jacob.

“Then God will not fail to hear and answer you. His kingdom suffereth violence, and is taken by force; by the force of continued and unwearied confidence and prayer.”

“God has heard me I think,” said Jacob, looking earnestly in the face of his companion; “and he has answered me by sending you to talk to the poor shepherd boy, and to teach him how to pray to, and trust in Him.”

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"He will not leave thy soul in hell, neither will he suffer his holy one to see corruption," said Mr Merton.

"I am sure of it now," cried the boy; "for I read those very words last night and thought over them much: 'Oh Lord my God, I cried unto thee and thou hast heard me; oh Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.'"

There was a pause:—Jacob's heart was full;—full of the loving kindness and mercies of the Lord. He felt the divine presence more at that moment, than he had ever done before; the words of praise which burst from his lips, came from his heart also; and though he had often before read the whole psalm of which those words formed a part, he had never felt their real inspired meaning until then.

Mr Merton gazed upon the child with mingled feelings of delight and admiration. It was a glorious example of the influence of inspired writing upon an innocent and simple mind; one who had been brought up apart from the world with none to watch over him, giving himself wholly unto God; eschewing evil, and like the hart after the water brooks, panting in soul after the Lord. Surely he thought, as he looked in the child's open countenance, lighted up with the holy enthusiasm that burned in his breast, surely ministering angels whisper in sweet communion with him;—

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whisper consolation under all the coming troubles of a toilsome life, and wait impatiently to welcome the eager soul to everlasting happiness in heaven. It was a blessed sight to see him as he knelt there, in utter forgetfulness of every earthly thing; and thrice blessed to one who loved the Lord and walked in his ways, but whose lot it was to dwell with hardened sinners, who cared for the riches of this world only, and knew not how sweet and holy a thing it is to live in communion with God and Christ. Presently, Jacob arose from his knees, and resuming his staff, said that he must go and collect his sheep for the night; and Mr Merton observing some dark clouds gathering overhead, said he would take shelter in his cottage, and wait there till the young shepherd had penned his sheep.

On arriving at the cottage, he found old Beacher sitting before the fire, at which his own and his son's frugal repast was cooking. The pot contained only potatoes; and there were some wooden plates laid on the table in anticipation of Jacob's return. Mr Merton begged to be allowed to sit down till the shower, the first drops of which were beginning to fall, should have passed over; and seating himself upon the stool, which the old man pushed towards him, he remarked that he hoped the rain would soon clear off.

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"Aye, aye," said Beacher; "its ever damp, or rain, or something: my bones ache, and have ached more or less for the last six months with rheumatism; and as sure as I get a little better, so surely does the rain come and throw me on my back again. But alack, alack, there's little comfort in this world."

"We have had a fine sunshiny morning, at any rate," said Mr Merton; "and are likely to have fine weather yet for a week or two, with the exception of a passing shower like this."

"We've had too much sunshine, sir," said the old man; "the crops are burnt up, and if we have another week like the last, we shall have to go without bread altogether: little enough do I get now, but there will be none at the poor man's price, if the weather holds as it has done. Hey-dey! you little know what pain I suffer:—Ah! there's little comfort here."

Mr Merton was silent. "What a contrast," thought he, "between this man and his son." The old shepherd continued.

"There's little comfort for a poor lone body like myself: my time's gone by: I have not many days longer in this world; it's very hard that after a life of toil and honest labour, I should be here to die all alone, with no one to care for me."

"You have your son," said Mr Merton; "does not he care for you?"

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"Ah! poor boy," said Beacher; "he's enough to do to care for his sheep. He it is that must earn the bit of bread I get. He's a right good boy, and never grumbles,—I hate any one that grumbles: he watches the flocks all day, and if I would let him, he would watch by my bedside all night when the pain comes upon me."

"He is indeed a good boy," said Mr Merton; "you have a treasure in him for which I fear you are not so thankful as you should be. He will be a blessing and a comfort to you all the days of your life; he cares both for your body and for your soul. On the heath he earns for you bread, to satisfy the wants of nature; would to God that you would let him feed you also with the bread of life. Yours has indeed been a time of toil and trouble, and you have borne your share of the sorrows and cares which all inherit. Why have you refused to be lightened of your burthen? Why will you look forward still to misery and sadness, when all might be happiness before you?"

"You talk like Jacob," said the old man; "or as his mother that's dead and gone, used to talk. I do not know what you would be at—not I."

"Oh Father! if you did," cried little Jacob who now entered; "if you did, you would listen,—listen and never tire. Oh! hear what he will say to you, and believe that there is truth in it."

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He will make you happy—very happy, if you will listen to him.”

“Happy!” cried the old man; “who talks of happiness for me.—No, no, there’s no happiness or comfort here; none,—that I know well.”

Mr Merton drew near to where the old man sat, and while Jacob looked at him, as if eager to devour every word as soon as uttered, he said,—

“You dwell here alone old man; no one is near you, you say, but your son. The earth is beneath your feet,—the heavens over your head; tell me, if you can, who made the earth and the sky? Was either the one or the other made by the hand of man? Look at the sun setting yonder. Does a *man’s* hand make that to rise every morning, shed its light upon the earth, nourish the fruits and corn, gladden the hearts of man and beast, and sink again when the hour of rest for all things approaches? You think my question needs no answer; and so do I: but if man made it not, by whom was it created? answer me that.”

“By God,” said Jacob.

“So they say,” said the old man.

“God made the earth and all things in it. He made you, and I, and Jacob; and for what did he make us?”

“That, we can none of us tell,” said Beacher.

“You say truly; but God can tell. God made

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us to serve him ; and he has put the book of his law into our hands to teach us how to do so. He has commanded us to search the Scriptures, and those who neglect this command, will have to answer to him for having done so when they die."

"When they die?" said the old man ; "when a man dies, there's an end of him : he answers no longer to any one for what he has done."

"Where does man come from?" asked Mr Merton.

"I know not," was the answer.

"And who knows," said Mr Merton, in a solemn tone ; "who knows whither he goeth ? God gives us life, and God takes it from us. Who can tell where the spirit goes when it leaves the flesh ?"

The old man answered nothing.

"God who gave us birth, will call upon us to give account of all our actions ; and those who have served him diligently and trusted in him, he will reward ; but the wicked shall be punished in everlasting fire."

"Where do you learn all this?" asked the old man.

"In this book, which was given us to teach us all how we may be saved."

"But I cannot read," said the old man.

"You cannot ; and God has in mercy sent you

one who can, and whose greatest pleasure it would be to read if you would listen."

"I thank ye sir," said the old man, after a short pause; "for the pains you have taken to make me understand all this; and if it is as you say, I have much cause to be thankful. Jacob, man, you must not let me forget what the gentleman has said."

"Believe me," said Mr Merton; "you will find all your troubles easy to be borne when you have the hope of heaven before you. Jacob, young as you are, I trust you are to be the means of bringing your father into the right way. Follow up the work begun by the hand of God; continue to pray for his help, and doubt not that you will be successful."

"And you sir, shall I not see you again?" said Jacob.

Any time that you can come to the Vicarage at W——, I shall be happy to see you. I never saw your face at church; but I suppose you cannot leave your flocks, even on Sunday. In three days I will return, if I do not see you before then; in the mean time, read daily to your father, and use your own arguments to convince him of the truth of all he hears; and if you meet with any difficulties, I will endeavour to remove them on my next visit. Your hand, my boy; may God bless and assist you." So saying, the

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good clergyman departed, repeating to himself the words,—“ Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.”

Jacob thanked God, that night, for having heard his prayers, and sent him one to teach and strengthen him in the right way, and for having inclined the heart of his father to hear His holy word, and to have respect unto His commandments.

Three days after the interview of Mr Merton with old Beacher, he called again at his cottage. The sheep were feeding very near to it, and he found Jacob sitting at his door with a very sorrowful countenance. He looked much pleased when he saw his friend, and welcomed him heartily.

“ And how is your father ? my boy,” asked Mr Merton, raising the latch of the door.

“ Oh sir,” cried Jacob, laying his hand upon Mr Merton’s arm ; “ do not go in : he has had a sad day, and has only just now fallen asleep. He has been ill ever since the day after we saw you. It is the rheumatism that has laid him up again.”

“ Indeed ! I am very sorry to hear this,” answered Mr Merton ; “ why did you not send to me ? I might, perhaps, have been able to relieve his pain.”

“ Oh sir, you are very good ; but I could not leave him,—he has been so very ill.”

“ And do you think he has considered of all that we said to him a few nights ago ?”

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"He has, I am sure," said Jacob; "and if it pleased God to take him from me, I should not sorrow now as I should otherwise have done. Oh sir, he has been very, very, ill. I fear sometimes that he is going to die."

"Poor man! and does he like you to read to him now?"

"Oh yes, sir; and there is one verse he repeats over again and again,—‘Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.’"

"I rejoice to hear it; but do you really think him in danger?"

"I do, indeed," said Jacob, the tears trickling down his cheeks; "he can eat nothing; and I fear I have no food proper for a sick man to give him."

"This is very sad!" said Mr Merton; "and had you no money to purchase food for him?"

"None, sir," said David; "to day I shall receive my week's wages; but till then I have none. We are very, very, poor."

"Your treasure is not, indeed, of this world; but the Lord delivereth the poor in his affliction." Mr Merton was interrupted by the voice of old Beacher, who had awoken and was calling to his son. He followed Jacob into the cottage, and the old man seemed pleased to see him.

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"I am sorry," said Mr Merton; "to see you so ill."

"Ill at ease both in body and in mind," answered the sufferer; "it is very kind of you to come and see me. I fear I'm not long for this world, and want to hear more about the world to come. Jacob has been reading to me; and I fear I have deserved little mercy for my sins."

"We have none of us *deserved* either mercy or reward, but both are granted for the sake of Jesus Christ."

"But I have never known who Christ was! will God have mercy on *me*?"

"To the Lord our God, belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him.' It is not too late for repentance,—'incline your ear and come unto the Lord; hear, and your soul shall live.'"

"It is—it is too late," said the old man; "God is good and just, and I have offended against him."

"It is not too late," said Mr Merton earnestly; "while the day lasteth there is hope; but waste not the little time that is left to you,—'Seek ye the Lord while yet he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.'"

"Oh! seek him for me," cried the old man; "seek him for me, my lips know not how to pray."

Mr Merton and Jacob both knelt in prayer.

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They prayed to God for the sake of Jesus Christ, that he would accept the offering of a contrite heart. They prayed long and fervently ; and the old man marked every word that the good pastor uttered, and more than once responded to his prayer,—“ Amen, and amen.” Jacob was happy ; he saw that his father was more composed than he had been : he had lately read to him many passages which Mr Merton had pointed out, and these added perhaps, to an instinctive feeling of approaching dissolution, had alarmed him for his soul ; they had made him conscious of his sins, and of the wrath of God which burneth up his enemies round about ; and now the good clergyman had come to point out to him the way of salvation, to make known the infinite mercy of God, in giving his only begotten Son to suffer the punishment of our offences ; and the unspeakable kindness of that Son, in taking our sinful nature upon him, in dwelling among us, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and in giving himself to be bruised for our iniquities, that by his stripes we might be healed.

Mr Merton remained with the old man nearly an hour, and read a great deal to him from the Bible ; and having again marked out a few chapters for Jacob to read to his father during his absence ; he took his leave, promising to send from his own home, something nourishing for the

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old man, and to call the following morning, when he hoped to find him much better.

Jacob sat by his father's side for a long time, and talked over what Mr Merton had been reading; and the child was happy to see him in so much better spirits—and yet so sensible of his own unworthiness. Before the clergyman's visit, he had been in a state of despondency, painful to witness; but now, though he was indeed of an humble and contrite spirit, and though he turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with weeping, and with mourning, yet, his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord; who is gracious and merciful,—“slow to anger and of great kindness,”—and “a God ready to pardon.”

Just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, a low tap was heard at the cottage door, and before Jacob could answer it, it was opened, and a middle aged gentleman entered, and advanced directly to the bed. He shook hands with both David and his father, and told them he was the doctor whom Mr Merton had requested to call upon them. He had brought in his gig, which he had left at a few yards from the door, some arrowroot, and other good things which their kind friend had sent; and having stayed long enough to show Jacob how to prepare these in the most suitable manner, he took his leave, promising to send some medicine for the invalid. Before he had gone far

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from the door of the cottage, however, Jacob, who who was watching him, saw him pause thoughtfully; and presently he turned round and beckoned to him. Jacob ran immediately, and Dr Benson, taking him by the arm, desired him to be prepared to hear very bad news.

The poor boy trembled violently, for he guessed of what nature that news would be: it was too true;—old Beacher had but a few days, perhaps only a few *hours* to live.

Jacob watched by his father's bed-side all that night;—sat near him while he slept, and prayed silently to God to spare him yet a little time; and when he woke, conversed with him of heavenly things. It seemed to the poor boy a long, long, night; and when the grey light of the morning appeared, he was very weary, and would gladly have lain down and slept. His father appeared to be in less pain than he had suffered before; and Jacob prepared to go forth to his daily labour. But when he opened the door and peeped out upon the wide common, he saw his sheep already there, and a stranger watching them. He made haste to put on his shoes, and ran after him to inquire who had sent him there; and he found that his employer had done so, in order that he might have time to attend to his sick father.

“It was very kind of him,” said Jacob; “but how did he know that my father was ill?”

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"That I can't say," was the answer; "but the overseer said that if you asked any questions, I was to tell you, that you would have your wages as usual; and that I am to stay here till the old man is about, again."

"Alas!" said Jacob to himself; "when will that be?"

Old Beacher was very glad to hear that his son was to be at liberty to attend upon him; for he felt that his last days were at hand, and he hungered and thirsted for the word of God: so that he almost forgot how tired poor Jacob must be with watching, while he listened with a swelling heart to the promises of mercy, which he read aloud to him from the Bible.

The doctor visited their humble cottage again that day; and Mr Merton also came and stayed some time with them. In the evening, when all was quiet, and the aged man had fallen into a deep sleep, Jacob, overcome with fatigue, closed his eyes, and slept also. He had first commended himself to God, and prayed earnestly for his father; and the chamber of sickness, and all his trouble and anxiety were forgotten in the pleasant dreams which visited him. He was awakened suddenly; he hardly knew by what; but when he opened his eyes, the first thing that he saw, was his father, leaning out of bed, with his hand stretched towards the chair beside him, and

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clutching the Bible which had been left there. Jacob started up,—the old man never moved ; his eyes were open, fixed and glassy ; the pains of death had suddenly got hold upon him ;—instinctively he had reached for the book of life, from which his hope of pardon and happiness in the world to come had arisen ; and grasping it eagerly as the passport to heaven, he had breathed his last, when no eye but God's was on him.

It is an awful thing at any time to look upon the dead,—the deserted habitation of a kindred spirit ! Alone, in that dreary hut, with the lifeless body of the parent who had loved him fondly, with no interruption to the solemn stillness which reigned around, well might Jacob fancy that the spirit which had tarried with him ever since he saw the light, lingered yet near,—to bless him once again, before it soared away for ever. It was a holy comfort to the poor boy to fancy this ; and falling on his knees by the now deserted bed, he poured forth his whole soul to God ; nor did he rise till the sun shone brightly through the windows, and the birds were singing gaily in the clear morning air, as if there were only joy and happiness in all the world.

Then Jacob rose, and taking his shepherd's crook, went forth with a heavy heart ; and having locked the door behind him, proceeded to the vicarage, to seek his kind friend Mr Merton. As he

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went, he reflected on all that had happened during the short space of five days ; and his heart melted within him as he exclaimed,—“Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.” Then he thought, if his father had died only a week before, how miserable would have been his condition : without a hope of pardon, or a sense of his unworthiness,—he must have been cast with the unprofitable servants into outer darkness, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. “I will sing unto the Lord,” cried Jacob ; “because he hath dealt bountifully with me.”

Mr Merton received the young orphan very kindly. He wept with him for the old man who was dead, and spoke words of comfort to him. He did not suffer him to return to the cottage, but sent some of his own people to perform the last sad office for the dead, and to remain there till the day of the funeral ; and when that was past, and he saw that the poor boy began to recover from the first violence of his grief, he took him one morning to the house of his former employer, who was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the county. Jacob had seen him before, several times, but he had never spoken to him, and he felt very shy on first entering the handsomely furnished room in which

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he sat. But a kind voice encouraged him, and he soon discovered that he had another friend who was willing and able to serve him.

Mr Merton had spoken frequently to Sir James Oldhame about the young shepherd; and they had arranged between them to send the child to school for four or five years; and after that to establish him in a situation in which he might pass the remainder of his days in comfort and respectability.

“Surely,” cried Jacob, as he returned to Mr Merton’s house after this interview; “surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.”

The bounty of Sir James Oldhame enabled Jacob to receive all the advantages of good instruction, and the poor lad exerted himself to merit all his kindness: so great progress did he make, indeed, and such pleasure did he take in learning, that his kind patron removed him, after the second year, to a larger and more expensive school. Here he continued to work hard, and after five years more, was rewarded with a presentation to college. At the age of twenty-two he took holy orders; and after his first patron, Mr Merton, had paid the debt of nature, he succeeded him as pastor of the village of W—

Many a time after prosperity had smiled upon

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him, he would walk upon the wild moor, where he had once fed his sheep; and as he had watched and tended them with care; so he then fulfilled to the utmost of his power, the command of his Lord,—“Feed my lambs.”

My young friends, this is no fiction: to many who have laboured in the humblest callings, the command of God has come,—“Henceforth thou shalt catch men.”

Do you admire our young hero for his patience, his holiness, and his perseverance? “Go, and do thou likewise.”

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